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Schuyler









ITALIAN INFLUENCES



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BY

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NOTE

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ITALIAN INFLUENCES



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CORFU AND ITS SAINTS

We have held high festival to-day. In memory of a deliverance from the plague in 1630, the relics of St. Spiridion have been carried through the streets and around the Esplanade in solemn procession, with military music and a guard of honour, banners, lanterns, and gigantic candles, priests wearing gorgeous robes of precious old Venetian satin and brocade, and the Prefect and other authorities walking bareheaded. The saint's body, which was plainly visible through the glass casket, is in a fair state of preservation after the fifteen centuries that have elapsed since its first burial. It lacks only one arm, which is in Rome—for as St. Spiridion, who was Archbishop of Tremithus in Cyprus, and flourished at the Council of Nice, lived before the separation of the churches, his memory is as much venerated by Latins as by Orientals. Though in appearance like a mummy, it is not hard and dry, but has somewhat the consistency of India rubber,

and this elasticity has enabled it to endure the numerous shocks to which it has been and is still subjected, for as it was carried in erect posture it swayed from side to side against the glass.

The journey of the saint from Constantinople to Corfu was a far ruder one. The piety of the Byzantine Emperors had collected in the capital of Eastern Christendom nearly all the important relics of the Early Church. Some were perhaps fictitious; many, such as they might be, were undoubtedly genuine. What was thought the most valuable booty of the Crusaders when they took Constantinople was the quantity of relics and holy objects which they obtained, which they sent home as gifts without price. From this source came nearly all the relics of the Passion now in Western Europe, and most of those relating to the Saviour or the Virgin. Their authentic history from that date may be traced in the documents published by the Comte de Riant. In some cases the Greeks succeeded in concealing the true relics, and the Latins took only what had been cleverly substituted; in others a forgery was made after the evacuation of the city, for the benefit of the Greeks. When the Turks came, two and a half centuries later, some relics escaped the conqueror, others were destroyed, and others seized for the sake of their jewelled reli-

quaries. The arm of John the Baptist, for instance, now in the chapel of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, we know to be the same that was so long venerated at Constantinople in Byzantine times. Discovered many years after in the Sultan's treasury, it was given as a present to the Grand Master of the Knights at Rhodes, was taken thence to Malta, and brought to Russia by the Emperor Paul, who was the last independent Grand Master of the Knights of Malta.

The body of St. Spiridion, it seems, escaped seizure, and, together with that of St. Theodora (wife of the Emperor Theophilus the Iconoclast), was brought to Corfu by a certain pious George Calocheretti. In order to conceal the relics from the Turks, they were stuffed into provender bags and covered with straw, and thus passed safely to the coast of Epirus as forage for the mule who bore them. The two saints brought the pious George wealth and happiness, and on his death were a precious legacy to his children. The body of St. Theodora was given to the community and now rests in the cathedral. That of St. Spiridion, after the Corfiotes had been worsted in legal proceedings to prevent it from being removed from the island, and the property of the Calocheretti family had been confirmed by a decree of the Venetian

Senate, came to a certain Stamatello Bulgaris, of a well-known Corfiote family, as the dowry of his wife. In the Bulgaris family it has since remained, and has for nearly four hundred years furnished them with an unfailing income.

The church where the saint's body reposes belongs to the Bulgaris family, which always names one of its members as the head priest. The offerings, after expenses are paid, are naturally family property; and as the Corfiotes are a pious folk, and St. Spiridion, for his protection against pest and Turks, and for his numerous miracles, is deservedly popular, and the patron saint of the island, the coffers are never empty. "*Che benche forestier egli sia, pe'l lungo albergo, e per gli miracoli, si deve stimar cittadino,*" says old Marmora. The church is full of silver lamps and votive offerings, and the revenues are estimated at about $10,000 a year. The present priest, still a young man, and the last male member of his branch, is said to have taken orders much against his will in order to save the property to the family. A fair portion goes to one member who has married an English clergyman—the gains of superstition thus devoted to nourish Protestant piety! Truly a proprietary saint —if one may so speak—is a very good thing. I have known of several others. The body of St.

Anicetus, Pope, is, or was when I lived in Rome, in the rooms until lately used for the archives of the Council of Trent, the property of the Gallese family; and at least a part of the body of St. Philip Neri, the Oratorian, is the valued possession of Prince Massimo, in the room, now a chapel, where the saint raised from the dead the young Paul Massimo in 1651; but I doubt if either of these families draw a revenue therefrom.

St. Spiridion is not, however, the only saint of Corfu. The island boasts of St. Jason and St. Sosipater, the disciples and even the kinsmen of St. Paul (Rom. xvi. 21), who introduced Christianity, and one of whom at least was martyred here. The church in which they are said to have preached is shown a little below the old basilica dedicated to the Virgin, one of the few remains of the ancient town, built on the ruins of a temple of Isis, showing how naturally the Isis worship passed into that of the Virgin. The church of St. Jason, however, is not of so early a date, but is a small Byzantine vaulted building resembling somewhat the Kutchuk Aya Sophia at Constantinople. With its two palm-trees and a laurel over the gate of its half-ruined court, it presents a pretty picture, all the more interesting to us as it contains the tomb of the wife of the last Palæologus, and that of the la-

test Byzantine historian and diplomatist, Phranzes. Thomas Palæologus, the brother of the last Emperor, Constantine XIII., maintained himself for seven years in the Peloponnesus after the fall of Constantinople, and in 1460 was obliged to seek Venetian protection in Corfu, with his family and Phranzes, his faithful follower. Thomas, leaving his wife in Corfu, went on to Venice and Rome, and, bringing the head of St. Andrew as an acceptable present to the Pope, was recognized as the heir of Byzantium. His wife, Catharine, the daughter of Asan Zaccaria Centurione, a great lord in the Morea (we wonder if a relative of the great Genoese family of Centurione, that claims descent from Cornelius the Centurion), died suddenly just as she was about leaving Corfu. Her end was perhaps happier than if she had known the fate of her children. Helena, the former Queen of Serbia, died a nun in Santa Maura; Zoe married a Russian Grand Duke, and her posterity became merged in the Polish family of Jagellon; Andrew made a wretched marriage in Rome and died childless; Manuel, like his uncle, Demetrius, surrendered to the Sultan, who gave him slaves and concubines. Of his two illegitimate sons, John died a Christian and was buried at the Patriarchate in Constantinople. The other, Andrew, became a Mussulman

under the name of Mohammed. Within fifty years from the capture of Constantinople the name of Palæologus was extinct.

Phranzes, who had borne many woes, some almost worse than death, no sooner arrived in Corfu than he became a monk, while his wife betook herself to a convent. Here, in his peaceful cell of Tarkhaniotes, on the request of some noble Corfiotes, he wrote his sad and pathetic "Chronicon," which Warsberg justly calls the "first history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." A year after he had finished it he died, in 1478, at the age of seventy-seven; his last request was to be buried by the side of his exiled sovereign. The three tombs had been covered for centuries with whitewash, but the archæological acumen of Baron Warsberg, the Austrian Consul (it was he who had charge of the expedition for refinding the frieze of Gul-Baktche, in Lycia, a year or so ago), added to the researches of Professor Romanos in the archives, found them out. He had the church cleaned, and verified the inscriptions.

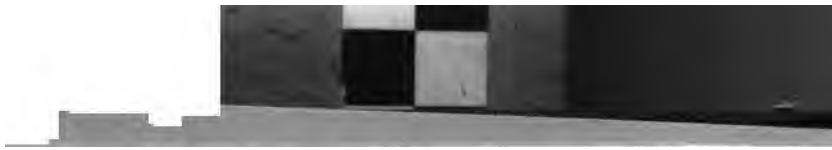
But I have wandered far from what I set out with, which was to tell of the picturesque costumes, the lovely faces, and the beautiful figures we saw at the festival of St. Spiridion. The town is almost wholly Venetian and Italian, the country chiefly

Greek, but there has been just that mixture of blood necessary for the production of an almost perfect type. Nowhere in Italy, and certainly nowhere in Greece, are such beautiful maidens and youths to be seen. Add to this the soft, sweet landscape, olive-trees, and cypresses in proper proportion, pink roses climbing over every wall, the picturesque Venetian citadel, the hills and mountains of Albania, rosy in the sunset over a narrow strip of iridescent sea, and you have an unmatched picture. It is the real "Earthly Paradise," the realm of Alcinour. The costumes of every village differ. All are graceful and pretty, both of men and women. But as Corfu is the meeting-place for the whole Adriatic coast, it is, in spite of its Venetian aspect, its civilisation, and the band playing on the Esplanade, the most Oriental place this side of Constantinople. Here are old Turks in turban and robe, young Turks in fez and high-buttoned black coats, Softas in Mussulman clerical attire, weak, sad-eyed Montenegrins, fierce-looking, flat-headed, kerchiefed Albanian men, dirty Albanian women, covered with embroidery made by that artistic race, Dalmatians and Greeks of all kinds and sorts.

It is a wonder travellers do not come here now, but fortunately it is a little out of the beaten track; and, except English sportsmen, yachting and

shooting on the Albanian coast, and a few pleasant people of weak constitutions, the ordinary tourist contents himself with a day or two, in which he scarcely discerns the real beauties of the island. Yet there are two excellent hotels, where one is well lodged, well fed, and well cared for at only twelve francs a day. There are good roads, fine walks and drives, and the opera every evening in the old building of the Venetian archives. Corfu is still as beautiful as when About wrote "Germaine," or even when Ulysses saw Nausicaa playing ball with her maids.

CORFU, November 18, 1883.



A SAINT OF THE TRENTINO

In walking through the Via Lunga, one's attention cannot but be arrested by a house with two circular reliefs and accompanying inscriptions. Having nothing better to do I looked and read, and found to my surprise that in this house, formerly a synagogue, was now the Chapel of St. Simon, who was martyred by evil-minded Jews for the purpose of their Passover in 1475. One relief represented the boy being strangled while his blood was drawn; the other showed his apotheosis. This was the first time in my experience that this legend of the Jews using the blood of a Christian child for their paschal rites had ever assumed so concrete a form, and my curiosity was greatly excited. *Prima facie* the story is, of course, absurd; but there must have been wicked Jews as well as wicked Christians; and at a time when the Jews were generally persecuted it would not be surprising if some of the more superstitious or fanatical occasionally retaliated. I have read the records of a Russian case of this kind where the crime seemed

to me satisfactorily proved, although at the same time it is necessary to admit that it was in Russia, with a procedure very different from ours. Going back to an ecclesiastical book-shop, I inquired for an account of the martyrdom of St. Simon of Trent, and in explanation told of the house that I had just seen. A priest who was present, while he gave some references to authorities, said: "'Tis to our great shame that this is still believed." (I may say in parenthesis that I found here, for the moderate sum of five francs, a book the like of which I had been long wanting, and had searched for in vain in several large American libraries: "Martirologio Romano dato in luce per ordine di Gregorio XIII, . . . aumentato e corretto da Benedetto XIV. Nuova edizione italiana. Torino, 1886." 4to, pp. 245. It contains a complete list of the saints to the present time.)

Next, it was necessary to go to the Cathedral, a beautiful Romanesque building, and see the tomb of the militant Prince-Bishop, John Hinderbach, where, among other praises, the epitaph reads—

> "Et Divi templum condidit ipse Petri,
> In quo, damnatis Judæis, Simonis ossa
> Sancta locat,"

not to speak of two pictures in which the baby saint appears. Then to the Church of St. Peter, where

the blackened mummy of St. Simon lies in a glass case on the altar of his chapel, while on the walls are Latin verses and pictures descriptive of the martyrdom, with a fine relief over the door. The chapel was restored as late as 1885, but seemed generally deserted. After all, if the story be true, St. Simon has more right to his chapel than many others in like case—the Holy Innocents, for example, who are commemorated even by the English Church; for, although unconsciously, he met his death on account of the religion in which he was born. With considerable curiosity as to the origin of the legend, I spent the afternoon in the City Library, where the amiable librarian, Signor Francesco Ambrosi, the author of several interesting and useful books on the history of Trent, soon brought out a number of books, including the Memoranda on the subject of Bishop Hinderbach in the "Monumenta Ecclesiæ Tridentinæ" (vol. iii., pt. 2, pp. 429–465. Tridenti, 1765), and a manuscript volume containing the original record of the investigation of De Sales, Bishop of Brixen. The case soon became plain.

For many years before the event in question, the Jews were settled in parts of the Trentino, were prosperous, lived on good terms with their neighbours, and had synagogues—in Trent, as it seems,

on one of the chief streets. In the spring of 1475, late in Lent, a monk, named Bernardino Tomitano, afterwards beatified, came to preach at Trent, and, finding there no traces of the northern German heresies, took to heart the toleration accorded to the Jews, and told the men of Trent that "if they did not soon expel them, they would be forced to do so by their most infamous actions when they had with their own eyes seen these wretches feed on the flesh of their innocent children and satiate their thirst with Catholic Blood." (Blengini, "Vita del Beato Bernardino Tomitano," Pavoda, 1710, p. 109.) On Good Friday, March 24, Andrea Cerdo informed the authorities that his son Simon, an infant of two years old, had disappeared and could not be found. Search was made; the body of the child was found in a sewer, near the house of a Jew, and physicians testified that it had been bled to death. The whole town quickly became excited at this speedy fulfilment of Bernardino's prophecies. Many Jews were arrested, and, after the application of torture, most of them confessed the murder, saying that they had twisted a scarf round the boy's throat so that he could not scream, had held his hands and feet, and then drained him of his blood, which they had used in the preparation of the unleavened bread for the Passover.

Those Jews whose confession was thus extorted were put to death in most cruel ways. Some were dragged about the streets at the tails of horses, some were disembowelled or pinched with forceps; others were broken on the wheel or hanged; most were burned at the stake. A few, while asserting their innocence, renounced their faith rather than endure the torments, were baptized, and received Christian names. They were then made to invoke the intercession of the little martyr, and some professed to have received miraculous aid from him in answer to their prayers. Strangely enough, this very testimony was brought forward as an argument for the canonisation of the boy Simon. This persecution lasted for weeks until the Jews were driven away from the Trentino. A few of them took refuge at Riva, where in the middle of the next century they were flourishing, and had a printing press, which had not only printed many Hebrew books, but was found convenient for publishing the sermons and speeches of the members of the Council of Trent.

Meanwhile, Bishop Hinderbach was recommending his martyr to the neighbouring princes and potentates, and sending his portrait to Venice, Verona, and Austria. Matters reached such a pass that on July 23 Pope Sixtus IV. asked the Bishop

to stop further proceedings, while he sent a commissary, Bartolommeo Pajarino, the Bishop of Ventimiglia. For a time things went well, but the investigations of the commissary did not have the same result as those of the Prince Bishop. Ugly stories got about of the boy's body being put into the Jewish quarters by ill-disposed Christians. (Probably the child had fallen into the open sewer and been suffocated, as the place where its body was found was near to its own father's house, which was on the edge of the Jewish quarter.) Bishop Hinderbach got much excited, and accused everybody of being bought up by the Jews or influenced by them—the imperial authorities, the Patriarch of Venice, everybody at Verona, the cardinals at Rome, and especially the commissary, whose recall he earnestly demanded. He had much to say of a Jewish plot to poison him, and there is a long story of a priest who cut off his tongue with an erasing-knife rather than confess it. The Bishop was obstinate and a hard fighter, every one else was weary of the dispute, the Pope did not wish to offend him, and consequently in 1478 allowed temporarily and locally the invocation of the child Simon at the altars of Trent. Sixtus IV. afterwards confirmed this by a bull dated the kalends of January, 1481, and the little Simon was thus beatified.

There seems to be no bull or other evidence of the further steps for canonisation, and it is doubtful whether it ever really took place. Proceedings of this kind were, however, often very irregular before the bull of Urban VIII. in 1634. Simon's name appears, nevertheless, in the martyrology above spoken of, for March 24, as follows: " At Trent the passion of the boy St. Simon, most cruelly killed by the Jews, who shone afterwards by many miracles."

It is interesting to note that the first book printed at Trent was a little pamphlet by Mattia Tiberino, on the complete history of the passion and death of the Blessed Simon. This was printed by Albert Kune, of Mayence, a travelling printer who came to Trent in 1476. Subsequently a priest from Vicenza, Leonardo Longo, who had learned the art of printing, established himself in Trent, and printed there, in 1481, a pamphlet similar to that of Tiberino, and subsequently, in 1482, the " Epigrams " of Tiberino on the same subject.

In what is unquestionably *Italia irredenta*, one is naturally interested in the question of the ultimate annexation of the Trentino to Italy. As all the inhabitants feel confident that this will come sooner or later, they engage in no premature agitation, and indulge only in mild literary, historical,

and statistical disputes as to the rise and fall of German influence. There is no complication here, as in Istria and Trieste, in consequence of the fact that a third nationality, Slavic, outnumbers both Germans and Italians together. In the Trentino, with the exception of a few scattered villages, the population is thoroughly Italian. As nearly as can be ascertained, out of a population of about 341,000, there are only about 9,000 Germans. In Trent itself Italian is everywhere spoken, and the only German book-shop was a small place on the edge of the town, where one could procure religious pictures, almanacs, and German primers, catechisms, and elementary books. In Botzen — or Bolzano, as the Italians call it—Italian is much heard, especially in one quarter. Exactly where the linguistic frontier is, it is hard to say. Roughly speaking, it follows the boundary of the district, crossing the Adige about half-way between Trent and Botzen, and then running northward so as to include the Val di Sole and Val di Non on the west and the Val di Fiemme on the east. At the time of the Council of Trent, when German influence was strong, we find Angelo Massarello, the Secretary of the Council, in his curious diary, which is preserved in the library of Trent, saying, in a pas-

sage omitted in Döllinger's edition, under the date of Saturday, October 11, 1545:

"The said Aviso is a river which they say divides Italy from Germany, and is not very big, but impetuous by reason of coming from the great mountains near here. There is a wooden bridge over it, and near by a fine town called by its name, L'Aviso (Lavis). At this town the Italian speaking finishes, and people begin wholly to speak German, because from Verona and Vicenza to here people spoke partly Italian, partly German, but here the Italian is totally lost."

TRENT, June, 1887.

CARDUCCI AND DANTE

Last year the Italian Government decided to found, in the University of Rome, a professorship of Dante exegesis, in addition to those which had existed for many hundred years in some of the provincial universities. The debates in Parliament showed that the idea of the founders was a political one, and that while this chair was intended to be the highest official literary position in Italy, it was at the same time to be a permanent protest against the claims of the Papacy to temporal power. With the immediate and unanimous applause of the whole country the appointment was given to Giosuè Carducci, not only because his anti-papal feelings were well known, but because—*pace* Mr. Howells—he is the greatest poet of modern Italy, and at the same time (strange as it may seem) the greatest literary critic. At Bologna, where for many years Carducci has filled the chair of Italian Literature, and where he is the centre of a circle of poets and literary men who have great influence in Italy, strong objections were made to

his departure, not only by the University, but also by the inhabitants and the municipal government. For a long time he seemed to hesitate, partly attracted by the position itself and the residence in the capital, partly kept back by the entreaties of his friends; but chiefly because the ideas which he had received after thirty years' study of Dante were different from those of the founders of the chair. He believed that Dante should be treated from the point of view of art, and not from that of contemporary politics. He therefore finally refused it. But the same reasons did not hold when it was decided to put the professorship for awhile into commission, and ask four leading Dante scholars to give short courses during the present year. While the others accepted, the Senator Francesco Perez not only refused, but wrote a very foolish letter to justify his refusal, on the ground that, as the author of " La Beatrice Svelata," he should have been offered the post originally.

The first lecture of the course was given by Carducci on the 8th of January—" The Work of Dante." As might have been expected, occasion was taken to make a political demonstration, for Carducci was well known as a Republican by conviction (although he does not always carry his doc-

trines into his poems) and as a free-thinker. In the present delicate relations between the State and the Church almost anything may warrant a demonstration in the eyes of ultra patriots; and even the blindest could see that Dante was a determined opponent of the temporal power of the Popes. Ardent patriots in this century, from Balbo to Mazzini, twisting the meaning of Dante's words, had made his name the watchword in the struggle for Italian unity, although they might as well have chosen Sordello. The real claim of Petrarch, the great seer into the future, was forgotten. To such an extent was this carried that a great critic was able to write:

"Dante had a strange destiny. He was a Monarchist, and has been made out a Republican; he was a Catholic, and has been made out a Protestant; he was a Virgilian, and has been made out a Romanticist; he wanted the German Empire, and has done more than any one else to found the Italian nationality. The Italians treated him as he treated Virgil: they have taken him as a guide, and have constrained him to march in front of them."

This was, perhaps, allowable during the period of struggle, but it is time to restore Dante to the pure atmosphere of art. So Carducci thought when he felt obliged to refuse a professorship

founded for political reasons, and so he found himself obliged to say in a strong passage of his discourse.

He had explained his views with regard to Dante in some essays published as long ago as 1874, and his state of feeling may be seen from one of his best sonnets in his latest volume, the spirit of which may perhaps be given even in an unrhymed version:

"Dante, whence comes it that my vows and voice,
Adoring thy proud lineaments, I raise;
That o'er thy verse, which made thee lean and wan,
The sun may set, the new dawn find me still?
For me Lucia prays not, nor prepares
For me Matilda fair the saving bath;
And Beatricē with her sacred love
In vain ascends to God from star to star.
I hate thy Holy Empire; with my sword
I should have thrust the crown from off the head
Of thy good Frederick in Olona's vale.
O'er church and Empire, both now ruins sad,
Thy song soars up, and high in heaven resounds—
Though Jove may die, the poet's hymn remains."

Carducci thus began his discourse:

"From the rock where a few ruins on the surface of the soil show us the site of Canossa, from this white, bare, and lonely rock, enlivened neither by shades of groves, nor songs of birds, nor murmur of falling water, if we look about to mountain and valley, we perceive on one side a spur of the

Apennines, the rock of Bismantua which Dante once climbed; on the other, in the pleasant Emilia, between Enza and Parma, the waste of Selva Piana, where the most beautiful *canzoni* of Petrarch were written; far off on another side Reggio, happy sojourn in youth of Ariosto; and, lower down towards the Po, Guastalla, the courtesy of whose princes lightened the sadness of Tasso. We cannot help thinking that it was not without some sort of fate that these memories of the poetic glory of Italy were collected around the rock and on the plain where the rupture between the Church and the Empire seemed to have the air of a fatal drama, the rupture from which came the liberty of the communes, that force of the Italian people which flowered in the arts and in poetry. . . . Papacy and Empire, their discord and their power, were passing away when Dante was born—Dante who does not pass away."

Carducci then goes on to relate in detail the characteristics of the period in which Dante lived; the expiring efforts of the Empire; the struggle of the Papacy under Boniface VIII. to become imperial, and the subsequent captivity of Avignon; the decline of chivalric poetry, French, Provençal, and German; the appearance of the two great Catholic theologians, St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bonaventura, and of new saints like St. Francis of Assisi; the building of churches in Florence and elsewhere

dedicated to the Virgin; the popular movements in Florence, and the rise of Italian tyrannies.

Here the lecturer, speaking of these memories of the victory of the popular party, of the spirits excited by liberty, of the pride of the citizens of the Free Towns desirous to vie with the knights, compares the state of Italy with that of Europe after 1815 in the era of Romanticism. There were the same disappointed hopes, the same reaction against the brutal reign of force and against carnal and material philosophic theories. There was a revival of spiritual religion, of the arts, especially of painting, and of poetry, particularly of the *dolce stilo nuovo*, of which Dante was the greatest exemplar.

When the Romanticism of Dante had finished with the "Vita Nuova," he became the first lay philosopher of the Italian people in the "Convito," "the importance of which for the history of culture is, that a layman dared bring philosophy from the religious schools and introduce it into civil life; the value for the history of thought, both of the poet and of Italy, lying in the fact that Dante brought into science his own conscience and a civic enthusiasm, and to impersonal scholastics, a dead thing, gave his eloquence, sometimes magnificent and solemn like his thought, at others ingenuous and

sincere like his passion." Although the philosophy of the " Convito " is in general theological, yet with Dante, as with the Greeks, philosophy is the loving use of wisdom; he, however, like the Romans, preferring the practical part—the moral and historical lessons:

" Depending from the ' Convito ' are the treatises on Vulgar Eloquence and Monarchy, in which moral philosophy, applied to language, becomes poetics according to the theories of the Middle Ages; and according to these, as well as to the theories of the Greeks, when applied to affairs of state becomes politics."

Man has two loves, one temporal and one spiritual; for complete happiness in both he needs two guides and leaders—the State, or, according to Dante's idea, the Empire, and the Church. The Empire, he thought, had been established and recognised by God, inasmuch as Christ had not only humiliated himself to be born of Humanity, but had subjected himself to the census of Augustus, and submitted to death by the judgment of Pontius Pilate. This same theory of a dual government, temporal and spiritual, may be seen running through the " Divina Commedia." It is impossible to deny the grandeur of this ideal concep-

tion of the peace of the world in an alliance of Christian states under the presidency of the Emperor; but it is difficult to see in it more than the vision of a great poet dwelling longingly on the ideals of the past, as Homer did on those of heroic Greece.

"In any case, there is no need to seek in the monarchical maxims of Dante a beginning of Italian unity, except so far as it might be comprised in the unity of Christendom. The love of country and the national idea flame out in the poet's deep feeling of the glories and miseries of Italy, in his feeling of the Empire as a Roman Institution, as the Italian law and constitution. . . . The 'Monarchia' is the final scholastic expression of mediæval political classicism; and to seek there for what is now called the pagan or atheist state would be an injustice to Dante, according to his ideas. But let us boast—and that is no small thing—let us sincerely and surely boast, that Dante is our master and father in the preservation of the Roman tradition for the renewal of Italy, that he was the purest and most tremendous judge and witness for centuries of the bad government of Churchmen, and of the moral necessity for a change. This he did as poet. For Dante was above all things a very great poet—a great poet because he was a great man, and a great man because he had a great and heroic conscience."

All that the poet had previously written or thought or done was summed up in the "Divina Commedia," which was composed between the death of Beatrice and that of Henry VII. It is a representation of the last vision of the "Vita Nuova," the working of the moral and allegorical system of the "Convito," the glorification of the "Vulgar Eloquence," and the consecration of the "Monarchy." In the verses of the *dolce stilo nuovo*, Dante addressed himself to those faithful in love; in the "Convito" to the lords of Italy; in the Latin treatises to clerks and doctors; in the "Commedia" the poet sings to the whole people, and to all peoples.

"Its chief characters are three—Dante, Virgil, and Beatrice. The action is the present active moral and intellectual world, reflected and realised with unmeasured power of fancy on the stage of the future life, where thought has no limits except those that a creative poet with a harmonious mind chooses to set. Beatrice proceeds from the 'Vita Nuova' and from knightly and mystic poetry; but in the vision at the summit of Purgatory the cult of woman becomes apotheosis, and Beatrice transfigured is the supreme representation of the civilisation of the Middle Ages. Virgil proceeds from the classic doctrine of the 'Convito'; he is no longer the magician of the Middle Ages, nor even

the poet of the schools—he has become the representative of ancient civilisation. Between antiquity and the Middle Ages, between Virgil and Beatrice, Dante is man, mankind, who passes with all his passions—who loves and hates, errs and falls, repents and rises, and, purged and regenerated, is worthy of mounting to the perfection of being."

So close is Carducci's argument, so powerful his style, that it would be impossible to represent the rest of his analysis of the great poem except in a careful translation. One of the concluding passages of the lecture, with reference to the inherited character of the poet, deserves to be cited:

"The lineaments of Dante's face bear witness to his Etruscan type, that type which still obstinately endures throughout all Tuscany, mixing with the Roman type and overpowering it. He boasted himself to be of Roman blood; and his representing his family as an old Florentine one, without titles of nobility, coming from great landed proprietors, and, up to a certain point, without names derived from a foreign tongue, makes it credible that there should be a continuous descent of country people in cities and regions less affected by Germanic intermixture. But Germanic blood happened to run in his veins from that lady who came to Cacciaguida from the Allighieri of Ferrara, of an ancient noble family in a city renewed by Longobard stocks, and which gave to her descendants a name of German

origin. Thus to the artistic working out of the Christian vision Allighieri brought the character of mystery from beyond the tombs, from a sacerdotal race which seemed to have lived through tombs and in tombs, the Etruscan race; his straightforwardness and tenacity to life from a great civil race, the Roman, whose poetry was its *jus:* his audacious freshness and frankness from a new warrior's race, the German."

ALASSIO, January 25, 1888.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF DANTE

Here, in face of Dante's tomb, it is perhaps allowable to regret that Ampère's charming "Voyage Dantesque" is after all so imperfect, and that no one has had the courage to supply what is lacking in that, and still less to write another book on the same theme from a somewhat different point of view. Italy is better known to outsiders than it was when Ampère wrote; but there are many places where Dante stayed which are seldom visited by the traveller, and about the aspect of which at the time when Dante lived the reader of the "Commedia" knows next to nothing. Yet Dante seldom mentioned a place, and never spoke of one in the way of description or comparison, unless he had himself seen it and it had left a strong impression on his mind. Among the multitude of commentators few have illustrated the great poem, either as regards persons or places, by a careful study of local history. Blanc, in his well-known dictionary, and even Don Giacomo Poletto, in his more ambitious "Dizionario Dantesco," of which

the seventh and concluding volume has recently been published, often give no further information about a person or a place than is found in Dante's own words, turned by them into prose. Many of the allusions of the poet cannot be properly appreciated until the family history of each of the men praised or abused by Dante is thoroughly understood, and the relations of these men to each other and to Dante have been carefully studied. Owing to the migrations of families, the Guelphs and Ghibellines of the different Italian cities seem connected with one another in such unexpected ways that it requires a considerable knowledge of old chronicles and of more modern compilations to disentangle the knot.

A study of this kind has been undertaken by Isidoro del Lungo of Florence, who has long occupied himself with that epoch, in a book just published called " Dante ne' tempi di Dante." But, in order to be thorough, the author has been obliged to restrict himself to very few subjects, and treats only of the new people in Florence in Dante's times—William of Durfort and Campaldino; a family of Pisan Guelphs in Dante's time; the relations of Dante to the house of Este; and his dispute with Forese Donati.

A month's stay on the slopes of the Apennines,

on the edge of the Romagna, interested me in several of the old castles and towns mentioned by Dante; and drives through the country, and occasional visits to the libraries of Forli, Faenza, and Ravenna, convinced me that much might still be done to elucidate the poet's invective against the Romagna, in the fourteenth canto of the " Purgatorio," as well as to throw light on other passages.

According to Balbo, Dante probably went from Arezzo to Forli in the autumn of 1302. He must either have gone up the valley of the Arno and then crossed the mountains with great difficulty, or he must have gone back towards Florence as far as Pontassieve and taken the well-known road through the pass which is now traversed by the diligence. The road to Faenza, almost parallel to this, is not known to have existed until a century later. At all events, he stopped, apparently for more than a day, in the monastery of San Benedetto, situated on a high hill, a little below the high pass where several small valleys come together, and the streams which flow through them combine and form what is now called the River Montone, and was apparently then known as the Acquacheta. What is now the largest and evidently the main stream is now called the Montone above this junction, even to its source. At San Benedetto it re-

ceives from the right the Troncalossa; then a few steps further on the left, the Acquacheta; and half a mile further down the right, the Caprile. Increased by other brooks, it is a stream of considerable size at Castrocaro, especially in the spring or autumn, and in summer immediately after rain. Just before reaching Forli it is joined by the Ronco, a stream of nearly equal size, flowing down the parallel valley on the right, which, in distinction from the Acquacheta, was known in the Middle Ages as the Acquaviva. Formerly the river again divided, and embraced Forli between its two arms, both of which fell into the sea, and often caused great danger by the severity and frequency of its freshets. The name Montone—the ram—is variously explained: by some, on account of the two horns or branches of the river; by others, from the savage frequency with which it butted against the walls of Forli. The ancients knew one of the two arms running into the sea—and possibly even both—as the Vitis, Vitius, or Utens. The rage of the river has since been appeased, partly by devastation among the trees in the mountains, and partly by a new, well-regulated channel, through which—in spite of frequent outlets for irrigation—it peaceably reaches the sea at Ravenna. It did not require a great stretch of geographical imagination,

or rather of vision, for Dante, standing in front of the cascade of San Benedetto, to perceive that this was the first river, except the Po, which rose in the Apennines and emptied into the Adriatic. The idea probably occurred to him only when, on the shore of the Adriatic, he noticed how near its mouth was to that of the Po, and found on reflection that every Apennine stream, from Monte Viso on the extreme western frontier of Italy, whose great peak is sometimes seen from the coast of Mentone, as far as Ravenna, is absorbed by the Po itself.

That Dante should have visited the cascade shows that he must have passed some little time at San Benedetto, for it is distant an hour and a half on horseback, and more on foot by a steep and scrambling path. It shows, too, that Dante was not destitute of love for mountains and landscapes, as Mr. Ruskin and some others would have us suppose, if, when on a long and fatiguing journey—in exile, too—he went so far out of his way simply to see a mountain-gorge and a waterfall. Unfortunately, our little party lacked Dante's pluck, and, although we had driven up the valley four hours for the express purpose of visiting the cascade, when we found the length of time required, which would prevent our returning home that night, and

the difficulties of the way, we put it off till another time, especially as the Acquacheta was then so low that the inhabitants told us it would be hard to see even a trickling of water. Olindo Guerrini, with whom I have talked since, says that the cascade is now very small and insignificant, and by no means authorises Dante's use of the word *rimbomba*. But we agreed that, in all probability, the aspect of the place, from the cutting down of trees and the wearing away of rocks and earth, is very different now from what it was in Dante's time. I walked up the ravine far enough, however, to see that the hillsides were ploughed at short distances with the tracks where, in spring or rainy weather, torrents ran, leaped, or slid down to reach the stream below; and I could not help wondering whether the word thousands (*mille*) could not refer to these torrents rather than to the expected inhabitants of either town or abbey. Both are in very picturesque situation: the ruins of the abbey—for there is little now except a small church—on the top of the hill; the village, which is called San Benedetto in Alpibus, partly grouped about the Badia, and partly in the valley below. The chief street leading up to the church is named Via Dante.

As we descend the valley, the road running sometimes close to the water, at others making

sharp turns at the edge of precipices hundreds of feet above, we see on the other side, between Portico and Rocca San Casciano, the ruins of the old castle of Calboli, the home of that house once so powerful, at Forli, of whom one member is praised by Dante in the 'Purgatorio,' while the remainder are castigated because they were of opposite parties to Dante and his friends, and one of them, Fulcieri da Calboli, was in power at Florence.. This castle was besieged in the autumn of 1277 by Count Guido Novello, then Podestà in Faenza for the Forlivesi—

"in order to wrest this post from the exiles, and free the neighbouring peasants and subjects of Forli from their inroads. There were in the castle Rinieri and Guido Calboli, brothers and lords of the place, and with them other nobles and 800 defenders; the Senate of Bologna having given Rinieri 12,000 lire, so that he could provide for his defence for at least ten months, with the promise of aid. Nevertheless, assistance being prevented by the difficulties of the mountains and the passes, and the castle being bombarded by seven enormous machines, which threw huge stones and laid low the houses and killed the men, the lords of Calboli, together with Count Regolo, lord of Particeto, and other exiles, surrendered; safety being promised to their persons and to as many of their goods as they could carry away."

The castle was burned and destroyed, but was rebuilt in the time of Pope Martin IV. The family continued important and powerful until it subsequently became merged in the Paulucci family—the source of many eminent men—and exists to the present day at Forli, the head having the title of Marchese Paulucci di Calboli. One branch has even settled in Russia.

Rocca San Casciano is a very dilapidated and almost shapeless ruin, towering about the flourishing pretty town of the same name at the bottom of the valley. So remote is this little place from the busy world that one finds, almost without surprise, a well-printed thick octavo volume both written and published there this very year—a Latin georgic poem with an Italian verse translation by Giuseppe Mangozzi, called " La Cerere della Romagna Toscana," which is not without poetical merits, and is curious as a study of local agriculture and country customs. A little way further, and we see the high fortress of Castrocaro in the distance, but, before reaching it, come upon the picturesque castle of Dovadola. After passing Castrocaro and Terra del Sole, spoken of in detail in a previous letter, we see far to the right, on a parallel range of hills, the tall square tower of the Caminate, which dominates all this landscape; and then the buttresses of

Bertinoro, called by Dante Brettinoro, once a stronghold, and now the favourite summer-resort of the inhabitants of Forli, whose vineyards and cheerful villas cover all the slopes. This was the home of Guido del Duca, into whose mouth is placed the invective against the Romagna, but whose identity seems lost in the crowd of other Guidos. In the hills above Bertinoro stood the castle of Polenta, whose eagle protected Dante in exile at Ravenna, and which was the ancestral home of poor Francesca da Rimini. There remains nothing of it now but a formless mound, for after the castle was destroyed its stones were taken to build a little chapel. This has furnished Olindo Guerrini (Stecchetti) with the subject for a short poem presenting some of his peculiar views, which must be given in an unrhymed version:

"THE CASTLE OF POLENTA.

"O passer-by, who hastenest thy step
Along the lonely road,
Lift up thy gaze towards this ruined mound,
Regard this heap of stones.

"For once a castle grim did darkly frown
Upon this very hill.
Whose lord viewed all his vassals round about
As so much food for war.

"The blood he shed for vengeance cried aloud,
Which God did give at last:

The castle fell, and on its site arose
A humble little church.

"But cursed is the place! The jealous fates
All peace have torn away:
Rapine among the cottagers still reigns
As once it reigned before.

"The cruel lord no longer stains with blood
The valleys and the hills;
A bestial parish priest instead takes tithes
Of all the peasant girls."

From Bertinoro there is a wide view over the great Romagna plain, that land which

"sits by the seas,
Upon that shore to which the Po descends,
With all his followers, in search of peace."

One can see nearly all the towns mentioned by Dante in this region from above Faenza to the north, as far as Rimini in the dim southern distance. Each one has been so characterised by the poet that, when they have once been visited, his description cannot be forgotten. It is enough to mention Cesena, because Ampère apparently saw the town only in passing, and considers that in the description of Dante the political has got the better of the topographical feeling. Any one who has approached the town from the north, and has seen it apparently on the middle of the hillside, and who then, after passing the brimstone refineries, cross-

ing the bridge, and toiling up the steep street, has come to the open market-place, above which is the towering Rocca with its castle, and has then gone further on, winding up a still steeper hill to the picturesque sanctuary of La Madonna del Monte, with its splendid view—will at once admit the poet's terse and truthful description:

> " And that of which the Savio bathes the flank,
> Even as it lies between the plain and mountain,
> Lives between tyranny and a free state."

(It is unpleasant to quote from such a bald and unpoetical translation as that of Longfellow, which is often so literal that it cannot be understood without the aid of the original; but it is the only one at hand, and is probably the one most easily accessible to the reader.)

Dante, when he was at Forli, probably heard enough about Guido Buonatti, the astrologer, to justify himself in placing him low down in hell as a type, by the side of Michael Scott, in spite of his being regarded as one of the worthies of his native place. Poor Tibaldello Zambrasi is put in the lowest circle of hell, because he opened the gates of Faenza to the enemy (whom Longfellow wrongly calls the French, in addition to giving Tibaldello a wrong family name). It is only from the old chronicles that we learn the reasons for his act, and

can then see the motives of the poet's enmity. In 1269 Faenza had been once more conquered from Bologna by the men of Forli, who sent there as Podestà Count Glicerio of Castrocaro; and when, a few years later, the Guelphs of Bologna, headed by the powerful family of the Geremei, had exiled their rivals, the Lambertazzi, and a great number of Ghibellines, these latter were received with open arms by Forli, and some of them established themselves in Faenza, where both they and the men of Forli easily succeeded in making themselves very obnoxious. By 1281 Tibaldello, although he had always been a strong Ghibelline, had got so indignant with the conquerors, and especially with the Lambertazzi, who had recently insulted him by killing his favourite little pig, that he swore vengeance. He began to feign himself insane, to lament immoderately for his lost pig, and to do all sorts of nonsense. He professed to divert his affections to a lean, half-starved old mare, nothing but skin and bone, which at last he carefully shaved, and, with plentiful use of sticks and stones, used to chase through the town. The rabble followed with shouts, and when the uproar caused the Lambertazzi to be on the alert, they found nothing but crazy Tibaldello and his old mare. Then he began to raise commotions at night, with cries of "To

arms! to arms!" until he had entirely succeeded in lulling the vigilance of the usurpers, and was given full immunity for his absurd acts. Then, with a confidant, he one morning issued from the town, dressed as a sportsman, with a falcon on his wrist and a brace of setters, amid the laughter of his compatriots. Once outside, they changed their clothes for friars' gowns, and rode straight for Bologna, where, in secret council, they revealed their plot, and offered to deliver up Faenza. After some little negotiation the plan was arranged, and at dawn of St. Bartholomew's Day the gates were opened to the Bolognese, and the ruling faction was awaked by loud cries of "Long live the Church! Death to the Lambertazzi and the Forlivesi!" After a sharp fight, in which many were killed, the Lambertazzi and their supporters had to flee, and for some years Faenza was restored to the dominion of the Church. Tibaldello and all his family emigrated to Bologna, where they received all the privileges of the native nobility, and there was established the festival of La Porchetta, or the little pig, which was for centuries celebrated on St. Bartholomew's Day. Pope Martin IV., encouraged by this, wished to get possession of the other towns of the Romagna, and sent out a considerable army, in which were many Neapolitans and French,

under the command of a French general Giovanni (also called Guido) d'Appia. In a battle on September 16, which brought Forli to great straits, the papal troops were victorious, but, among others, Tibaldello was killed.

In the fourteenth canto of the 'Purgatorio,' Dante says—

> "O Ugolin de' Fantolin, secure
> Thy name is, since no longer is awaited
> One who, degenerating, can obscure it."

And the commentators pretty unanimously tell us that Ugolino was a worthy and honourable gentleman of Faenza, "who died without heirs, and thus his name was saved," taking the words in their literal sense. Apparently, however, the poet speaks sarcastically. Ugolino di Albertino Fantolino di Zerfognano, Count of Brisighella, lived at the Castle of Calamello in the valley of the Lamone in the mountains above Faenza, and was a noted Guelph. He died in 1278, but not without heirs; and his son, Ottaviano, two years afterwards, married the daughter of the Tibaldello just spoken of. So that Dante probably means that Ugolino's name had sunk so low that no degenerate descendant could obscure it more.

Nearly every line of this fourteenth canto con-

tains a scrap of municipal history sadly needing elucidation and explanation. My stay in Castrocaro interested me in the lines:

> " Bagnacaval does well in not begetting,
> And ill does Castrocaro, and Conio worse,
> In taking trouble to beget such counts,"

especially as the commentators have offered no reasonable explanation of them. Bagnacavallo is now a small town on the railway between Bologna and Ravenna, about fifteen miles from the latter city, and is perhaps better known to us as the place where Byron's daughter Allegra died in a conventual school. In the latter half of the eleventh century we find Bagnocavallo governed by independent counts of the Malvicino or Malabocca family of Ravenna, who, in spite of some disasters, maintained themselves for over a hundred years. Count Ruggiero, who succeeded in 1250, had even a strong party in Ravenna itself, opposed to the Traversari family, of whom also Dante makes mention. Bagnacavallo was not large enough to satisfy the ambition of the princes of that time, and when Malvicino III. succeeded in 1281, he was living and intriguing at Forli. In 1296 he was elected Podestà of Cesena, in spite of the fact that he had been excommunicated and outlawed by the

Pope. Nevertheless, he was not an adherent of the Ghibellines, and two years afterwards he ravaged and sacked the territory of Cunio. He was, of course, included in the general peace of Romagna towns in 1300, the jubilee year, but was still an object of dislike to Dante's friends when the poet first visited that region. He died about 1305, leaving an only daughter, Catherine, though a certain Ludovico, the very last of the family, appears on the scene fifty years later. In 1308 Bagnocavallo was captured by the Counts of Cunio, one of whom, Count Bernardino, was elected Podestà and maintained himself for twenty years, when he was exiled, and the town was annexed to the papal dominions, of which it formed a part until the present century.

Cunio, which Dante calls Conio, and the site of which seems utterly unknown to the commentators, was at one time a strong castle situated on the level country on the left bank of the Senio, between the town of Cotignola and the parish church of Felisio. It had indeed been destroyed before Dante wrote—for the last time, and then thoroughly, in 1296, by the Ghibellines, and especially the people of Faenza, lest it should be sold to Ravenna. But the Counts still existed—a large family of them, too, who had sway over a large and fertile

territory—and, when they could not rebuild Cunio, took refuge in one of their other castles, Barbiano, whence, on account of family disputes, some withdrew to Lugo and Imola, and ultimately founded several families. At that time, being independent and warlike, they caused considerable trouble to the Ghibellines, and we can easily understand Dante's wish that they should have no posterity. It was better, for the fame of the family at least, that this prayer was not granted, for Alberico was a very distinguished condottiere at the end of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth century. He defended Romagna against the Duke of Anjou; as Captain-General of the papal troops he was victorious at Naples, and triumphed at Rome; in 1402 he took Bologna from the Visconti, and was then made Grand Constable of Naples under King Ladislas; the next year he took Bologna again for the Pope, and only two years afterwards was excommunicated because he had gone back to the Neapolitan service without permission, and had been accused of irregularly seizing papal castles.

It seems almost needless to say that the better we understand the motives of the poet and the allusions which he makes, the better we appreciate the poem. Even these hasty and brief studies—mere

amusements of a summer journey—convince me that it would probably be possible, although it would be a difficult and long task, to explain every historical allusion in the "Commedia"; at all events, there is room and need for a careful dictionary of every place and person mentioned by Dante.

RAVENNA, July 31, 1888.

AN ITALIAN BATH

This is one of the smallest and least known baths in Italy, although its waters are for certain complaints among the most efficacious in Europe. According to the official analysis, there are nearly 42 grammes of mineral constituents in a kilogramme of the water, of which 0.1754 are iodine and 0.1029 bromine. An analysis by Professor Roberto Castellucci is as follows:

	Grammes.
Iodide of magnesium	0.1905
Bromide of magnesium	0.1162
Chloride of magnesium	3.1703
Chloride of sodium	35.9252
Chloride of potassium	0.0510
Chloride of calcium	2.2388
Sulphate of lime	0.1587
Oxide of iron	0.0416
Silicic acid	0.0265
Organic matter	0.0721
	41.9909
Water	958.0091
Total	1,000.0000

In the richness of its compounds of iodine and bromine, Castrocaro can therefore be compared favourably with Salso-Maggiore in Italy; is supe-

rior to Bad-Hall and Kreuznach; and can be equalled only by some of the iodine springs in the Carpathians of Transylvania which are only locally known.

The village is small; situated about three-quarters of an hour's drive from the railway station of Forli, and about one and one-half hours from Faenza, on the lowest spurs of the Apennines, in the mouth of a valley through which the highroad runs from Forli to Florence with a daily diligence. The country about is fertile and well cultivated, producing grain, silk, and the best of that excellent wine called San Giovese, which was celebrated, according to Varro, even in Roman times. From the old Castle, and certainly from the hill above it, can be seen Bertinoro, Forli, Ravenna, and, on a clear morning, the Adriatic. Besides the rooms to be had in private houses, there are two fairly good establishments of baths, Liverini and Conti, where, though there is no luxury, everything is clean and comfortable, and where (especially at the former) the food is substantial and good and the attendance excellent.

Italy, delightful at all times, is most beautiful in summer. But of this most foreigners, who arrive and disappear with the cool weather, have little idea. The neighbourhood of Castrocaro is partic-

ularly charming. I do not speak so much of the hillsides, which, in spite of the frequent ravines in the clay soil, were green and beautiful until now that the harvest is finished, nor of the stretch of gardens and orchards down to the river, and of the fringe of poplars on their edge, as of the country roads bordered by hedges of hawthorn and Christ's thorn, interwoven with dark purple clematis, the small pinkish convolvulus, and the large white calystegia, and of the fields of grain, maize, and hemp which extend over the fertile plain quite to the shore of the Adriatic. The large proprietors complain that there are too many trees, to the injury of the crops; but there must be poplars to shade the roads, and the mulberry, and the cut-leaved maple—whose roots go straight down—are necessary for the silk-worms and for supporting the garlands of vines, as was the custom in Virgil's days. Everywhere are pleasant walks; and as for longer excursions, it is easy to drive—especially in the light country carts, where your feet rest on a bottom of netted rope—to Forli or Faenza, or to Cesena or Ravenna, or up the valleys to the ruined castles and picturesque hill-towns, or even to the cascade of San Benedetto, told of by Dante.

Italy has one great advantage over Greece, in its continuous chain of historical tradition. Even the

children in a village like this, clustered round the ruins of an ancient castle, know that they are the descendants of the men once the vassals of the lord of that castle, who had often fought for his defence, or who under his leadership had made hostile excursions against the neighbouring towers and towns. Nearly every high hill is crowned with a ruin; and although the lords have disappeared, yet fragments of tradition remain. There are houses called by the same name given to them centuries ago, some of them still inhabited by the descendants of their builders. There are peasants working farms which their forefathers have held for hundreds of years from the same family; and often the proprietor will forego a loss of rent rather than change the tenant. Castrocaro, about two hundred years ago, was annexed to the Commune of Terra del Sole, and the inhabitants have never forgiven it. Although the populations of the two towns are personally on good terms with each other, the traditional enmity of centuries—seen in many little things—is not to be cured so quickly. In Greece, on the other hand, the grinding tyranny of the Turks, the extermination of the old families of the upper class, and the immigration of new elements of population have almost completely destroyed local traditions. The peasants there know

nothing whatever about the old mediæval castles, except that some of them were used as strongholds during the war of Independence; and the civilised Greeks are almost forced to skip the intervening ages, and to connect themselves directly with the Greeks of the age of Pericles and Alexander. There is scarcely a village in Italy the local history of which will not interest a traveller who stops for more than a day, and who cares for something more than the mere sights.

Castrocaro was called by the Romans Salsubium, thus showing that they were acquainted with the properties of the waters, of which they doubtless made use, although no Roman remains seem to have been found here. The origin of the present name is a puzzle; the first part is clearly Latin, and the termination (*caro*) would seem to point to the times when the Goths were masters of Ravenna and of all the country round about, although it may come from still earlier times when the Gauls occupied these hillsides. The first lords of whom we know belong to the Berengari family, from whom came that Duke of Friuli who was consecrated Emperor in 916 by Pope John X. The countship passed afterwards into other families. In 1118, the same year in which the Countess Matilda, daughter of an English Henry, gave the

parish church of Sta. Reparata to an abbey at Faenza, the Count of Castrocaro was a certain Boniface, a rich magnate of Faenza, whose descendants in 1160 gave hospitality here to the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. During the next two centuries there were constant struggles between the two important families of Calboli and Ordelaffi, and the country was rarely at peace. The Counts of Castrocaro generally sided with Forli against Faenza, and once besieged and took the fortress of Imola, from which the efforts of the Pope could not dislodge them for years. Sometimes they were hard pressed themselves, especially when the Ordelaffi built the strong fort on the hill of Sadurano across the river Montone, which completely commanded them. But in spite of their quarrels as neighbours, all used to join in opposition to the extortionate demands of the Papal generals. Dante passed this way at the end of 1302, or the beginning of 1303, on his road from Arezzo to Forli; but it was probably party feeling rather than their innate wickedness which made him inveigh against the Counts of Castrocaro in the lines:

> "Ben fa Bagnacaval, che non rifiglia,
> E mal fa Castrocaro, peggio Conio,
> Che di figliar tai conti più s'impiglia."
>
> —*Purgatorio, xiv, 116.*

Indeed, Fulcieri de' Calboli, who had been soundly abused in the preceding lines, and who was then Podestà of Florence, was a member of that family, and subsequently held the castle successfully against Dante's friends, the Ordelaffi. Five years later, in 1339, he sold the place for 6,000 gold florins to Francesco Manfredi, Lord of Faenza, but it proved impossible to carry out the bargain, and it came into the possession of the Ordelaffi as feudatories of the Pope. Three times the Popes sold Castrocaro to Florence, in 1364, in 1395, and 1403; but it was only in the last year that the Florentine Commissaries succeeded in getting possession of it, when the Chronicler observes: "Et fuit in decto Castro gaudium magnum et non de Forlivio." Its possession was greatly desired by the Florentines, because it secured to them the entire control of an excellent pass over the Apennines to the coast of the Adriatic.

Although, from this time on, the castle remained in the possession of Florence, that did not prevent the valley from being disturbed by wars in the neighbourhood. In 1494 the French General d'Aubigny, marching through here to join Charles VIII. at Florence, was obliged, on account of the narrow mountain roads, to abandon his artillery, which was soon taken possession of by Caterina

Sforza, who then ruled Forli. D'Aubigny passed Castrocaro again in 1501, when taking part in Louis XII.'s expedition against Naples. A few years afterwards, fear of the French caused the entire abandonment of Forli by its inhabitants, who all took refuge in Castrocaro, Dovadola, and the towns above. In 1537, a certain Achille del Bello, whose house still exists here, in order to revenge himself on some of his private enemies, formed a conspiracy to deliver the town to Piero Strozzi, but failed; and Cosmo I., for the greater surety of the frontier—especially as Castrocaro was ill disposed to the Medici—constructed the fortress of Terra del Sole, a little over a mile down the valley. A century later, in 1676, the fort of Castrocaro, which had probably already greatly suffered from an earthquake, was dismantled, and its garrison stationed in Terra del Sole, to which place all the Government offices were subsequently transferred.

Among the well-known personages of whose stay at Castrocaro we have some account, were Pope Martin V., who stopped here in 1418, while riding from Forli to Florence; Pope Julius II., who chose this route to go to Imola, as he did not wish to pass through Faenza, which was then held by the Venetians; and Macchiavelli, who (as may be seen from the dates of his letters) remained here for

over a week in 1499, when on his embassay to Caterina Sforza. St. Anthony of Padua, in going from the Hermitage of Monte Paolo to Forli, to be present at a council of his monastic order, passed a night here at the house of the Corbici family; this was in Lent, 1222. While saying his prayers before going to bed, he had a vision of Christ as a boy, surrounded with a halo of heavenly light. A servant, terrified by the unusual glimmer which came through the cracks of the door, and fearing lest the house might be on fire, looked through the keyhole and saw the prodigy, on which he hastily ran down-stairs to awaken his master.

As Castrocaro is mentioned in few guide-books, I was at first in doubt how to get here. I vainly questioned a number of Italians whom I met one evening in society, until an old judge admitted that he knew the place, since he had lived many years at Forli as Royal Procurator. He then entreated me, whatever I might do, never to pass through the village of Terra del Sole after dark; but his discretion was such that, to the amusement of all, he absolutely refused to explain why. When I had arrived here, the reasons became obvious. After Italy had become peaceful, it was found that a great benefit had been conferred on this valley by its annexation to Tuscany, and especially by the

establishment of a free port at Leghorn. This region formed a narrow tongue of land stretching into the heart of the Papal States—a tongue so narrow that in some places the boundaries ran along the crest of low hills on each side of the river Montone. Each of the towns in the valley became the centre of a great contraband trade. Stalwart *spalloni* (as they were called) could easily take large packages of valuable goods on their broad shoulders, and within an hour or so deposit them in some safe place within the Papal territory. The buildings in all these villages bear witness to the wealth of their former owners. But smuggling had its necessary concomitant in brigandage, where the frontier of the Papal States could be so easily crossed; and, after the absorption of both Tuscany and Romagna into the kingdom of Italy, when the smuggling necessarily ceased, many of the old smugglers naturally turned brigands. At the time when my friend the Judge was living at Forli, brigandage was still rife, and his special annoyances were probably increased by the fact that his jurisdiction ceased before reaching the walls of Terra del Sole.

The most celebrated bandit of this region was Stefano Pelloni—called *il Passatore*, from having been a ferryman near Faenza—who was noted

through all the Romagna thirty years ago. The account of his life and adventures forms an often printed chapter of that cheap popular literature which, patronised by the extreme radicals, is doing so much harm among the half-educated Italian lower class. The *Passatore* is a very popular character, because a legend has grown up that he was the son of Pope Pius IX. and some duchess; and his career is therefore used to show the immorality of the Church and of the upper classes. He is credited with many remarkable exploits—some of them probably fictitious—such as the arrest of the Cardinal Legate at Bologna in his own house and the extortion of a large sum of money, and his capture of the Pope at Castel Gondolfo, through which he discovered his relationship and obtained a perpetual pardon for whatever crimes he might commit. One of his adventures, however, is undoubtedly true in the main, though some of the details are probably inaccurate, and is still the great story of these parts. The niece of the Austrian Field-Marshal Radetzky married an officer of high rank, and took a villa for the season not very far from here, in the neighbourhood of the little town of Forlimpopoli. The Legate and other high personages from Bologna came on a visit; and it is even said that, in order to do honour to the

Austrians, Cardinal Antonelli came on from Rome. The opera troupe then playing at Forli was induced to give a special representation in the theatre at Forlimpopoli, and as there were rumours of the presence of foreign princes incognito, all the great people of Forli drove out for the opera. The house was crammed. In the middle of "Lucia" the *Passatore* and some of his comrades suddenly appeared on the stage, and demanded not only all the money and jewels then in the theatre, but large sums besides. The alarm was general, but every door was shut and guarded by brigands, and people were obliged to return to their seats. More than this, all the gendarmes in the place had been arrested and confined in their barracks, and the city gates were guarded so that no messengers could be sent to other towns. After the harvest was reaped, the *Passatore* bade a polite good-night and disappeared, but it was not till early in the morning that the audience was allowed to disperse. This was the *Passatore's* last great achievement: soon after that he was tracked and killed. Portions of his band lingered on for a long time, making the roads unsafe, and in the first years after the unification of the country there was a temporary revival of brigandage, as I have said, on account of the cessation of smuggling. The last

bandit of any note flourished for a few months in 1868 or 1869, a boy of nineteen of Ravenna called Gagino; a good-natured youth who cared only for the money he took, was always polite and civil—as I was assured by one of his victims—and paid the peasants whenever he found it necessary to levy their horses or carts. Since he was shot, brigandage has ceased, and the roads here are safer by night or by day than in the vicinity of most of our large towns.

Castrocaro abounds in dogs of every breed, size, and colour; and, on complaining of them one morning on account of their barking in the night, I was told that they were most important to the prosperity of the place, as they were all truffle-dogs. Not long after, we were asked to subscribe for the benefit of a poor widow who had lost her only resource, a truffle dog, which she had refused to sell for twenty dollars, as he had brought her in more by being let out during the season. Here the breed of a dog counts for nothing, as it is simply a question of education. This is to a great extent true also in France, where truffles are collected more systematically and regularly, although pigs—and especially sows—are preferred in many regions. The pig hunts for the truffle with all the love of an epicure, and will eat it himself unless taught otherwise. With the dog, who would not think of

eating the truffle, this is simply one kind of sport like another. Pigs, however, are so very sagacious and so easily taught to come to a point after they have uprooted the truffle, that it is easy to understand the preference given to them, for with a dog who can only indicate the place where the truffle is concealed it is necessary to dig until it be found, and this injures the root fibres of the oaks and other trees, among which the tubers are found, and has an effect on the crop for the next year. In this region truffles are chiefly found under old oak-trees, and, as these are not too common here, in young oak plantations. No attempt has yet been made here to cultivate them artificially, and the methods of preserving this delicate fungus are so imperfect—olive-oil being chiefly used, and there being no regular provincial truffle-markets as in France—that in a good year a considerable portion of the crop is spoilt. The prevailing truffle is the *Tuber melanosporum*, the black truffle of Périgord, the great favourite in cookery. The summer truffle, the *Tuber æstivum*, so common in France and not unknown in England, is rarely found here. Far more common is the white truffle, *Tuber magnatum*, the great delicacy of Piedmont and north Italy, which has a mingled odour of garlic, onions, high game, and old cheese.

CASTROCARO, July 9, 1888.

LANDOR AND ITALY

Perhaps here in Genoa, instead of thinking of English literature, I ought to be meditating on Columbus and the discovery of America, or on the Bank of St. George and the Italian commerce of the Levant. But then, I am staying at the Hôtel de la Ville, where Lady Blessington once lived and where Byron often visited her; I have seen on the corner of the Place de la Bourse the little tablet which marks the deathplace of Daniel O'Connell, and I have just come from Albaro and from visiting the villas once inhabited by Byron, Mrs. Shelley, Leigh Hunt, Dickens, and Landor. With leisure and opportunity, reading becomes as desultory, and runs in as strange grooves, as does conversation in a party of pleasant people. When I was ill at Pisa last spring, I saw every day the house of Byron on one side the Arno, and that of Shelley on the other; I followed them in their walks and drives, and was induced, not only to visit many other places where they had lived or stayed, but to reread most of their poems, their letters, and

their lives, as well as much of and about their contemporaries. In the Life of Lady Blessington were some charming letters both from Landor and from Dickens, which as of necessity compelled the perusal of their biographies as written by John Forster.

After all, the pleasantest impression of Landor, except that derived directly from his letters, and especially the glimpses of himself in his 'Imaginary Conversations,' comes from his portrait—one hesitates to call it an exaggerated one—drawn by Dickens in "Bleak House." In Mr. Boythorn we find all the pleasantest traits of Landor's character, with just hint enough at the unpleasant parts of it to enable us to see him at his best, as he shows himself in his letters. His intellectual vigour, as well as his violence and his coarseness, is displayed everywhere in his works. The qualities and defects of Landor's writings could scarcely be judged more truly, and certainly not treated more delicately, than by Mr. Lowell in the February number of the *Century;* but I doubt whether the "Imaginary Conversations" will ever be much read or admired except by those who have lived or who are living in Landor's time, either in reality or in books. They are entirely too personal, too full of the author's own life and character, too restricted to

the ideas and events of his time. After so many revolutions in Spain it is not easy to recall the details of the Spanish war in which Landor took part as a volunteer; nor the sequence of constitutional and unconstitutional acts during the reign of Ferdinand VII.; nor all the shades of difference in the characters of the last Grand Dukes of Tuscany. Nor can we now become very enthusiastic over the generals and dictators who founded the South American republics. Although Landor fondly and vainly imagined that he had never made one of his characters utter a word such as the man would not himself have used, all that he really did was to write dialogue between Landor himself and a man of wood or straw, whom he tried to make different from himself, but who still resembled him at least as much as his own brother, whose works he said were sometimes taken for his own. One enjoys them more with the help of Landor's Letters and his Biography.

For reasons of my own, I have been, for the last year, living in the Italy of the first third of this century, and have seldom been out of the Italian society of that time, except to make the acquaintance of the English and French who came here then, as they do now, very often leading an exclusive and insular life in the great towns. Here I

have often had occasion to meet and hear of Landor, and have been entertained and amused, and even at times indignant, at his prejudices, his enthusiasms, and especially at what seemed to me his incapacity to understand the character of the people among whom he moved. Even when he is most violent and wrong-headed, he at times expresses himself with so much humour—which is not *always* coarse or obscene—as to disarm resentment.

Fiesole and Florence seem more particularly associated with Landor's name, but curious glimpses of him may be caught during the years when he was at Como, Pistoja, and Pisa. He saw very strange goings on between Queen Caroline and her low-born lover, when idling in his boat under the summer moon,

> "Where loveliest of all lakes the Lario sleeps
> Under the walls of Como":

and was much disturbed when an agent came out from England to take his testimony. From here, too, he wrote, "A scoundrel, one Monti, wrote a most violent invective, in the form of a Sonnet, against England."

At Pisa he refused to meet Shelley, who, he says later, "had got into a scrape about me with Byron,"

because " his conduct towards his first wife had made me distrustful of him," not thinking for a moment of any deficiencies in his own marital life. With Byron, who was also at Pisa, he was, of course, at loggerheads. Miss Clairmont, in giving an account of the odd English in Pisa, mentions " Walter Savage Landor, who will not see a single English person; says he is glad the country produces people of worth, but he will have nothing to do with them." From Pisa, too, in a letter to Southey, he writes one of his odd criticisms of Italian poets: " Some time or other I propose to finish Dante, which I began about eleven years ago, but wanted perseverance; a twentieth or thirtieth part of what I read was excellent. You cannot say the same of Ariosto. He is a carnival poet, but he is never very bad."

Landor was much influenced by his surroundings, and frequently a passage in the " Imaginary Conversations " not only reflects the mood in which he sat down to write, but tells of something which he had just seen or heard, or records a recollection which had come back to him. Take, for example, the Ninth Conversation of Volume I. between the Marchese Pallavicini and Landor himself, the scene of which is laid on the steps of the very villa which I saw just now at Albaro. It is to lead up to an

exposure of the brutality of an English general during the British occupation of Genoa—an exposure which Landor naïvely thinks far more scathing and effective than a speech in Parliament. The talk, however, is chiefly about Italian architecture, trees, gardens; one particular tree on the lake of Como for which Landor would have given millions rather than have it cut down; the lack of the appreciation of the beautiful shown by modern Italians, their general bad manners, dirt, and uncleanliness, both in country and town. Or take the Twelfth Conversation between Peter Leopold and the President Dupaty, with its discussion of Italian and especially of Tuscan character, running on into a rambling talk about miracles, religion, and superstition. Another example is the Conversation between Cavaliere Puntonichino and Mr. Denis Eusebius Talcranagh, in which the author tells the story in great detail of his petty quarrel with an English secretary of legation at Florence, full of abuse of Florence, of English, and especially of diplomatists.

Indeed, one of the great charms of the " Conversations " is their unexpectedness and want of visible sequence; one never knows whither the writer's quickly changing moods will take him, or what surprises are not in store for the reader. In the

long dialogue—if such it can be called—between the Duc de Richelieu, Sir Fire Coats, and Lady Glengrin, which begins in Genoa, is continued on board ship, and ends in Dublin, we have a long story about Tom Paine; the ill effects produced by his "Age of Reason" on the life of an English country schoolmaster; long interviews with Paine at Paris, during and after the Revolution; the character of Napoleon; scenes of clerical and country life in mid-England, with the whole of a novel worthy of Fielding condensed into a few pages; an Irishman's visit to Rome and the Pope; life and manners in Ireland, and a discussion of the Irish question. In "Landor, English Visitor and Florentine Visitor," we find a picture of the life and character of the Grand Duke Ferdinand; a talk on Italian manners and customs; abuse of England, and especially of English Cabinet-government; curious criticisms on Italian literature and art; verses in praise of Shelley, Keats, and Burns; a reparation to Byron and Shelley; abuse of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews;* a skit at Wordsworth; and a lament at the contempt shown for art by all English sovereigns since Charles I.

The apologies to the *manes* of Shelley and Byron seemed necessary to Landor in the revulsion of feeling which came upon him after their untimely

deaths; and they occur more than once. To Shelley, who was one of the earliest and warmest admirers of his "Gebir," he had been personally insulting; and Byron he had unfairly and spitefully attacked and criticised without mentioning his name, not only in the dialogue between Bishop Burnet and Humphrey Hardcastle, where Byron was represented by George Nelly, and Southey (in the blindness of Landor's admiration) stood for Milton, but also in an absurd, petty, and even ignorant way, in the Conversation between the Abbé Delille and Walter Landor, which contains some remarks on French and Italian poets that, if not just judgments, are at least clever and original.

When Landor leaves the domain of what he has himself witnessed and experienced, he becomes wild, absurd, and too often trivial. The Conversations between ancient Greeks and Romans should be excepted, because of the fitness and propriety of these the judgment of the reader must be guided by a great familiarity with the classics, which Landor had, and by a large experience of humanity, in which he was notably deficient. What I particularly refer to are the Conversations the scene of which is laid in Russia, Poland, or the East, on which his authorities were imperfect, and the spirit of which he by his nature could not understand.

LANDOR AND ITALY

Dialogues have been a favourite device of literary men since the times of Plato and Lucian; but it is a curious coincidence that the appearance of the first volumes of the "Imaginary Conversations" should have been so nearly contemporaneous with that of the "Operetti Morali" of Leopardi. Landor's first volume, if my memory serves me right, came out in 1824, Leopardi's book in 1826, but his dialogues had all previously appeared in periodicals either in Milan or Florence. The inspiration, the leading motives, of the two books are very dissimilar, but I can never read one without thinking of the other.

GENOA, February 11, 1888.

DICKENS IN GENOA

Although Dickens was endowed with quick perceptions and a ready sympathy with whatever he saw, his manner of working was too methodical, and his interest lay too much in England, for him to be greatly affected by his surroundings when in the act of composition, or for his novels to show many traces of his life on the Continent.

We all know the picture of his favourite writing-table at Gadshill, and he could do no work, either at Genoa or Lausanne, or Paris or Boulogne, unless his table were placed in the same way in front of the window, with the same orderly arrangement of paper and pens, knives and weights, and of the cheap and tasteless little ornaments, each of which had for him some particular meaning. "Dombey and Son" was begun at Lausanne and finished in Paris; his second Christmas story, "The Chimes," was suggested to him by the ringing of the bells at Genoa, the sound of which came up to his windows from every quarter of the town. In the "Tale of Two Cities," the scene is laid partly in Paris, and

the story was suggested by his residence there. Apart from that, only one incident in "Dombey and Son," and a portion of "Little Dorrit," seem to contain any references to his journeys on the Continent. "Martin Chuzzlewit," of course, sprang from his American trip, and was written with a distinct object; but, unlike the "American Notes," the "Pictures from Italy" did not blossom into a novel.

This book, which is unjustly depreciated by most, but of which the charm for me has not gone after several re-readings, was begun in the form of letters in the first number of the *Daily News*. Delightful as it is, it by no means equals the private letters from which it was made up—at least so far as we can tell from those published by his children, and the extracts given by Forster, who refused to publish anything "resembling his printed books however distantly." Forster's work is not so much a biography of Dickens, in spite of its title, as an account of Dickens's relations with Forster. This rendered necessary the publication of additional volumes of letters, thereby affording a new pleasure to those who enjoy Dickens's letters more than his novels. In all of them, and especially in those from Italy, Dickens displays not only his power of vivid and picturesque description, but an instan-

taneous perception, sympathy, and clear-sightedness, which is only occasionally led astray by reflection based on a supposed knowledge, turning out at times to be either insufficient or erroneous.

When, in the winter of 1844, Dickens decided to go to Italy for a year, he had thoughts of Nice, and wrote to Lady Blessington to know "whether this same Nice be a healthy place the year through, whether it be reasonably cheap, pleasant to look at and to live in, and the like." D'Orsay strenuously insisted that there was no place for headquarters like Pisa; but Genoa was finally decided upon, and, by my Lady's advice, it was arranged to take for the summer a villa in the suburb of Albaro (where he arrived with all his family, having driven post from Calais to take a steamer at Marseilles), at an expense altogether of about two hundred pounds. He found out afterwards that he could have had the Villa Doria at Pegli, "a wonderful house, full of the most unaccountable pictures and the most incredible furniture," with a great park and woods, for £40 a year; but a stupid friend had hired for him, at an exorbitant price, a common Italian country-house, badly furnished, although with a lovely view and in the midst of fine vineyards. This was the Villa Buonavista, or, as it was called from the name of the proprietor, Bagnerello, which, from its colour

and some peculiarity of the courtyard, Dickens nicknamed the Pink Jail. He had hoped to get the villa in which Byron had lived, but that was close to the main road, and had even then been turned into the disreputable wine-shop which it is still.

To get to the Pink Jail it was necessary to go through narrow lanes with sharp turns, and his carriage had first to be measured to see if it could pass, as a few days before the carriage of some grand lady had got stuck, and she had to be pulled through the front window. Even lately, on my first pilgrimage, some well-intentioned persons who met us warned us of the danger, and suggested a different and round-about road. But the coachman exhorted me to have courage, and brought me safely to the house. The next-door neighbour of Dickens, and one of his great friends, was the French Consul-General, who had married an English lady, and had even written about his earlier novels in a French review. He says: "Their house is next to ours on the right, with vineyards between; but the place is so oddly contrived that one has to go a full mile round to get to their door." This is a pardonable exaggeration, unless old lanes were strangely unnoticed by Dickens, but has been construed as a fact by his biographer, who

was never there. A similar statement, which comes only from the fancy of a nervous temperament, is that of his sufferings from the sirocco, in the first week of his stay, described as if he were in the interior of the Sahara; it being a notorious fact that foreigners experience rather pleasant than unpleasant sensations from the sirocco blowing over the sea during their first year in Italy.

It is impossible to refrain from quoting a passage from a letter to Maclise, because, with its exaggerations, it so exactly expresses the effect of summer on the Riviera:

"When the sun sets clearly, then, by Heaven, it is majestic! From any one of eleven windows here, or from a terrace overgrown with grapes, you may behold the broad sea; villas, houses, mountains, forts strewn with rose-leaves, strewn with thorns—stifled in thorns! Dyed through and through and through. For a moment. No more. The sun is impatient and fierce, like every one else in these parts, and goes down headlong. Run to fetch your hat—and it's night. Wink at the right time of black night—and it's morning. Everything is in extremes. There is an insect here (I forget his name, and Fletcher and Roche are both out) that chirps all day. There is one outside the window now. The chirp is very loud—something like a Brobdingnagian grasshopper. The creature is born to chirp—to progress in chirping—to chirp louder,

louder, louder—till it gives one tremendous chirp and bursts itself. That is its life and death. Everything is in a concatenation accordingly. The day gets brighter, brighter, brighter, till it's night. The summer gets hotter, hotter, hotter, till it bursts. The fruit gets riper, riper, riper, till it tumbles down and rots."

On the 1st of October Dickens moved into Genoa, where he had an apartment in a palace which even still occupies the finest site in the town. It is that large, stately, square house, then called the Palazzo Peschiere, standing high up above the promenade of Acquasola, at that time let in apartments. On a subsequent visit in 1853 Dickens found it occupied as a girls' school; but it is now restored to its original purpose, and is again the residence of a single family. During his winter in Genoa Dickens, of course, walked through every street and alley, and over all the surrounding country, by night as well as by day, though he missed what he saw in his night walks through the London streets, of which he sadly complains; for he was deprived of all that put him into a mood fit for the field of writing which he had chosen. He made an excursion along the Cornice road to Marseilles; found time for a hasty trip to London to read his new Christmas story, " The Chimes," to his friends;

and was able to make a much more leisurely journey to Florence, Rome, and Naples.

Genoa has greatly changed since Dickens knew it, although he found much that was new on his second visit, and speaks of a new and fine café with gardens, next to the new Municipality, which had ousted pupils and teachers from the Jesuit college —a café which we seem to recognise as the Concordia, the only good restaurant in Northern Italy, except Doney's at Florence, Franconi's at Como, and Quadri's at Venice. Mediterranean and American commerce and the opening of the St. Gothard tunnel have so increased Genoese trade that, with the demolition of the charming old marble promenade and the construction of new moles, quays, and warehouses, even the appearance of the Port is altered. The town stretches now almost to Sestri on one side, and fills up all the valley on the other as far as Albaro. By the side of the Palazzo Peschiere runs the long new Via Assarotti with its great piles of buildings, but a part of the Peschiere Palace gardens still remains. The old gate at the foot of the Acquasola has given place to a fine paved square, with statues of Vittorio Emmanuele and of Mazzini; and the villetta of Dickens's old friend, the Marchese di Negro, is now a public garden and museum.

Dickens gives a very amusing description of the Marchese, whom he calls a "very fat and much older Jerdan, with the same thickness of speech and size of tongue. He was Byron's friend, keeps open house here, writes poetry, improvises, and is a very good old Blunderbore; just the sort of instrument to make an artesian well with anywhere." The quality which so particularly amused and enraged Dickens was the mania of the Marchese for reciting his own verses on all occasions. The description of him, which is far too long to quote, is vivid and on the whole not ill-natured; indeed, one may believe it not exaggerated after seeing the bust of the Marchese now in front of the door. Nevertheless, the little foibles of this gentleman were far more leniently judged by his countrymen, and, if we may believe the letters of Giordani and others, his acquaintance was sought for and appreciated by literary men.

I cannot help copying a passage about the new Governor to whom Dickens had been told he should pay his respects—a ceremony from which he was excused by the tact of the Consul:

"'Where's the great poet?' said the Governor. 'I want to see the great poet.' 'The great poet, your Excellency,' said the Consul, 'is at work writing a book, and begged me to make his excuses.'

'Excuses!' said the Governor; 'I wouldn't interfere with such an occupation for all the world. Pray tell him that my house is open to the honour of his presence when it is perfectly convenient for him, but not otherwise. And let no gentleman,' said the Governor, a-surveyin' his suite with a majestic eye, 'call upon Signor Dickens till he is understood to be disengaged.' And he sent some one with his own cards next day. Now, I do *seriously* call this real politeness and pleasant consideration—not positively American, but still gentlemanly and polished."

Unfortunately, the published letters give us little information as to the real friends Dickens made in Genoa, who welcomed him back so warmly on his visit ten years later. We only know that the last few days of his stay, when the establishment was being broken up, he passed at the Palazzo Rosso above the Vandyke Picture Gallery, as the guest of Mme. Delarue, whose death last year is still deplored.

Of the novels it is only "Little Dorrit" that shows the influence of Dickens's stay in Italy. The scene in the Monastery on the St. Bernard is, so far as we can tell from the letters, and from a confession in a letter from M. Cerjat, almost a description of his journey with that gentleman and other friends from Lausanne. The little pictures of Ital-

ian post stations and country towns, and the sketches of Venice and of life there, are mere reproductions of the author's actual impressions, and could only have been drawn by one who had been on the spot. These bits are so excellent as to counterbalance the many defects of the story.

GENOA, February 23, 1888.

MADAME DE GENLIS ON THE RIVIERA

Who and what were the ancient Ligurians? is a question much more easily asked than answered. Their language left a strong influence on the varied dialects of this coast; and if any one can tell what that language was, it is probably Mr. James Bruyn Andrews, an American scholar, now resident at Mentone. About all we know of the inhabitants is that they were brave and warlike, with a desire for independence; that they lived chiefly on the produce of their herds, milk, and some drink made of barley. They sold their excellent and beautifully veined timber, as well as their cattle, hides, and honey, at Genoa for oil and wine, since the little wine which they produced tasted of pitch, used probably—as now in Greece and Portugal—to preserve either the wine or the skins in which it was kept. They bred an excellent race of mules, wove tunics, and, according to Strabo, collected amber on the seacoast. Their two great tribes, the Ingauni and the Intemelii, had their common bound-

ary somewhere near Taggia or San Remo. The capital of one was Albium Ingaunum (Albenga), and of the other Albium Intemelium, now Ventimiglia. Strabo considers the word "Albium" as related to Alps; the changing of the *b* to *v* is very common in modern Italian dialects, and explains how the Greek *β* is now pronounced *v*, as probably it always was, and makes us wonder whether a similar pronunciation were not the rule in Latin.

So much did the Ligurians love their independence, and so much did they hate the conquering Romans, that they were willing to ally themselves with every enemy of Rome. Mago, the brother of Hannibal, made what is now the plain, and was then the port, of Albenga, the station for the Carthaginian fleet during the second Punic war. Mago, by the way, should be remembered pleasantly by us all, because, by having given his name to Port Mahon, he has been immortalised by Richelieu in Mayonnaise sauce. So obstinate were the Ligurians that, according to Pliny, the boundaries of their possessions had to be resettled thirty times; and every victory over them was reason for a triumph at Rome. It was probably this obstinacy, this refusal to remain subdued, which caused the Romans to apply to them epithets as bad as

"Punica fides." Even Virgil could not resist the temptation to bring in Aunus,

> "Yet, like a true Ligurian born to cheat,
> At least while fortune favoured his deceit."

And he makes Camilla exclaim,

> "On others practise thy Ligurian arts;
> Thin stratagems and tricks of little hearts
> Are lost on me."

From this descends a whole series of proverbs, culminating in that Tuscan one of "Sea without fish; mountains without trees; men without faith, and women without shame"; and in the lines of Dante in his "Inferno":

> "Ah, Genoese! ye men at variance
> With every virtue, full of every vice."

In order to keep down the Ligurians as well as to civilise them, the Romans made several colonies along the coast; and among the early inscriptions found at Albenga, we may notice the names of several well-known noble families from Rome itself. We see traces, too, of their villas in ruined walls of *opus reticulatum* along the old road leading to Alassio; and further on over the hills to the great sacred forest of Neptune (the Lucus Bormanni), which covered the sites of what are now Andora,

Cervo, and Diano. Albenga, equally with Alba, claims to be the birthplace of the virtuous Pertinax, though the genuineness of the inscription which would seem to prove it is doubted by many. But if there be no right to the real Emperor, there is no question with regard to the origin of the usurper Proculus, whose prowess, though not always in the combats of Mars, is undoubted. This family was the richest in Albenga, though wealth had been acquired by piracy; and Proculus was able to arm two thousand of his own slaves, and probably a great number of his sons. The fertile plain did not at that time exist, and the town was on the slope of the nearest western hill; the River Centa often changed its course, leaving broad stretches of swampy land. Gradually this was rendered more solid, until Constantius, the great general of Honorius, and afterwards the husband of Placidia, stopped here long enough, in 414, on his way from restoring order in Gaul, to put walls about the new town which had been built on the plain, and to construct—or at all events repair—the Pontelungo, that picturesque old Roman bridge which now stands on dry land. When the river changed its course again, cutting between the town and the hill, with great destruction of property and probably of life, we do not exactly know, but there is no

mention of the Centa running in its present bed until somewhere in the eleventh century.

But neither the old bridge, nor its sanctuary at one end, nor the Baptistery—equally an old Roman work—nor the cathedral with the old lions behind it, and the Mosaic pavement which President De Brosses admired so much, will detain the visitor long. Albenga needs to be seen from a distance; and after looking at the lovely view from the new bridge, both landward and seaward, the tourist goes sufficiently far on the hillside to see, in an amphitheatre of hills and mountains, some of which have snowy tops even to midsummer, the walls and towers of the city standing up in the midst of vineyards and well-cultivated vegetable gardens and meadows full of orchids. These towers of old noble houses add greatly to the picturesqueness as well as to the historical interest of Albenga. Certainly no town on the Riviera, and probably not one this side of San Gemignano, possesses so many.

In looking over the list of podestàs and other officials, one is struck with the number of good family names—such as Doria, Spinola, Scotti, Visconti, Fieschi—and one finds among the nobles of the first class of two hundred years ago even such familiar names as Americo, Cepolla, and Tomato.

In the middle of the fifteenth century there was a bishop named Napoleone Fieschi; and at the same time a podestà, Napoleone Lomellino, a fact which may interest students of the history of the Bonapartes. What are now wretched villages along the Riviera were, in the Middle Ages, flourishing and rich towns, so great was their commerce; and the diocese of Albenga, which extended almost from Savona to San Remo, had revenues sufficiently great to render its possession an object of ambition. We need not be astonished, then, to find that Cardinal Giulio de' Medici consented to accept the See, rich as he already was. The Cardinal, afterwards Pope Clement VII., who had four years before been made Archbishop of Florence, found no time to come to his diocese, and resigned it after a few months. There was also one other Bishop of Albenga, Sinibaldo Fieschi, who became Pope as Innocent IV. in 1243.

Otherwise the ecclesiastical history of Albenga has little interest. The curious island opposite, called still, as of old, Gallinaria—according to Varro and Columella, from its having once abounded in barn fowl in a wild state—and which had been sanctified by having served as a refuge for St. Martin of Tours, was the seat of a great Benedictine monastery. Subsequently the Benedictines

founded abbeys on the hill above Albenga, the ruins of which are so prominent in the landscape, at the picturesque Cape of Santa Croce and at Alassio. Gradually they abandoned the island, which shows now hardly a trace of the monastery, confined themselves to their more accessible establishments, and led such riotous lives that with great difficulty, after several inquests, the Pope succeeded in suppressing their houses.

Far more interest attaches to the secular history of Albenga during the Middle Ages, when the town was in frequent conflict with the Counts della Laigueglia, who, through the favour of the Emperors Maximilian and Charles V., were the great lords of the country, from the village of Laigueglia beyond Alassio, whence they derive their name, to their stronghold of Garlenda, in the hills, the church of which is still visited by tourists curious to see an excellent picture by Domenichino, and a very bad one attributed to Nicolas Poussin. The neighbouring village of Alassio, situated in a bay protected from most winds, with an excellent beach, which was considered by the inhabitants of Albenga as quite their own—having been built for their country residences—began to rival the mother city in trade and wealth as well as enterprise. One Alassian sea captain, Luca Ferrari, was a contem-

porary of Columbus in his discoveries in the Indies, and was granted great privileges by Ferdinand of Spain. Worst of all, the colony turned against its mother, and one fine morning the impatient Alassians, who desired their independence, nearly captured the town of Albenga by a sudden attack. Among those who fell in the fight was a Napoleone d'Aste. Albenga wisely gave way, and conferred on Alassio an independent civil and criminal jurisdiction. Spurred on by this success as well as by danger from the Turkish and Barbary pirates, the inhabitants of Alassio began to surround their town with walls, the expense of which was borne by the richer inhabitants, many of the women contributing their jewels. The first bastion was consecrated by the Bishop in 1521. Thanks to these, Albenga and Alassio were saved from the calamities which overwhelmed San Remo, Taggia, and other towns during the wars between Charles V. and Francis I., after the French had made an alliance with the Turks. After Laigueglia had been taken and pillaged by the pirates in 1546, a captain from Alassio, named Berno, sailed out, took a Turkish ship, rescued the captives and their goods, and took prisoners eighteen stalwart Mussulmans, who, one is glad to know, were set to work on the fortifications.

Albenga furnished hospitality at various times to the great Admiral Doria, to Charles V., to Emmanuel Philibert, and much later on was the headquarters for awhile of the army of Napoleon, as well as a shelter for Pope Pius VII. But the great local celebrity is, of all persons in the world, Mme. de Genlis; and at the little neighbouring village of Lusignano they will show you a house where she lived and wrote. This legend seems to me a pure product of local gratitude for a pretty description of Albenga, and some compliments on its situation, in her novel of "Adèle et Théodore." In a note she added that the description was not exaggerated, and was extracted from the diary which she wrote on the spot. More than that, she lays at Albenga the episode of the imprisonment in a cell for so many years of the Duchess of Cerifalco, which she had heard at Rome from the Duchess herself and her father, the Prince Palestrina. In the same story she makes the Duchess of Belmire leave Nice and reside for some years at Albenga, for the purpose of recovering her health. As two of the princely pupils of Mme. de Genlis amused themselves by taking the names Adèle and Théodore, this was apparently sufficient in connection with other things to make passages in the book appear like bits of autobiography.

The journey of Mme. de Genlis along the Riviera was in attendance on the Duchesse de Chartres, who had gone as far as Toulon with the Duke when, in his capacity of an officer of the navy, he was about to take a cruise in the Mediterranean. The ladies planned a journey into Italy without the previous permission of the court; for which excuses were made, when they were already on the road, by saying that the Duchess was suddenly taken with a desire of seeing her decrepit old grandfather, the Duke of Modena. From Antibes the party went by sea to Nice, escorted by a felucca carrying a whole regiment in order to protect them against the pirates. Apropos of Nice, Mme. de Genlis says that "the fashion of sending consumptive persons thither is strange and pernicious. The air is indeed very pure, but too sharp for delicate chests; the most frequent diseases there are affections of the lungs, and then the local doctors hasten to send their patients to the neighbourhood of Lyons." Smollett says much the same. From Nice they travelled along what was then the frightful mule path of the Cornice, with an occasional bit of sea, to Genoa. Thence they went to Modena, Mantua, Rome, and Naples, of all of which journey Mme. de Genlis has left a very entertaining account in her memoirs. Before and for some time after the pub-

lication of " Adèle et Théodore," her duties as governess kept her at court, and after the Revolution the marches and countermarches of armies made any journey or stay in the Riviera impossible. As " Adèle et Théodore " is not a book which is in everybody's hands, and in any case would not stay there long enough—such is its insipidity—for the proper page to be reached by the reader, I may perhaps be allowed to quote the description which has called out so much local gratitude:

" The road from Porto Maurizio to Albenga is full of frightful passes, but it has admirable points of view—especially that from the top of the hill above Laigueglia, the descent from which is very steep and dangerous. We came down on foot—I might even say barefoot, for the rocks that we had been walking over for three days had so worn our shoes that the soles were nearly gone; and as we had not expected to walk we had not taken the precaution of bringing several pairs. At ten o'clock in the morning we made our chairmen stop on a hill from which we saw the town of Albenga in the midst of a delicious plain; this is a remarkable singularity on this coast, as all the other towns are on the rocky hillsides. At the foot of the hill is an immense fertile plain, surrounded by rocks and majestic mountains, some of which were covered with snow. The aridity of the rocks, the imposing aspect of the mountains, form a singular contrast

to the smiling beauty of the plain; the meadows are covered with violets and lilies, the oleander grows wild; all the fields are surrounded by long arbours of vines through which you see verdure, flowers, and fruits enclosed by these light trellises, where every arch is ornamented by graceful grape-wreaths that sway with the slightest breeze. In this delightful abode it seemed as if the earth were cultivated, not for the needs of man, but only for his pleasure. Everything one met was agreeable. We saw there real shepherdesses; all the young girls were bare-headed, with a few flowers stuck in their hair on the left side. They are nearly all pretty, and especially remarkable for the elegance of their figure."

Unquestionably Mme. de Genlis, in spite of her affected prudishness, must have had great personal attractions. Her pupil, Louis Philippe, told Victor Hugo (although all Hugo's statements must be taken with allowance) that when he was still a gawky youth he suddenly awoke to the fact that he was in love for the first time, and with his governess. Madame was at that time interested in someone else, and sent the future King out of the room, telling him not to make a fool of himself. "'Tis a pity" (Hugo goes on) "that when she had taught him so many useful and useless things, she would not explain the meaning of the verb Love."

She was certainly right if the celebrated Pamela were her daughter and the sister of Louis Philippe. Mme. de Genlis tells a long story to show that her adopted daughter Pamela was really a little English girl of low parentage, introduced into the Palais Royal merely for the sake of giving the Orleans children a chance of practising their English. But Moore, in his "Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," written from family papers, says positively that Pamela was the daughter of the Duke of Orleans (Égalité) and of Mme. de Genlis, and her descendants all seem to admit it and to be proud of it.

After Lord Edward Fitzgerald's death in the Irish insurrection of 1798, Pamela married Mr. Pitcairn, a Scotchman by birth, who generally resided in New York, and was for some time American Consul at Hamburg. Whether Pamela ever came to America it is hard to say at this distance, but there is a bit of family history which interests many other people than the author of "A Girl's Life Eighty Years Ago." Pitcairn once, at a theatre in New York, in jesting with a young lady, having asked what he should bring her on his next visit, she answered, "A Scotch husband." The man was brought and was married, and years later, when they were quietly living at Canandaigua,

Louis Philippe and his two brothers arrived on horseback from Niagara with letters of introduction, and asked for hospitality. It was on a Sunday. The princes were in rags, and the larder of the family was so empty that it was necessary to send to the nearest neighbour's in order to borrow sufficient, not only to eat, but to wear.

ALBENGA, June 6, 1888.

THE UNIVERSITY OF BOLOGNA AFTER EIGHT CENTURIES

In reviewing the festivities which accompanied the celebration of the eighth centennial of the University of Bologna, there are certain moments on which the memory loves to linger; and there are one or two points which suggest less agreeable reflections. To begin with the latter: Although the foreign delegates were theoretically the guests of the University, they were never formally presented to the Academic Senate, nor, except by mere chance, did they have an opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of any of the professors. Many who came to Bologna with a sincere desire of learning something of the workings of an Italian university, and of getting to know some of the many learned men who fill chairs at Bologna and in other Italian universities, went away no wiser than when they came. This omission, which might at first seem disrespect, was due solely to mismanagement and imperfect organisation; but as the Rector Capellini, who was mainly responsible for what was as disagreeable to the Italians as to the

strangers, has since resigned in consequence of the criticisms on him, nothing more need be said on this subject.

A great contrast to the official management was afforded by the uniform success which attended everything that was either undertaken or carried out by the students, whether their reception of the foreign students, with the white ox, the great cheese, and the big cask of Barbera wine, presented by their comrades of Padua, Pavia, and Turin, or their torchlight and humorous mediæval processions, their burlesque festival, or their celebration in honour of the memory of Galvani. In kindness, in amiability, and in courtesy they were constant, in season and out of season. Their hospitality was unbounded, and many of them will doubtless find it hard work to get through the next year on their scanty means. The poet Guerrini told me that he knew a poor medical student who had given up his only room to two Germans, and had taken meanwhile a bed at the hospital in which he was studying. They were, of course, this being Italy, not unassisted by the richer citizens; and several noble ladies lent their horses and carriages, with coachman and footman in full livery, to help them do honour to their guests. Their tact was such that no disagreeable incident occurred between the

French and German deputations, who, indeed, fraternised at first to such an extent as to excite the wrath of certain Parisian newspapers. Their courtesy to all was so great that many a foreign professor found his way smoothed for him by the good offices of the first student he chanced to address.

In a city with the secular musical reputation of Bologna—and, if report speaks truly, it is to a mediæval Bolognese student that we owe the song " Gaudeamus igitur "—music would naturally form part of the programme of any feast. Twice during the official celebration we listened to a cantata written by the poet Panzacchi, and composed and directed by the ambitious young *maestro*, Baron Franchetti. Twice Wagner's opera, Italianised into " Tristano ed Isotta," was given as a gala spectacle. Best of all was a concert of classical and modern music by the celebrated orchestra led by Martucci. Selections from Weber, Beethoven, Rossini, Rubinstein, Tchaikofsky, Brahms, Berlioz, and Wagner were executed with a delicacy and precision which enchanted the severest German and American critics present. Unfortunately, the course of historical concerts and the performances of Mendelssohn's " Elijah " had not yet begun; they are to come later.

A fantastic torchlight procession in honour of royalty made us lament the organised horrors which render so hideous the last nights before a Presidential election. No mazy dance of fireflies along the Arno could be more beautiful. Rows of lights, groups of lights, combined into odd figures and shapes—the Queen's favourite marguerite, the star of Italy, the cross of Savoy, fans, wreaths, and palm-leaves—followed each other for an hour, yet all in order, in rhythm, and with due sequence of colour and effect. Yet the materials were simple—light frames of lath or wire on the end of a staff, small glass tumblers filled with some tallow-like composition, and provided with a wick, and bits of white and coloured paper pasted round them to protect the lights from the wind. Any clever Italian can, at a slight expense and with a day's labour, illuminate the front of his house more effectively than with any number of flaring gas-jets.

The evening at court differed from other soirées of this kind only in being held in the long galleries of a mediæval building, unused to such gaiety since the times of the Cardinal Legates, and in the relaxation of etiquette. Presentations were made without difficulty, and the King, who usually avoids occasions of ceremony, talked as freely and pleasantly with the delegates as did the Queen. The Prince

of Naples did his part well, but his youth made him shy and more constrained. The presence of the Queen lent a charm to the place which President de Brosses could never have felt, agreeable as Cardinal Lambertini was, and excellent a Pope as he afterwards became. A surprise was reserved for the end of the evening. Looking out of the windows, we saw the square densely packed with thousands of people; and in the strong electric light every upturned face was visible and distinct. All Bologna was listening to a military serenade, the music of which we had scarcely noticed; and the appearance of the royal party on the balcony, under the outstretched blessing hands of the bronze statue of Pope Gregory XIII., was the signal for an outburst of enthusiastic applause.

So far I have spoken only of the hospitality of the city, of the Government—for there was an excellent dinner offered by the Prefect—and of the Crown. It is time to return to *Bononia Alma Mater Studiorum*. Seldom has there been seen such a picturesque gathering of learned men as that which met on the morning of June 12th in the courtyard of the University. Here, under the awning and around the statue of Hercules, the scarlet, blue, and black robes and trencher caps of English and Scotch doctors mingled with the yellow, buff, and

brown gowns of French professors, wearing odd-looking mortar bonnets. The Russians, Rumanians, Greeks, and Portuguese were, like most of the Americans, in full evening dress, though many of them wore decorations which added a little colour; the Swedes were in embroidered uniforms; the plain, prim-looking black gowns of the Dutch and Belgians contrasted strongly with the heavy robes of red and purple cloth and embroidered satin capes of their neighbours the Germans and Austrians. Of the Hungarians, one wore a violet clerical robe; another, the rich dress and jewelled chain of a Magyar noble. The Spaniards, who came late, were worth waiting to see: they wore long clerical cassocks of black silk, satin capes of brilliant red or of bright blue close up to their ears, fastened under the chin, through which protruded the crosses of their decorations; and on their heads caps shaped like a fez of the same colour as their capes, surmounted by thick tassels which fell equally on every side. There was something in them both of the Arab and of the mediæval Catholic; and as they stood in the middle, with their finely cut features, they seemed to have descended from the frame of some old picture. Nor was the gathering less interesting than picturesque. Here were Jebb, Muir, and Gaston Boissier; here were Low-

ell and Story and Ramsay; further on were Gaston Paris and Veselofsky, talking folk-lore with Crane and Meyer; in another corner stood Erskine Holland, with Asser, Bar, and other noted jurists, while Holtzendorff was overheard in his inquiries about the effect of a recent statute of Pennsylvania. Unfortunately, even here there was no chance of meeting the Italian professors, for they assembled in another part of the building.

Finally, the signal was given, and the learned procession started for the Archiginnasio, which had been the seat of the University until it was removed to its present quarters by Napoleon. The march began with the Italian students, whose sole remnant of academic customs consisted in their little berettas made for the occasion according to ancient style, white, green, blue, or red, to denote the Faculty to which they belonged. Then came the foreign students—the English in gowns, the Germans and Austrians with their ribbons and their sabres, their jack-boots and their absurd little muffin-shaped caps or their spreading plumes. The Hungarians wore their native costume, almost too rich for such an occasion, for one youth was in a white satin doublet covered with rich jewels. Next followed the professors of other Italian universities; then the foreign delegates, the Americans

walking first; and finally the professors of Bologna in their black togas, over which they wore hoods of the colour of their Faculty, arranged in a peculiar manner so that the colour showed chiefly in front—some white ermine tippets, and all with lace bands the quality of which is left to the personal discretion of the wearer.

Never before have I walked through such crowded streets—at least not so much at my ease; and certainly never had I passed through streets where every window and every balcony was decorated with squares of old damask and brocades, feeling that this was done, in part at least, in my honour. On we went past the palace, where the King and Queen bowed to us from the balcony; through the Via Farini, where sprigs of oak and laurel were rained upon us from the upper windows; into the Piazza Galvani, where the students received us between two lines, waving their caps and sabres and shouting *Evviva l'America!* and saluting every other country in succession, until we were seated in the beautifully decorated court of the Archiginnasio.

The place was an historical one. Behind the throne was the pretty little chapel, the pictures in which look so fresh and untouched because it was used only for hearing confessions and giving the

sacrament to students, as preliminary to their taking their degrees. Above that is the Anatomical Theatre, wainscoted in carved cedar, where Galvani demonstrated his discovery of animal magnetism. The walls and vaults are covered with the arms and names of old students in fresco or stucco—among them the name of Erasmus. Every country and nearly every large town in Europe is recorded here; for centuries Bologna was pre-eminently the great international university, and when a youth showed a desire for the higher learning, his father used to give him a horse and a purse, and say, "Go to Paris or Bologna."

After the King and Queen had entered and had been received by the professors, Franchetti's cantata was sung; the Rector made a short speech; the Minister of Public Instruction, Boselli, a longer one, but eloquent and well delivered; and the poet Carducci mounted the pulpit. *Conticuere omnes.* He discoursed on the origin and significance of the University of Bologna; but to this I shall recur. The representatives of foreign universities presented their addresses of congratulation on illuminated parchment scrolls, in cases of varied design and workmanship, to such a number that the light blue basket, embroidered with marguerites, overflowed upon the steps of the throne even to the

feet of the Queen. The leaders of the deputations made brief addresses, among which that of Mr. W. W. Story was one of the most felicitous, accentuating the fact that America as a civilised country was but half as old as the University of Bologna, and that to Italy we owed both our discovery and our name. After a Latin welcome by Professor Gandino, of studied and impressive oratory, the ceremony came to an end, having lasted in all about five hours.

The next day, in the same place, and with the same brilliant surroundings, we witnessed the ceremony of conferring the honorary degrees on eminent foreigners. In all, one hundred and four doctorates were given, of Philology (*i.e.*, Arts and Letters), of Mathematics or Science, of Law, and of Medicine. Of these America received but four, one in each faculty, only one-fourth of what were given both to England and to France. Over fifty degrees were divided between Germany and Austria, chiefly for medicine and the sciences. If this meant anything else than the personal proclivities of the Rector, Capellini, himself an eminent geologist, it would seem to show the high opinion which Italy has of German science and scientific methods. The American doctors are Mr. James Russell Lowell in Letters, Mr. David

Dudley Field in Law, Mr. Alexander Agassiz in Science, and Dr. Weir Mitchell in Medicine. As the names of the laureates were called out, each man who was present walked to the foot of the platform, bowed to the sovereigns, had the great doctoral ring passed on and off his right forefinger, and received the congratulations of the Rector, together with his illuminated diploma, from which hung, enclosed in a silver case, the great wax impression of the University seal. Those whose names were best known were received with loud and long applause. Doubtless, in my own case, a tolerably familiar knowledge of Bologna itself—where I always found pleasure in spending a week at a time—acquaintances in the Italian society, and the meeting with old friends, added to the pleasure derived from the festivities themselves, which, owing to the hereditary Italian talent for improvisation, were far finer than the most hopeful expected during the confusion that marred their beginning. Two evenings not set down in the programme have left especially agreeable memories. One was passed with Jebb, Knight, Ramsay, Sir Herbert Oakley, Conway, and other English and American delegates, when the indignation of those who were, for the moment, shelterless or discontented gave way over a mug of German beer,

which is rapidly usurping the place of wine in north Italian towns; the other was spent in the *birraria* Hoffmeister with Mr. Story and Guerrini, the University Librarian, who made the establishment famous, and who is better known by his poetical pseudonym of Steccheti.

The most striking part of all the official ceremonies, apart from the splendour of the pageant, was, to many, the discourse of the poet Carducci. It was not only the matter of it, but the manner in which it was delivered. Carducci has immense influence in Italy, not only as the regenerator of Italian poetry, but as a man independent and fearless in proclaiming his beliefs and convictions. A republican and democrat by principle, he is a supporter and admirer of the House of Savoy; an innovator in rhythm and metre, he is strongly imbued with classical feeling, and throughout his professional career has devoted himself to illustrating the glories of Italian literature. He does not allow his politics or his religious views to interfere with his critical appreciations, and lately he refused the first literary honour in Italy, the professorship of Dante exegesis at Rome, lest by accepting it he should seem to favour erroneous ideas as to Dante's work. Every line that he writes, whether of verse or of prose, is eagerly read, and nowhere is he more

popular than at Bologna, where he is now the crown and glory both of the University and of the town. When he mounted the tribune, nervous and excited by the scene, the audience, and the presence of royalty, he could hardly restrain his impatience at the outbursts of applause which greeted him. But at the first word all became silent. Similar outbreaks interrupted him after the most telling passages, when, trembling with impatience and excitement, he would throw his head back until his black curly hair and grizzly beard became golden in the strong sunbeam which fell on him through a rift of the awning, and each drop of perspiration shone like a diamond. If the comparison may be excused, he looked like a splendid dog tossing his head and shaking the water from him on coming out of the sea. Then he would seize a twig of oak which had been thrown to him in the procession, and would command silence with an imperious gesture, which no one dared disobey.

Carducci said just enough to impress upon us why Bologna, besides being the oldest, was the most important university of the world. The study of the Roman Law had been transferred from Rome to Ravenna, where the lamp of learning burned with but a flickering light. When, eight hundred years ago, the law-books were brought to Bologna,

Pepo and Irnerius studied them in a new spirit, and developed from the codes of Justinian those principles which were thereafter to be the bases of legality, of organised government, of freedom, and of civilisation. The University of Bologna formed the model for others in Europe, and the statutes of two at least in the extreme north, those of Upsala and Glasgow, are mere copies of the statutes of Bologna:

"The constitution was democratic. The fervour of liberty which warmed the Italian city had, it seems, invaded also those beyond the mountains. These Franks, these Germans, these Bohemians and Poles, coming from their feudal castles, their abbeys, and their lordly chapters, learned to subject themselves to civil order, felt the advantage of living in common, and got to desire equality. After strange journeys by sea and over the Alps, students of all Europe meeting here found again their native countries in the 'nations' which constituted the University; had their State in the University; and, in the common use of the Latin tongue, aspired to that higher unity, that civil brotherhood of peoples for good, which Rome had sent out with its law, which the Gospel had proclaimed in spiritual things, which the civilisation of to-day wishes with reason. O Italy! O my country! in the torments of slavery it was pleasing to think of thee in the act of sending from the seven hills the flight of vic-

torious eagles over all nations; but perhaps thou wert more humanely fair when, to those same nations that had oppressed thee, thou didst rise, and open with the tongue of the ancient Empire the sources of the new civilisation, and, freeing them from the yoke of barbarism, didst persuade them of the glory of making themselves again Roman."

But let us not delay over the Diet of Roncaglia, the Four Doctors, the Gloss writers, Accorso, Odofredo, and the Theorists, or even Rolandino Passaggerio, whose tomb, high in air in front of St. Dominic's Church, has been covered in these days with laurel leaves by the hand of grateful votaries. Let us pass over the flourishing period of Provençal poetry at Bologna; the ancient and even the modern school of Italian poetry; Petrarch, Dante, and his earliest commentators; Erasmus, Jerome Cardan, and Copernicus; Galileo as an unsuccessful candidate for a professorship; Galvani; the famous women who taught here—let us come to the augury which Carducci draws for the future:

"We commemorate," he says, "to-day, with the origin of the University of Bologna, the first uprising of the Italian people. . . . 'All roads lead to Rome' is a proverb common to the Latin peoples, and for Italy is history as well as poetry,

and the continual sigh of her eternal soul. Italy, mindful and grateful that her fair fame grew with Rome—Italy has always and by every road desired to go to Rome; in the Middle Ages with Law, in the Renaissance with Art, in our times with Politics. She desired to return to Rome, to which, thanks to independence protected and liberty guaranteed by union, she had given the force of her arms and the vigour of her thoughts; to Rome, forgetful of her and of the ancient pact in the cosmopolitanism of imperial despotism and pontifical theocracy. A man, a great man of our fathers, felt more than all others this historical necessity for Italy; in that lofty, austere intellect, in that heart of Italian hearts, the idea of the Gracchi became modern. Giuseppe Mazzini, more than anyone else, had the sublime, the radiant, the resplendent vision of the third Rome—not aristocratic, not imperial, not pontifical, but Italian. And from the underground vaults of conspirators, from schools and public squares, from prisons and scaffolds, from fields of battle, from the Parliament, from the Palace, Italy, with the heads of her martyrs, with the books of philosophers and songs of poets, with the essays of diplomacy, with the sword of the Revolution, with the artillery of the King, was so obstinate in knocking at the gates of Rome that she at last reached the Quirinal and the Capitol. Of such worth was a sanctity of daring and devotion incredible in any other history; a monarchical republican, a revolutionary monarch, an obedient dictator—

Victor Emmanuel conspiring to the same end with Giuseppe Mazzini and Giuseppe Garibaldi. Whence is it that to-day Bologna, on the 29th anniversary of the 12th of June, 1859, when she saw foreign lordship driven away for the last time and for ever, salutes and acclaims in its republican piazza, between the Palace of the Podestà, where she held prisoner the conquered Alemannic King, and the Church of San Petronio, which she raised in memory of the overthrow of the domestic tyranny of the Visconti, salutes and acclaims a splendid work of art not inferior to the antique, a solemn monument of love of country superior to the antique—the statue of King Victor Emmanuel fighting for the liberty of Italy? Whence is it that to-day the glorious Superga, next to the tomb of the saddest of the Kings of Savoy, waits in vain for the greatest King not only of Savoy, but of our age, the King who was invoked and saluted as the liberator of the Italian people? When Victor had brought his eagle to the fatal hill whence Romulus had looked for auspices for the foundation of the city, Rome, receiving in her divine embrace at his death the King of the Alps, placed him in the temple of all the antique gods of the Fatherland, King of Italy and of Rome. No piety or impiety of man shall ever remove Vittorio from the Pantheon, nor shall any malignity or violence of things lower that flag which, from the shame of the gallows, has risen to the light of the Capitol. You, Sire, faithful asserter of eight centuries of Italian history;



you, august interpreter and maintainer of the wish of the whole Italian people; you, with words that sound high before the world; O King! you have said 'Rome is an unassailable conquest.' Yes, O King! an unassailable conquest of the Italian people for itself and for the liberty of all."

BOLOGNA, June 16, 1888.

BOLOGNA IN THE LAST CENTURY

The celebration held last August in honour of Galvani (which had been postponed on account of the cholera two years ago) naturally brings one to think of what life was in Bologna a hundred years ago, when this physicist was conducting the experiments which led to his discovery of animal magnetism. For this materials are ample—in part printed, and especially in the great collection of manuscript diaries and letters belonging to the Municipal Library, which also has a good store of engravings, illustrating thus the outward appearance of the town, as well as its life. It is curious to compare a drawing preserved here of a demonstration in the anatomical theatre in 1747 with a photograph taken in the present year, or a reconstruction by G. Amato of the same subject from a miniature made in 1734. But perhaps what strikes one most at first in the old drawings is the falsity of effect in interiors as well as in street views, coming from the fact that distance and space are disproportionately magnified. It seems to be only since

the advent of photography that any but an extraordinarily clever draughtsman has succeeded in putting human figures in their proper relations to a given space, as seen from a single point of view, or at least from a usual point of view.

Luigi Galvani was born in 1737, and was attached under various titles to the University of Bologna from 1763 until his death in 1798. The accident which induced him to carry on his experiments occurred in 1780. The decisive discovery was on September 26, 1786, on the terrace of his house in the street now called after Ugo Bassi; but this he chose still to verify by a variety of methods before exclaiming that the body of an animal is an organic Leyden jar. He formally published the result of his researches in 1791. These dates are mentioned simply for convenience, and to show during what period of time Galvani lived. If the materials for his biography be scanty, they are plentiful enough for that of his townsman, the Marchese Francesco Albergati-Capacelli, the play-writer, who died six years after Galvani, and was born nine years before him. On this subject Ernesto Masi has written an entertaining monograph; and from this, with the help of Corrado Ricci's recently published book on the Bolognese theatres, and a few similar studies, it is easy to

obtain a fair view of the times in which Galvani lived.

Although it was about 500 years since Bologna had placed itself under the protection of the Pope, and had, while often turbulent and disobedient, been governed by a papal legate, yet, up to the French Revolution, it kept all the forms and claimed to possess the independence of an aristocratic republic. It was called the Bolognese nation, and had at Rome an Ambassador who asserted the same rights and privileges as those of other states. When Galvani was born, the papal legate was Cardinal Prospero Lambertini, who in 1740 became Pope Benedict XIV., to whom Voltaire dedicated his tragedy of " Mahomet " (of which the presentation copy, with Voltaire's autograph, is still in the University Library), and to whom Horace Walpole erected a monument. President De Brosses saw him in Bologna in 1739, and described him thus:

" When we don't go there, we pass our evening *tête-à-tête* with the Cardinal Archbishop Lambertini, a good fellow without any airs, who tells us many good stories about women or about the Court of Rome. I have taken pains to remember some of them for use on occasion. He is especially fond of talking and hearing about the Regent and his confidant, Cardinal Dubois; and says to me sometimes, ' Parlate un poco di questo Cardinale

del Bosco.' His conversation is very agreeable; he is witty and gay, and has a knowledge of literature. He has a habit of using in the construction of his phrases certain expletives little suitable to a Cardinal; and in that, as well as in everything else, he is very like the late Cardinal Le Camus, for he has excellent morals, is very charitable, and very assiduous in his archiepiscopal duties."

When Lambertini became Pope, he sent to Bologna the famous Cardinal Alberoni, whose militant disposition made him conceive plans of reform greatly distressing to the Bolognese, who feared that they should lose the last remnants of their republican institutions. Albergati, who had already been appointed Senator, held in 1753 the office of Gonfaloniere for the usual period of two months, and had the same office again in 1783, in both cases being obliged to spend large sums of money in pomp, shows, festivities, and largesses to the populace. One of his friends describes going to see him, and finding him with the distracted air of a man full of business, until he begins to speak of his Comedies and to praise them, when the Gonfaloniere becomes again polite and courteous, asks him to sit down, and offers him a cup of chocolate. On his lamenting that affairs of state should divert him from the theatre, Albergati replies:

"Listen, my dear friend; I will speak to you in all frankness. It is quite true that the Gonfalonieri ought to have very little time, and perhaps none at all, because they are supposed to use it on public business and in presiding over the affairs of the nation. But with us in Bologna matters are (to tell the truth) somewhat different. We have many persons who charitably relieve us of the weight of the government. First, at the distance of three hundred miles, there is in Rome a priest dressed in white, who, as sovereign of our city, is the first to lighten our public cares. Then the priest dressed in white sends us every few years a priest dressed in red, who has under him many priests dressed in black, who have under them a layman distinguished by a fine medal which hangs from his neck, who has under him fifty or sixty persons, who, notwithstanding a terrible display of arms, are really the most courteous and lovable people in the world, always seeking to embrace their likes, and to protect them from the asperities of the weather by conducting them to a perfectly safe place, where no rent is paid. The Gonfaloniere of Bologna is therefore aided by the white priest, the red priest, the black priests, the man with the medal, and the fifty or sixty courteous and amiable people who distribute among themselves all the various parts of the public administration."

Many of the Bolognese nobility went into the Church; but even the others were compelled by the

constitution of the state, such as it was, to become acquainted with the methods and language of public business. Otherwise, they were given up to amusement, to good living—for was it not *Bologna la Grassa?* and to literature—for was it not *Bononia Docta?*

Literature was indeed an amusement in the eighteenth century. There were at one time in Bologna a great number of academies, *i.e.*, clubs for conversation and the reading of essays and sonnets. The name of Lelio della Volpe, the publisher, constantly recurs in the letters of the time, with most affectionate mention. It was in his back shop that the literary reformers of Bologna used to talk away their evenings, while sitting on rough, hard benches. The Abbé Roberti, when he had been sent back to his native Bassano after the suppression of the Jesuits in 1773, recalling with delight the twenty years he had passed in Bologna, the pleasant breezes of the villas, and the gossip over the chocolate, says that he never passed by Della Volpe's shop without lifting his big shovel-hat and bowing low in honour of all the wisdom gathered therein.

Literature was an amusement for women as well as for men, and Galvani had as colleagues in the university three learned ladies—Laura Bassi, who

taught philosophy; Anna Morandi Manzolini, who held a chair of anatomy, and Clotilda Tambroni, who was an excellent Greek scholar. But their merits were not great enough to astonish us. The Tambroni knew Greek no better than Mrs. Browning, or many other young women, unknown to fame, whose education has been a little different from the ordinary; the Bassi was a philosopher of the same stamp as many French ladies of the last century, who, like her, corresponded with Voltaire, but not to be compared, says De Brosses, with Signora Agnesi of Milan; and the Morandi was really only a clever modeller in wax, whose skilful productions gained her business offers even from London and St. Petersburg.

The University had much fallen off from its ancient reputation; and in 1745 Pope Benedict XIV., who knew his Bologna well, wrote to a friend:

"The learned in ecclesiastical matters are of three kinds. The first have a good stock of information, read constantly, and remember what they read; so that they are not only good for conversation, but on occasion can supply useful information. But if they don't go further, they are generally in practice not only useless but pernicious. Among these (I say it in confidence) we ought to put Car-

dinals Passionei and Monti, and, perhaps, also, if he were alive, Mgr. Fontanini. The second are those who have no stock of learning of this kind and do not know where to put their hands in case of need, but who have a capital of good logic and of experience in judging, and know how to make good use of the information given by the first I mentioned. These have value, but not full value; partly because they cannot work without the aid of others, partly because they do not possess the principles of ecclesiastical criticism, and found their system either on authors who are not esteemed, or on documents of doubtful authenticity. In the number of these might be put even the most celebrated canonical lawyers now in Rome. The third are those who have their learning at command, remember what they have read, as well as facts, are logical, possess adequate judgment, draw due inferences, and know which are the most esteemed authors and what documents are uncontroverted. These are really the men who deserve the most consideration. Among these the first place in Italy belongs to the Abbé Muratori; and of these the Holy See has need. With tears in our eyes we say that in Bologna there is neither the first, nor the second, nor the third class; and, we may add, there never will be, these being trades, and trades of continuous hard work, which must not be interrupted by laziness, or plays, or coffee-houses, or refreshment-rooms, or by running about from house to house. May God preserve you, who have no equal

in your own line, and through your continual teaching may He make people learn something of the natural sciences—a strong point in Bologna—and even make ecclesiastics able at least to know that the Trinity is a mystery and not a mountain, and that the Sacraments are not military offices. Behold the reply to your last, together with the Apostolic Benediction."

The life of the upper classes was in those days one continual round of amusement. In summer they had their villa life, with private theatricals, riding parties, dances in the open air, and fireworks. In winter there were the theatres, the public conversazioni, masked balls, gambling, and their academies. Duels were frequent, gallantry was one of the chief features of life, and *cicisbei*, whether harmless or other, had become an established institution. The ladies, De Brosses said, quote "Racine and Molière, sing the Mirliton and the Béquille, swear by the devil, but scarcely believe in him." The Emperor Joseph II., when spending the evening at the conversazione of the nobility, was struck with the number of abbés at the gaming tables, and remarked: "Oh! I see, these ladies are playing with their spiritual directors." The favourite games were those of chance, although yearly forbidden under the severest penal-

ties—a fortress for the nobles, and the galleys for the common people; but no attention was paid to the Legate's proclamation, and the penalties were not enforced. From the 1st of January the Legate permitted the nobility to wear masks, on which day there was a procession of masqueraders in carriages, headed by the civic authorities and starting from the Town Hall. A few days afterwards the same permission was granted also to the common people until the end of the Carnival.

Among those most given up to private theatricals was Albergati, who had constant performances in winter at his palace in town, when he was not at Venice; and in summer at his splendid villa at Zola on the Modena road, of which De Brosses gives us a description, while Longo, in his "Memorie," has left an entertaining account of the life there. Albergati began by acting himself; then translated French plays; then composed pathetic tragedies in the French style; and finally—being an ardent reformer of the stage—wrote comedies after the model of Goldoni, whose friend and disciple he was. His plays are now relegated to the history of the stage, although useful as realistic pictures of the manners and morals of the time. Although he had by them exposed himself to the hatred and malice of his own caste, Zola was a rendezvous for

the literary society of Italy; and he succeeded in continuing on equally good terms with Goldoni and Baretti, the two Gozzi and Bertinelli, Cesarotti, Alfieri, and Monti. He was for many years in frequent correspondence with Voltaire, whose literary dictatorship outside of France is very noticeable in all the memoirs of that time; and was protected by King Stanislas Augustus of Poland, who made him Chamberlain, Adjutant-General, and Knight of St. Stanislas. Besides French he had studied German and English, and had translated the " Discourse on Medals " and other essays of Addison. Owing to his unfortunate propensity to fall in love, his private life was full of variety. At the age of nineteen, his parents, in order to settle him, married him to a young countess; but the union was unhappy, and the wife's father made a petition for the dissolution of the marriage, attended by much scandal. The Pope, who was a family friend, decided the cause himself, without giving reasons, in Albergati's favour, annulling the marriage, allowing both parties to marry, and thus restoring Albergati's honour. The unfortunate countess entered a convent and soon after died. The Pope personally announced the decision to Albergati's mother, and referred to the subject in several other letters, in one of which he says to him:

"The Countess Laura Mariscotti, our witty Bolognese lady, who died some years ago here in Rome, used to say that every woman ought to marry, so as not to miss the fine chance of possibly being left a widow. If what she said about women might be said about men, we should apply it to you, who, in the widower state in which you now are, seem to enjoy that calm which you did not enjoy when you had a wife. Keep your good friendship for us, and salute your mother, the Marchesa, in our name, and receive, both of you, the Apostolic Benediction."

A few years later, a correspondence with a literary lady at Venice led Albergati to the brink of matrimony; but when at last he went to Venice to see her, he skilfully escaped, and soon married another Venetian of the middle class, whose family was in some way connected with the stage. According to the laws of Bologna this marriage was not legal unless he gave up his privileges as a noble, to which his family, and even the Pope, would not consent; but it was a long time before the Pope would legitimise the marriage and the children born from it, and then only on the intercession of the King of Poland, who had been godfather to Albergati's eldest son. Seventeen years passed, during the latter part of which the Marchesa Cattina, as the Venetians call Caterina, was jealous

and hysterical, if not worse—although Albergati concealed his domestic misery as best he could—and at last committed suicide at Zola. In spite of there being witnesses to the suicide, Albergati's enemies, the nobles whom he had satirised, made so much talk that he was imprisoned for several months on a charge of murdering his wife, but was in the end triumphantly acquitted, and a good part of the rest of his life was spent in a successful effort to be exempted from the expenses of the trial. With the youthfulness which characterises the old men of the eighteenth century, he soon married again — this time a ballet-dancer, who survived him.

The theatre of Albergati at Zola, although the best, was but one of the many which showed the fashion of the time for acting in private. During the eighteenth century, mention is made of forty-five private houses in Bologna where plays were more or less often performed, to say nothing of villas, schools, and even convents and monasteries, the representations in these latter being of a religious or at least serious character. Even Pope Lambertini had in his youth performed with great success the traditional part of the Doctor in the old Italian comedy.

The company of Medebach came to Bologna in

1752, and acted many of Goldoni's comedies with great success. The author had been there some years before, and had gained some money by selling to the directors of these theatres copies of three of his plays; but we have no information that they were ever acted. Goldoni in his memoirs tells, in a very entertaining way, an incident which occurred to him just after his arrival, in the café opposite the Church of San Petronio, when he was the involuntary but amused witness of a controversy between some of his unknown enemies and his equally unknown partisans. It was at this time that he made the acquaintance of Albergati, whose guest he was both then and afterwards, and with whom he remained in constant correspondence. Medebach's company came back again in 1772, and then acted, not only the comedies of Goldoni, but those of his great rival, Gozzi. These representations were in the new and now existing Communal Theatre, which was built after the old Malvezzi had been burnt down. The contract provided that the theatre should be closed on Friday, and on the eves of the Assumption and Nativity of the Virgin; that there should be no fireworks of any kind, or anything obscene, immodest, or contrary to religion, and that due quiet and modesty should be observed. Medebach came back again in 1779;

but his representations were interrupted " by most prudent order," in consequence of violent earthquakes, and were not begun again till 1782. Tragedies of Alfieri appeared on the Bologna stage only at the very end of the century—the " Antigone " in 1797, and the " Virginia " in 1798. The plays of Metastasio held possession of the stage for sixty years, from 1730 till 1790; but these were always set to music, and the same text was often sung to the music of very different composers. The music of the " Didone Abbandonata," by Antonio Mazonni, executed in 1752, happens to be the only one of forty different scores of this opera which is not mentioned by musical historians.

But it is impossible to speak briefly of the triumphs of Metastasio, of the interesting history of the Philharmonic Academy, or even of the visit of the English musical historian, Dr. Charles Burney, in 1770, when he heard for the first time Mozart, who was just passing his examination for his admission as an honorary member of the Academy. All this has been too recently and too well treated by Vernon Lee (Miss Paget) in her entertaining book, " Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy."

The great composers whose names appear most

frequently in connection with the opera are Cimarosa, Hasse, and Jomelli. The Communal Theatre was opened in 1762 with the opera of "Il trionfo di Clelia," words by Metastasio and music by Gluck; and the composer himself came to Bologna to direct the representation. It was a failure. The critics, while appreciating the regularity of the composition, found it as solemn as a requiem sung in church; and Gluck soon went away, well provided with pence, but very poor in applause, so that the loungers about Bologna used to sing,

> "Dman el part el Cluch:
> El va per Triest;
> Ch'al faga ban prest,
> Perche el é un gran Mamaluch."

which may be roughly translated:

> "To-morrow goes Gluck,
> He leaves for Trieste;
> The soonest the best,
> For he's a big Mameluke."

Gluck, however, had a return of popularity, for his "Orfeo ed Euridice" was played in 1771, and the "Alceste" was well given, with general approval, in 1778. Gluck, who was then in Milan, preparing an opera for the new theatre there, was invited to Bologna to direct the "Alceste," but he was unwilling to risk a second experience.

When Goethe was in Bologna in 1786, he kept himself aloof from society, and speaks only of the pictures and his general impressions of the place. About the local dialect, of which a specimen has been given above, he says: "The Bolognese speech is a horrid dialect, which I should never have looked for here—rough, abbreviated, and so forth. I don't understand a word when they talk together. Venetian is noonday light in comparison." This agrees with what Mme. de Staël says in "Corinne": "Bologna is one of the towns where you find a very great number of men learned in different ways; but the people there produce a disagreeable impression. Lucile expected the harmonious language of Italy that she had been told of, and was painfully surprised by the Bolognese dialect, than which there is nothing rougher in northern countries." Exaggerations aside, the dialect is not of the smoothest; but, like the Milanese and the Bergamasque, it is interesting, as showing the influence of Northern peoples even while Latin was still a living language. It is a pity, by the way, that so many are forced to use "Corinne" at school as one of their first French reading books. Reading it again now, especially here in Italy, and regarding it, not only as an attempted representation of Italy and Italian life before the French

Revolution, but especially as showing Mme. de Staël's personal views of Italian literature and art, it is deeply interesting; and even the most careless reader must admit its charm.

But—I was going, perhaps rightly, to say unfortunately—after the Italy described by Mme. de Staël, after the charming life in Bologna in the time of Albergati, came the French Revolution, and then the invasion of Savoy in the autumn of 1792. As a conclusion of long debates the Senate intrusted the Gonfaloniere with the sum of 120 francs to protect the town, which he divided among three churches for prayers—a method perhaps as sensible as any other for expending such a large sum. The French finally entered Bologna on June 19, 1796, in perfect peace—7,000 men commanded by Augereau—the first shock that they gave to the inhabitants being that they cut in two some of the processions in honour of Corpus Domini. To show their respect for property and religion, they shot a soldier who had stolen a chalice from a church: but they emptied the public treasury; took all the artistic and scientific treasures from churches, galleries, and museums; sacked the Monte di Pietà, leaving only those pledges that were worth less than forty dollars; made great requisitions in substance; and imposed a tax of

4,000,000 livres tournois, payable in eight days, on the upper classes. This was the French manner of conferring freedom. In the reorganisation which followed, our friend, Albergati, was appointed Censor of the Press and Inspector of Theatres, and was even promised a professorship of dramatic literature in the reorganised University. A certain quondam marquis, then citizen Saverio Calvi, weary of the constant demands on his purse, stuck up in various parts of the town a notice of this tenor:

"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, &c. The citizen Saverio Calvi, finding himself in the greatest need, through lacking money enough to assist the grievous necessities of the Republic, for which the Government has imposed on him a forced Loan of 10,000 francs; and being obliged to pay in a few days the surtax of 8 per cent., and on the 20th of December next the anticipated tax of 6 per cent., and being anxious to take every measure for giving the Government proof of his patriotism, has resolved to sell an Estate situated in the Commune of Calderara, &c., &c. If any of those rich honest men who have not only made very great profits from the operations of the war, and who are also not included in the list of the takers of the forced loan, desire to purchase this estate, they may apply, &c."

Albergati, who had permitted the publication of this notice—either without thought or from appreciation of the joke—was removed from both his offices. Such a hubbub, however, was created that he was restored. In 1802 he was again removed because he forbade the publication of a translation of Rousseau's " Nouvelle Héloïse," and especially because he justified his action in the matter. His love of France and of French literature, like that of Alfieri and of every other Italian, had been cured by events.

BOLOGNA, November 8, 1888.

SHELLEY WITH BYRON

The little town of Este lies at the foot of the last of the Euganean Hills, just where they gradually subside into the plain, and from the little river which washes its side the Battagalia Canal carries the water to Padua. The villa called I Cappuccini, now belonging to the Künkler family, which Byron in the autumn of 1817 hired as a summer residence for two years from the English Consul-General Hoppner, who had then a lease of it, is just above the town on the hillside, immediately over the great ruins of the old Castle of Este, the home of the ancestors of the Queen of England. It is a plain, square house, with commodious, airy rooms, in the midst of a large, pleasant garden full of trees and flowers and plots of grass, with a vineyard extending behind the house up the hillside. You are still shown the room which Byron habitually occupied, and the table on which he wrote; and the battlemented wall on the steepest side of the garden is so arranged and filled in as to form a high terrace, on which is a pavilion which tradition points out as

the favourite resort both of Byron and of Shelley. The view extends far over "the waveless plain of Lombardy." From the top of the hill the view is wider and finer, for there you can look back into the Euganean Hills. "We see before us," Shelley wrote to Peacock, "the wide, flat plains of Lombardy, in which we see the sun and moon rise and set, and the evening star, and all the golden magnificence of autumnal clouds." This was the house which Byron lent to Shelley when the latter came on with Jane Clairmont, who had been seized with a sudden desire to see again her own and Byron's child, the little Allegra. Here the Shelleys spent, with the exception of visits to Venice, the months of September and October, 1818; and here Shelley, under the renewed influence of the excitement of Byron's talk, did some of his best work.

In looking over the manuscript diary of the Cavaliere Mengaldo, who was afterwards a General in the Revolution of 1849, I find that on September 21, 1818, he drove from Padua to Este to see Count Cicognara and other friends. He adds: "Visit Lord Byron's little girl. Embarrassment of the people who received me. Conversation awkward on both sides." And on the next day: "They tell me that the English family living in Lord Byron's house has suddenly gone away." Mengaldo prob-

ably drew some strange inferences; for at that time he did not know that Shelley's little Clara was very ill and had been taken to Venice in search of a doctor, but only to die. On the 24th, Mengaldo returned to Venice, and in the evening visited the Hoppners, where the Shelleys had just arrived. His journal says: "In the evening, sad presentiments while going to Mr. Hoppner's, which were verified by the death of the little girl of Mr. Schelling." On Monday, September 28th, Mrs. Shelley's diary says: "Go with Mrs. Hoppner and Cavaliere Mengaldo to the library"; a statement curiously confirmed by Mengaldo, who on the same date wrote: "With Madame Hoppner and Madame Schelling to the Ducal Palace to see the library [*livrerie*, he writes, in his odd French]. I am ashamed to know so little about all these rarities."

Shelley had not seen Byron for fully two years since they parted in Switzerland, and "really hardly knew him again; he is changed into the liveliest and happiest looking man I ever met." There had been, however, some correspondence about the little Allegra, and the task of negotiating an interview between mother and child, which Shelley had then undertaken, was not of the pleasantest nature. Byron's reception of Shelley was so warm and cordial that the latter at once surrendered himself to

Byron's influence; and though at various times he tried to shake it off—especially when urged and badgered by the complaints and recriminations of Jane Clairmont, or Claire as it is easier to call her—it affected him at times very strongly throughout the remainder of his life. The first result was to excite Shelley's poetical faculty, which had been slumbering during these two years, or had exercised itself only on political themes and on trifles. "Julian and Maddalo," written in the summer-house at Este, reflects strongly the impressions left on Shelley by his first visit to Venice; for it gives idealised portraits both of himself and Byron, and a picture of their relations, as well as a charming sketch of the little Allegra, on account of which, in deference to her mother's feelings, he reluctantly withheld the poem from publication during his lifetime. The "Lines Among the Euganean Hills" were written, the poet himself tells us, "after a day's excursion among those lovely mountains which surround what was once the retreat, and where is now the sepulchre, of Petrarch." The compliment paid to Byron is thought by Mr. Forman to be an afterthought; but the evidence does not seem very convincing, as that passage forms an integral part of the poem. The poetic faculty once awakened, Shelley was able to begin work on

a subject which had for some time occupied his mind, the "Prometheus Unbound," of which he wrote the greater part of the first act at Este. The stimulus given by Byron lasted throughout the ensuing winter, and, in spite of the troubles which beset him at Naples, he was able to finish "Prometheus," and to write the "Cenci."

"It was one of the infirmities of Shelley's character," says Dowden, "that, from thinking the best of friend or acquaintance, he could, of a sudden and with insufficient cause, pass over to the other side and think the worst." As before, there had been a "violent outbreak of vituperation" about Miss Hitchener, as was a little later the case with the Gisbornes. Shelley, notwithstanding the pleasant intercourse at Venice, and the mutual services—for Mrs. Shelley had transcribed "Mazeppa" for publication—perhaps indignant with himself for being so easily influenced, when he had arrived at Naples, when he had listened again for two months to the complaints of Claire, and had been greatly worried by domestic troubles and by others, the nature of which we can only conjecture, burst out into an invective against Byron. There is no need to quote his letter to Peacock of December 22, 1818, where, after speaking harshly of Byron's mode of life, and feeling that for his sake he ought to hope

that his present career must end soon "in some violent circumstance," yet admits Byron's greatness as a poet. It is very difficult, however, to see what he could mean after reading, as he had done, in the manuscript, the fourth canto of "Childe Harold," by saying: "The spirit in which it is written is, if insane, the most wicked and mischievous insanity that ever was given forth. It is a kind of obstinate and self-willed folly, in which he hardens himself." And yet this letter is relied upon as one of the testimonies to Byron's "depravation" in Venice! So much has the temper of the times changed that acts like those of Byron's would nowadays hardly be thought worthy of remark even in London.

Again, for three years, the two poets had no communication with each other except by letter, and then generally on the unpleasant subject of Claire and her wishes about Allegra. Meanwhile, Shelley's poetical faculty had again become blunted by domestic troubles, by financial straits, and by the interest which English politics excited in his mind. It was only when he could get away from home for long days in the pine woods about Pisa, in the mountains, or floating down the river in his boat, that he could write those short poems by which he is best remembered, the "Ode to the

West Wind," the "Cloud," the "Skylark," the "Boat on the Serchio," and the "Letter to Maria Gisborne." In the "Indian Serenade" he has an interesting reminiscence of "Lalla Rookh" in the lines,

> "The champak odours fail
> Like sweet thoughts in a dream."

In the general bewilderment about this mysterious plant, it seems to be forgotten that it is more than once mentioned by Moore, who had crammed himself with several volumes of *Asiatic Researches* for the purpose of giving local colour to his poem. The champak is a shrub or tree of the magnolia family — *Michelia Champaca* of Linnæus — whose golden flowers are used for adorning the black hair of the Indian women, and are sometimes strewed on the temple floors; their odour is so strongly aromatic as to be thought offensive to bees, who do not frequent the plant. The sambac, which has so nearly the same name and is equally fragrant and beautiful, is a shrub of the jasmine family, and is not unfrequently cultivated in Europe. There used to be specimens of it in the Botanical Garden at Pisa.

But let us return to Byron. Miss Clairmont was constantly worrying herself and others about little Allegra. She had given up the child to Byron,

in order that it might receive a better education and be better provided for. She knew that she could not herself support the girl, and that to ask the Shelleys to do so would be asking too much, as her presence would in the end have caused annoyance to everyone. Claire besieged Byron with letters on the subject, asking for at least a visit from Allegra; protested against her staying "in unhealthy Venice," "with its stinking canals and dirty streets enough to kill any child," and when it was proposed to send her to a convent, as she had outgrown the servant's care, Claire protested still more. Byron refused to have any intercourse with her, and was evidently annoyed at Shelley's letters on the subject, although the latter professed not to know what was contained in the letters of Claire which he enclosed. There seemed to be an idea in this atheistical family that a conventual education rendered Italian women "licentious and ignorant, bad wives and unnatural mothers"; but after Shelley had discussed the matter calmly with his wife, he fully upheld Byron's decision as being in every way just and proper, and could not discover that he had acted in any way unworthily towards Allegra. There was, however, a reason for Byron's conduct which Shelley found out—apparently to his surprise—when, in August, 1821, at

Byron's request, he visited him at Ravenna. Byron had heard that Claire had been living as Shelley's mistress, that a child had been born when they were in Naples in December, 1818, and had been sent to the foundling hospital; and therefore he did not consider Claire a proper person to have the care of the child—not only for its own sake, but also for that of his own reputation. This story had been told by some servants whom Shelley had dismissed, and as there seemed nothing intrinsically improbable in it, it was believed by both Byron and the Hoppners without difficulty. Miss Clairmont had already committed one fault; Shelley was very fond of her, and so much under her influence as to give his wife many pangs of jealousy, so that at last she could not have Claire in the same house with her; Claire had been ill some time in Naples, and a child had certainly been born there to someone and intrusted to Shelley's care. Shelley's moral character was really no better than Byron's; but one was a cynic, and the other a sentimentalist who perhaps did not always carry his feelings into action. Without going back to Shelley's former life, it is sufficient to study his relations to Emilia Viviani, to Jane Williams, and, indeed, to all the women whom he met frequently, or to read his poem, "Epipsychidion," which inculcates the

necessity of loving more than one woman in the interest of art and of the higher spiritual culture.[1] Nor did there seem to Byron and his friends anything particularly shocking in this accusation. Claire, though called Mrs. Shelley's sister, was in reality no relation at all, being her stepmother's child by a previous marriage.

Byron would have thought it absurd to be jealous of Shelley, and therefore wrote to him and invited him to Ravenna, and received him warmly. Mrs. Shelley, on hearing from her husband of this accusation, which he thought she only could "effectually rebut" — referring, apparently, to the charge of cruelty, as that about Claire he seemed to think only "a great error"—was very indignant, and wrote a long letter to Mrs. Hoppner, denying the whole story, which are all willing to accept for true so far as she was cognisant of the facts. This letter was sent to Shelley to be forwarded; he, however, gave it to Lord Byron, who engaged (he says) to send it with his own comments. The fact that this letter was found among Lord Byron's papers after his death is used by Shel-

[1] One cannot help recalling a passage in George Sand's "Valentine," where Jacques says: "I have never worked on my imagination to light up or reanimate in myself a feeling which did not yet exist, or had come to an end. I have never imposed on myself consistency as a duty. When I have felt that love was dead, I have said so without shame or remorse, and *I have obeyed Providence who attracted me elsewhere.*"

ley's biographers "to witness against the baseness of the man who thought to spare his own vanity at the cost of the honour of his friend." This, however, proves nothing of the kind. We do not know that what Byron said really amounted to a promise, for Mr. Dowden has shown, over and over again, that it is unsafe to trust literally to the statements either of the Shelleys or of Claire. Lord Byron may either have written to Hoppner on the matter, or have sent him a copy of the letter, reserving the original for his own use; or he may have intended to read the letter to Hoppner with comments, not knowing then that they would never meet again; or he may have taken the extremely sensible view that it was one of those subjects about which the less said the better.

As Byron had laughed at the story as absurd and ridiculous, Shelley soon thought no more about it, looked at the antiquities of Ravenna, though he could not interest himself in them as they were only Christian, rode with Byron in the pine forest, talked with him all night on poetry and politics, and generally adopted his mode of life during the ten days of his visit. It was a delight to him to have again some intellectual conversation, although they, "as usual, differed, and even more than ever." Shelley could not agree with Byron's

system of criticism; thought that he recognised the pernicious effects of it in the "Doge of Venice," and said: "It will cramp and limit his future efforts, however great they may be, unless he gets rid of it." To Leigh Hunt he wrote: "Lord Byron—I suppose from modesty, on account of his being mentioned in it—did not say a word of 'Adonais,' though he was loud in his praise of 'Prometheus,' and, what you will not agree with him in, censure of the 'Cenci.' Certainly, if 'Marino Faliero' is a drama, the 'Cenci' is not—but that between ourselves." While Shelley, with great good judgment, thought Byron on the wrong road in following the lead of the French tragedians and Alfieri, he added, in a letter to Horace Smith: "But, genius-like, he is destined to lead and not to follow. He will shake off his shackles as he finds they cramp him. I believe he will produce something very great, and that familiarity with the dramatic power of human nature will soon enable him to soften down the severe and unharmonising traits of his 'Marino Faliero.'" As for Byron's other poems, Shelley had nothing but unbounded admiration.

"He has read to me one of the unpublished cantos of 'Don Juan,' which is astonishingly fine. It sets him not only above, but far above, all the

poets of the day; every word is stamped with immortality. I despair of rivalling Lord Byron, as well I may, and there is no other with whom it is worth contending. . . . There is not a word which the most rigid asserter of the dignity of human nature would desire to be cancelled. It fulfils, in a certain degree, what I have long preached of producing—something wholly new and relative to the age, and yet surpassingly beautiful. It may be vanity, but I think I see the trace of my earnest exhortations to him to create something entirely new."

Comparing himself to Byron always put Shelley into a despondent mood, and at this very time he said of himself:

"I write nothing, and probably shall write no more. It offends me to see my name classed among those who have no name. If I cannot be something better, I had rather be nothing. My motive was never the infirm desire of fame; and if I should continue an author, I feel that I should desire it. This cup is justly given to one only of an age—indeed, participation would make it worthless; and unfortunate they who seek it and find it not."

Renewed intercourse with Byron had immediately dispelled the black ideas which Shelley had

formed of him during their separation, and he writes:

"Lord Byron is in excellent cue both of health and spirits. He has got rid of all those melancholy and degrading habits which he indulged at Venice. He lives with one woman, a lady of rank here, to whom he is attached and who is attached to him, and is in every respect an altered man." And again: "L. B. is greatly improved in every respect —in genius, in temper, in moral views, in health, in happiness. The connection with la Guiccioli has been an inestimable benefit to him. He lives in considerable splendour, but within his income. . . . He has had mischievous passions, but these he seems to have subdued, and he is becoming what he should be, a virtuous man. The interest which he took in the politics of Italy, and the actions he performed in consequence of it, are subjects not fit to be *written*, but are such as will delight and surprise you."

One of the reasons why Shelley had been invited to Ravenna was that he might try to dissuade the Countess Guiccioli from seeking refuge in Switzerland; as he, being independent in the question, and one who himself had suffered, could represent to her in forcible terms the straightlacedness, the petty gossip, and the unpleasantness of Swiss society, as well as the curiosity and even the malicious calumnies of the English residents and visitors.

In this negotiation he succeeded, and Byron decided to try some place in Tuscany, which ultimately turned out to be Pisa. Nothing was positively decided at the time about the little Allegra, except that she was to be kept temporarily at Bagna Cavallo. Shelley went to see her at the convent, and convinced himself that the arrangement was in most respects a good one; that she was well, and kindly treated, and even petted, although he added: "Her intellect is not much cultivated. She knows certain *orazioni* by heart, and talks and dreams of *Paradiso* and all sorts of things, and has a prodigious list of saints, and is always talking of the Bambino. This will do her no harm, but the idea of bringing up so sweet a creature in the midst of such trash till sixteen!" The description of Allegra given in this letter is interesting to compare with the one of her at Venice three years before in "Julian and Maddalo."

Shelley was not without misgivings about Byron settling at Pisa, as he himself had had somewhat the idea of passing the winter at Florence. First of all, Claire must be got out of the way. She had indeed been already separated from the family, to appease Mrs. Shelley's jealousy; but she had to be kept out of the way to prevent any disagreeable scenes with Byron. Then there were personal

questions, for Byron and Shelley differed too much in character and habits to make constant intimate intercourse always agreeable. Occasional separations are of use even to the best of friendships.

"We are excellent friends," Shelley had written to his wife from Ravenna, apropos of helping Leigh Hunt, "and were I reduced to poverty, or were I a writer who had no claims to a higher station than I possess, or did I possess higher than I deserve, we should appear in all things as such, and I would freely ask him any favour. Such is not the case. The demon of mistrust and pride lurks between two persons in our situation, poisoning the freedom of our intercourse. This is a tax, and a heavy one, which we must pay for being human. I think the fault is not on my side; nor is it likely, I being the weaker. I hope that in the next world these things will be better managed. What is passing in the heart of another rarely escapes the observation of one who is a strict anatomist of his own."

At the same time Shelley thought that Lord Byron's presence at Pisa would afford them a certain amount of security and protection which they might not have at Florence; and after they were all settled there—Byron in the Lanfranchi Palace, and the Shelleys and the Williamses in the Tre Palazzi, just across the Arno—Shelley wrote to Peacock:

"Lord Byron is established here, and we are constant companions. No small relief this, after the dreary solitude of the understanding and the imagination in which we passed the first years of our expatriation, yoked to all sorts of miseries and discomforts." Byron persuaded Shelley to see something more of society; and insisted on his weekly dinners, which Shelley attended, though he professed to be bored by them. He was made, too, to take more exercise; rode daily with Byron, and became almost his rival in pistol shooting, to the great advantage of his health. His cousin Medwin, on seeing him after an absence of some months, had found him an altered man: "His health had sensibly improved, and he had shaken off much of that melancholy and depression to which he had been subject during the last year." Shelley wrote to one friend about his tranquil life, his better health, and his lighter cares; and to another: "What think you of Lord Byron now? Space wondered less at the swift and fair creations of God, when he grew weary of vacancy, than I at the late works of this spirit of an angel in the mortal paradise of a decaying body. So I think—let the world envy, while it admires as it may." And again, with regard to Byron's latest volume: "In my opinion, it contains finer poetry than has ap-

peared in England since the publication of 'Paradise Regained.' 'Cain' is apocalyptic: it is a revelation not before communicated to man." In urging Horace Smith to assure Moore that he had not the slightest influence over Byron on religious subjects, he says, "If I had, I certainly should employ it to eradicate from his great mind the delusions of Christianity, which, in spite of his reason, seem perpetually to recur, and to lay in ambush for the hours of sickness and distress. 'Cain' was *conceived* many years ago, and begun before I saw him last year at Ravenna. How happy should I not be to attribute to myself, however indirectly, any participation in that immortal work!"

Shelley's company and conversation were to Byron a solace, a resource, and an amusement. Each friend did good to the other; but the demon of mistrust came in again, in the persons of Leigh Hunt and of Jane Clairmont, especially just before and just after the death of Allegra. The perpetual money troubles of Hunt and his establishment in Pisa caused apprehensions of difficulty, which induced Shelley to write to him: "Particular circumstances, or rather, I should say, particular dispositions in Byron's character, render the close and exclusive intimacy with him in which I find myself intolerable to me." This was at the time when

Claire had written another ill-advised and senseless letter to Byron about Allegra, and when Shelley and his wife had, almost in spite of themselves, taken up her quarrel. Mrs. Shelley, wishing for a "lone sea-girt isle," wrote to Mrs. Gisborne: "Shelley is entangled with Lord Byron, who is in a terrible fright lest he should desert him"; and to Claire: "You say great sacrifices will be required of us. I would make many to extricate all belonging to me from the hands of Lord Byron, whose hypocrisy and cruelty rouse one's soul from its depths. . . . To get a furnished house, we must go nearer Genoa, probably nearer Lord Byron, which is contrary to our most earnest wishes." Shelley about the same time wrote to Claire:

"It is of vital importance, both to me and to yourself, to Allegra even, that I should put a period to my intimacy with Lord Byron, and that without *éclat*. No sentiments of honour or justice restrain him (as I strongly suspect) from the basest insinuations, and the only mode in which I could effectually silence him, I am reluctant (even if I had proof) to employ during my father's life. But for your immediate feelings, I would suddenly and irrevocably leave the country which he inhabits, nor ever enter it but as an enemy to determine our differences *without words*. . . . I shall certainly take our house *far* from Lord Byron, although

it may be impossible suddenly to put an end to his detested intimacy."

What Shelley feared was a duel, although in all probability none of his expressions were literally meant, as he wished only to produce a strong effect upon Claire, for he writes a few days later:

"Your late plan about Allegra seems to me in its present form pregnant with irremediable infamy to all the actors in it except yourself; in any form wherein *I* must actively coöperate, with inevitable destruction. . . . I *could not* refuse Lord Byron's challenge, though that, however to be deprecated, would be the least in the series of mischiefs consequent upon my . . . intervention in such a plan. I say this because I am shocked at the thoughtless violence of your designs, and I wish to put my sense of their madness in the strongest light."

Yet when all this was going on, and there was no need of thinking about Claire, Shelley could write that "Sonnet to Byron" which must needs be quoted here:

"[I am afraid these verses will not please you, but]

If I esteemed you less, Envy would kill
Pleasure, and leave to Wonder and Despair
The ministration of the thoughts that fill
The mind, which, like a worm whose life may share

A portion of the unapproachable,
  Marks your creations rise as fast and fair
As perfect worlds at the Creator's will.
But such is my regard that nor your power
  To soar above the heights where others [climb],
Nor fame, that shadow of the unborn hour
  Cast from the envious future on the time,
  Moves one regret for his unhonoured name
Who dares these words: the worm beneath the sod
May lift itself in homage of the god."

We all know what happened next. The Casa Magni, near Lerici, was hired for the summer. All that Byron could do was to perform the last sad offices to his friend on the seashore, near Viareggio. Claire could always console herself with the revengeful thought that she had embittered the last years of two great poets.

ESTE, August, 1888.



MILTON'S LEONORA

The investigations of Alessandro Ademollo into the early history of Italian music, and especially of the opera, have brought out many interesting facts with regard to the life of Milton's Leonora, to whom the poet wrote three Latin epigrams, and who probably inspired some of his sonnets. The various monographs of Signor Ademollo are dry and hard to read; but they contain many documents and extracts from contemporary authors, and offer us a glimpse of an interesting period in the life of a small court, as well as of intrigues at Rome in the seventeenth century.

The well-known Eastern traveller, Pietro della Valle, wrote to a friend in 1640:

"Whoever has seen or heard, as I have, Signora Adriana in her youthful years, with that beauty which all the world knows of, sitting among the nets on the seashore at Posilippo, with her gilded harp in her hand, must needs confess that even in our times there are sirens on those shores; but beneficent sirens, adorned with beauty as well as virtue, and not, like the ancient ones, malevolent and man-killing."

This siren was Adriana (or more properly Andreana) Basile, born at Posilippo about 1580, one of a numerous family. Her brother, Giovanni Battista Basile, obtained some literary reputation, but is chiefly known as the author of the "Pentamerone" or "Lo cunto de li cunte," dear to all lovers of folk-lore and tales, which, though not published till after his death, was immediately translated into German and English, as well as into Italian, and even into Bolognese. Her husband, Muzio Barone, was in the service of one of the Caraffas, Prince of Stigliano, who kept him occupied in managing one of his distant estates, while the beautiful Adriana held a sort of musical court at Naples, where she was adored by all the poets, wits, and fine young gentlemen of the time. These, beginning with Caraffa himself, addressed her adulatory verses, all more or less bad. Even the poet Marino knew her before being obliged to run away from Naples, and wrote for her six sonnets and two madrigals; while, long after, the remembrance of her inspired him with the celebrated octave in the seventh canto of the "Adone." Although Marino says, at a time when she was very old or already dead,

> " . . . intenerir col dolce canto
> Suol la bell' Adriana i dolci affetti,
> E con la voce e con la vista intanto
> Ir per due strade e saettare i petti."

and Chiabrera and other poets even give particular descriptions of her, yet we must believe that her beauty came chiefly from her voice and from her expression. We know that she had the rare combination of golden or blond hair with very black eyes, and that her hands were white and shapely; but her portraits are not attractive, and Cardinal Gonzaga, before hearing her sing, said only that she was "rather beautiful than otherwise"; while another priest (who was, however, more concerned about her soul than her body) wrote: "She is a stout lady, and although not pretty, is not so ugly as I have been given to understand. As far as I have been able to find out with the greatest diligence, she leads an honest life, but is, nevertheless, an alluring and wonderfully seductive siren—a Neapolitan Armida."

When the fair Adriana was at the height of her reputation at Naples, her portrait and the accounts given of her induced Vincenzo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, to invite her to become one of the inmates of his musical harem. The Duke, who had enjoyed, and apparently had deserved, much ill-repute in his early life (although he does not really seem to have been much to blame for the death of the Admirable Crichton, whom he has been accused of murdering in cold blood), held at this time the

most brilliant court in Italy. He was a patron and protector of the fine arts; he had recently been honoured by the visit of Rubens; and his company of singers and musicians was the best in Europe. At first Adriana did not require much persuasion; but she suddenly repented, and there was need of all the efforts of the Duke's special envoy, and of many letters from himself and the Duchess to the Viceroy of Naples and to Princess Stigliano, succeeding each other rapidly for three months, to induce the singer to start. After still further delay at Rome and Florence, she finally arrived at Mantua at the end of June, and immediately joined the Duchess at her country place of Porto, as she was attached to her service. The Duke came on at once to hear her sing. She pleased, and she rapidly acquired great influence. The Duke showed her marked attention and constantly gave her presents; the Duchess could not live without her, as she was the sole consolation in her bad health.

There was a very amusing correspondence between Adriana and the Cardinal Gonzaga, with a curious mixture of thanks for presents and requests for a bit of the true cross from Cardinal Borghese; instead of which, the Cardinal being ill, she only received medals and rosaries. She expressed her

gratitude for two love-songs and remarks on the manner of singing them; and, in acknowledging the medals, asked for "some ballad or gay little song," and wished him the Papacy. The Cardinal made a short visit to Mantua, where he enjoyed her society, and the next winter wanted to take her to Naples with him. This was, of course, impossible, as she had much to do at court, in addition to the regular Friday concerts, where she sang madrigals composed for her by the Cardinal, as well as songs sent expressly to her from Savona by Chiabrera, who was in receipt of a pension from the Duke, and who recommended that "they should be sung in a noble audience suited to such a great singer."

During a temporary absence of Adriana in Milan, where she was greatly tempted to remain, the poor Duchess of Mantua, Eleanora de' Medici, died, and the Duke, though himself far from well, immediately set about looking for a new wife, and even thought of remarrying his first wife, a Princess of Parma, whom he had divorced and sent into a convent. What was most necessary to him was a large dowry, for in a reign of twenty-five years he had run through twenty millions of gold scudi, and his exchequer was at a very low ebb. He had frequent itchings to have recourse to alchemy; but although some experiments were made in the Palazzo di Te,

and there were efforts to buy up the secrets of professors of the great art, he generally recoiled before the expense, as alchemy turned out to be the most costly way of producing gold yet discovered. He died, too, soon after, in February, 1612, but not before he had given to Adriana and her husband the barony and the title of Piancerreto, and had procured for their son, from the Duke of Savoy, the white cross of the order of SS. Maurizio and Lazzaro. Just about this time a little daughter was born to Adriana, who was named Leonora, and was christened in the Duke's chamber, he and his acknowledged mistress, the Marchesa di Grano, standing sponsors. On this occasion he presented the mother with a pearl necklace worth 300 ducats. This child was Milton's Leonora.

Duke Vincenzo was succeeded by his eldest son Francesco, who immediately made very necessary reforms in the court; but the position of Adriana and her husband remained unchanged. Indeed, we have a very charming picture of the ducal matrimonial felicity, in a letter from the Duchess, Margherita of Savoy, begging Adriana to come and console her with her singing while the Duke is out fishing in the Mincio; and another from the Duke describing his luck, sending her some of the catch, as well as fruit from his garden. Francesco reigned

scarcely ten months, when he died of the smallpox, and was succeeded by his brother Ferdinand, the Cardinal, who obtained a dispensation to marry, and resigned his sacred office in favour of his younger brother Vincenzo. This latter, when engaged in the siege of Nizza, found nothing better to do than to write to Adriana the details of his valorous exploits. Ferdinand was detained in his lovely villa, La Favorita, by a fever, and begged Adriana to come and visit him; but although he signed the letter, "The sick Cardinal Duke of Mantua," he dated it, "In the Ducal Bed," and Adriana thought it more prudent to pay a visit to Verona, which was desired by the Marchesa di Canossa; whereupon the Cardinal used the language of a sovereign, and she remained at Mantua, and thus persuaded the Cardinal to use his authority in collecting some debts due to her in Naples, and in enabling her son to make a good marriage there. The better to affirm her position, Adriana had her pretty sister Margherita come on from Naples—one sister was already in Mantua. Margherita was in high favour for about two months, when she was married to a Mantuan gentleman and given a large dowry, "in consideration of her great services"; and the Duke married the unfortunate Camilla Faa, who was obliged to take the veil after the birth of

a son. The Duke then married Catherine Medici, sister of Cosmo II. Vincenzo became only nominally a Cardinal, for he never went to Rome nor received the hat. On the contrary, he secretly married a lady whom he afterwards maltreated; for, it being bruited about that she had bewitched him, she was sent to Rome and imprisoned in the Castle of St. Angelo. Pope Paul V. was so indignant that he ordered that for a hundred years no member of the house of Gonzaga should become a cardinal.

During this time Adriana seems to have been a little in the shade, and, while her younger sisters were superseding her, went to Rome, where she found the customary worship of the sonneteers and the kindly attentions of three distinguished cardinals; and then to Naples, where she was able to show that she had not been dismissed in disgrace by the frequent and amiable letters of both the Duke and the Duchess. After her return to Mantua she reached the culmination of her glory in the great Festival of 1621, in honour of the election of Pope Gregory XV. and the accession of Philip IV. to the throne of Spain, and in the visit of the Mantuan Court to Venice in 1623, where she created a veritable furore. Next year Adriana went again to Naples, leaving at Mantua, as hostages for her return, her younger children, including Leonora.

She never returned. First, she had fears of war, and then she again became a mother, although her eldest son had been married several years. The Duchess hinted to Adriana that she was not likely to return so long as the Duke of Alba was viceroy of Naples; but the real reason was, that there were negotiations on foot for her going with her two daughters to Warsaw, to the court of Prince Vladislas Sigismond, the elected Grand Duke of Muscovy. This project proved impossible, and Adriana again turned her thoughts to the Court of Mantua; but the Duke Ferdinand died, and the next year his successor, Vincenzo II., and the French Duc de Nevers, who succeeded him, would have none of her.

Meanwhile Leonora was growing up. At the age of sixteen she was already celebrated at Naples; and in 1633, when she was twenty-two, the family moved to Rome, where their frequent concerts gave them a distinguished position. It must have been at these concerts that Milton made the acquaintance of Adriana and Leonora. He could not have seen them at the theatre in the palace of the Cardinal Barberini, of which he speaks in a letter to Holstenius, because at that time women were not permitted to act on the stage, and in the Barberini at least were not admitted even as spectators. This

theatre had been built in 1633; and during the Carnival of 1634, Prince Alexander Charles of Poland being in Rome, a melodrama or opera was performed there, called "St. Alexis," the music by Stefano Landi, and the drama by Giulio Rospigliosi, afterwards Pope Clement IX. Another melodrama on a religious subject—what would now be called an oratorio—the "Life of St. Theodora," was played there in the carnival of the two following years, after which, oratorios having been admitted into the monasteries, the Barberini theatre emancipated itself from sacred subjects, and gave in 1637 "Il Falcone," and in 1639 a comic opera, "Chi soffra speri," written also by the future Pope. The carnival that year finished on the 8th of March. We have two descriptions of the performance on March 1st, probably the one which Milton attended, on a Sunday, too—one in a despatch from Montecuccoli to the Duke of Modena, and another in the *Avvise di Roma*. It is estimated that 3,500 people were present, most of whom were received at the door by Cardinal Antonio, who stood waiting (not Cardinal Francesco Barberini, as Milton mistakenly says). Great praise was given to the music, the costumes, and especially to the scenery, which represented in one act part of the Barberini Gardens, and in another the Fair of Farfa; there being in

both cases many horses, carriages, and carts introduced on the stage. The musical partition exists in the Barberini library; the libretto is nowhere to be found.

Italian writers will have it that Milton was a lover of Leonora, this being to them a natural explanation of his admiration for her. But there seems not to be the slightest reason for such a statement, except such inferences as may be drawn from Milton's own poems. In the same year in which he was in Rome, Cardinal Richelieu, with projects in his head for opera at Paris, sent to Rome André Maugars, his favourite viola-player, who made a report to him dated October 1, 1639, from which—as it is a very rare pamphlet—I quote. Speaking of two other singers he says:

"They do not seem to me to sing so agreeably as Leonora, daughter of that beautiful Adriana of Mantua, who was a miracle in her day, and who worked a still greater one in bringing into the world the most perfect person for singing well. I should think myself doing wrong to the talent of this illustrious Leonora if I should not mention her to you as a wonder of the world. . . . I shall limit myself to telling you only that she has the gift of a fine wit, and very good judgment in discerning bad from good music, which she understands perfectly well, since she composes, so that

she knows what she is singing, and pronounces well, and expresses the sense of the words. She does not pique herself on being pretty, but she is neither disagreeable nor coquettish. She sings with an assured modesty, a generous simplicity, and a sweet gravity. Her voice is of great compass, true, sonorous, and harmonious, which she softens and swells without effort or grimaces. Her outbursts and her sighs are not lascivious. Her looks are not immodest, and her gestures such as suit a young girl. In passing from one tone to another, she sometimes causes one to feel the divisions of the enharmonic and chromatic scales with so much skill and charm that everyone is delighted with this beautiful and difficult method of singing. She has no need to beg the aid of a theorbo or a viol, for she plays both instruments perfectly well. I have had the pleasure of hearing her sing several times—more than thirty different airs, with second and third couplets which she composed herself. One day she did me the special favour to sing together with her mother and sister, her mother playing the lyre, her sister the harp, and herself the theorbo. This concert, composed of three beautiful voices and three different instruments, surprised so much my fancy, and carried me off into such a rapture, that I forgot my mortal condition and thought that I was among the angels."

The ultimate effect of this letter was that Leonora, with her husband, Giulio Cesare Castellani,

was invited to Paris in 1644 by Cardinal Mazarin, who had probably himself known her in Rome when he was an intimate of the Barberini Palace. There is probably an allusion to her in one of the libels of the Fronde, "Lettre d'un religieux au Prince de Condé," written by Brusse, the Curé of St. Roch, which says: "Qui ne scait ce que coustent à la France les comédiens-chanteurs qu'il a fait venir d'Italie, parmi lesquels estoit une infâme qu'il avoit desbouchée à Rome, e par l'entremise de laquelle il s'étoit mis dans les bonnes grâces du Cardinal Antonio?"

Leonora arrived in Paris in March, 1644, and remained there till April, 1645, when she returned to Rome, and there passed the remainder of her life (Fétis to the contrary notwithstanding). She is mentioned by Mme. de Motteville in her Memoirs, and we are told that once, when Anne of Austria was walking in her gardens, she met the poet Voiture silent and sad, and on asking him what he was thinking about, he replied with an impromptu containing an allusion to love and to the Duke of Buckingham. The Queen took it in good part, and Leonora, who had a good memory, immediately sang the words to one of her airs. A letter from the Abbé Scaglia to Christine de France, Regent of Savoy, tells how well she was looked

upon in France, how she was lodged and maintained in a house belonging to the Cardinal, and what fine presents had been given to her by the Queen, the Duke of Orleans, and others of the Court. Among them, the wife of Charles I., Queen Henrietta Maria, then living at the Louvre, presented the friend of Milton with a diamond ring worth more than a thousand scudi.

Monsignor Rospigliosi, the author of the opera acted at the Palazzo Barberini, wrote also a sonnet on Leonora's picture, which was included with others in the "Applausi Poetici," published in her honour in the year of Milton's visit. When Adriana was dead, and Leonora, her sister, and her niece had begun again their musical evenings after her return from Paris, the house was frequented by cardinals, and Rospigliosi was one of the most constant visitors. He was made a cardinal in 1657, and seems almost immediately to have been considered *papabile*. While Alexander VII. was still in good health, there was, as always, talk of his probable successor. Donna Berenice Chigi, wife of the Pope's nephew, meeting Leonora one day, said, sarcastically: "Signora Leonora, my Pope is in excellent good health: how is yours getting on?" In 1667 Leonora got her Pope, for Rospigliosi ascended the papal chair as Clement IX. The

new Pope was at first a little shy of Leonora's influence, but he gradually yielded to it, and no one was scandalised; for he was sixty-seven years old, and his conduct had been thought exemplary, although he had always been gallant and polite. He was no sooner elected than he sent presents to the ladies, and especially to his gossips. Raggi, the Genoese Resident at Rome, wrote: "He is very amiable to the singer Leonora, called the Adrianella. The Duke of Bracciano sent the Pope a queen-fish (*regina*) from his lake, weighing fifty pounds. The Pope sent it to Signora Leonora as the queen of *virtuose*."

At this time Leonora tried to pose as a fine lady, and would have been glad to conceal her quality of singer. At a reception at the Venetian Embassy, while she was making her compliments, the Marchesa Spada said: "This is Signora Leonora Castellana, the *virtuosa*. You may perhaps have known how famous she is for singing. She has sung very well in Rome and France; and to the Queen, too." Leonora grew red, and replied, evidently annoyed: "I only sang three times to the Queen. I am known otherwise." On going away she kept complaining of the Marchesa for having revealed her musical faculties, saying: "What coldness, what coldness, what insipid praises! Why

hunt up such memories?" Leonora was obliged to submit to many such petty slights, but she nevertheless maintained her position, and was considered almost to belong to the papal household. Her house was a meeting-place of society; she always had her following of cardinals, and sometimes even the Pope himself visited her; and, when seeing her in public, would indulge in familiar little jests which made the cardinals laugh. Raggi reports: "The Rospigliosi family have been again to the Pope, together with the singer Leonora, who complained that the Cardinal de' Medici had left Rome without visiting her," and he adds, malignantly and falsely, "She was a little beggar of very low birth, who has made her way by her music and her tongue; a woman who has always been acquainted with everybody, and yet Rome insists on considering her chaste. Fortunate woman!" But Raggi's remarks grow more favourable. On July 26, 1668, he tells of her usual fête for the Scuola Pia, which was crowded; on the 5th of August, that she had received 1,000 scudi from the King of France in part payment of the arrears of her pension, the Pope having praised her to the French Ambassador.

"*August 29, 1668.*—Leonora, the singer, continually advances in his Holiness's graces. There

is not a week in which he does not give her presents three or four times. He has just sent her one of above 400 scudi; but she gives no tips to the messengers, saying that all would go in tips—hers she reserves for Christmas and Easter."

"*November 7, 1668.*—The Spanish Ambassador was invited by Prince Savelli to a feast at Albano. . . . The Ambassador [the Duke Astorga, of whom many queer stories are told] danced until night, always keeping his spectacles on. . . . Signora Leonora was determined not to dance, was implored by the Ambassador, and at last let herself be overcome. Never is there a day without her receiving a dish from Castelgandolfo, from the Pope's kitchen; and should this fail one day, on the next they send her two."

"*March 23, 1669.*—At the house of Leonora, the singer, there was a musical representation, and all the Rospigliosi, male as well as female, were present. Leonora sang, and her niece and Monsignore Casale. In every circumstance of his career she has always been the Pope's favourite, and is so now more than ever; and everyone seeking a favour has recourse to her."

This is the last mention of her except that she died in April, 1670, less than four months after the death of her protector, Pope Clement.

MANTUA, September 11, 1888.

GEORGE SAND IN ITALY

It was towards two o'clock one morning after the great *galleggiante* down the Grand Canal, that we stopped at Florian's for a cooling drink, and thoughtlessly asked the waiter at what hour the café closed. "Closed, sirs?" he said with astonishment. "The doors of Florian's have not been shut for three hundred years." And truly, as the streets and canals of Venice are never deserted by day or night, it is possible to sit in any part of St. Mark's Square, and imagine that life has never ceased there since those buildings were first erected. The "Cappello Nero" over there has been an eating-house for more than five hundred years. You glance at the windows of the Procurazie, and seem to see the same figures looking down on the Doge's procession which you saw that day at the Academy in the pictures of Gentile Bellini, or in the reproductions of the old woodcuts hanging in the showcases of Ongania's book-shop at the corner; or, on turning your head, you see the masks and jests of the last century as you saw them in the pictures of



Longhi in the Civic Museum. You see those very scarlet gowns which hang there, over the shoulders of real people; for they cannot be creatures of the imagination. There is no place so easy to repeople as Venice, and none where the ways of revivifying are so many and so various.

But one element of the population of old times is wanting. The gondoliers ply their oars from father to son; the shopkeepers and petty tradesmen still practise the virtues inculcated in their minds by the old conservative Republic: there are perhaps not so many priests and abbés visible in the cafés, and their worldliness has given place to the outward decorum demanded by the age; foreigners of all nations are here in as great numbers as at any time during the last two centuries; Venice is still hospitable to dethroned royalty: but the old nobility are no longer here. They spent their fortunes in riotous living during the last century, especially in their mania for *villeggiatura*, satirised by Goldoni, and borrowed money from convents and monasteries to keep up their state, until there came the French occupation, and the mortgages on their estates were foreclosed to fill the coffers of Napoleon. With their fortunes the families also disappeared, and few of them can now boast of a male representative. It is true that many of the old

names still exist, but those who bear them are, for the most part, not even connected by birth with the nobles whose names they have taken. It was at times customary for a servant, client, or dependent to give his child as a baptismal name that of the family which he served. In many cases the name of the reigning Doge was thus introduced. With time the plebeian name has been dropped, while that of the noble family alone remains. For example, Daniel Manin, the illustrious patriot of 1849, was no relation to Lodovico Manin, the last Doge, but a Jew to whom his name had been given. When it became necessary for the Austrians to give up Venetia, the Emperor Francis Joseph would have been glad to have restored the old Venetian republic, but, on asking the advice of his best qualified counsellors, was unable to find a sufficient number of descendants of noble families to fill the official posts.

Good old Jules Lecomte, in his excellent guide-book to Venice—in which, by the way, he gives a very interesting account of the higher Venetian society of the early part of this century—recommends as a way of learning and appreciating Venice the perusal of George Sand's Venetian tales. He wrote at a time when these had been recently published; but his advice is still worth taking, for

these stories, even after fifty years, have lost none of their freshness. The impression made by Venice on George Sand was so strong that, long after her visit, the recollection of it would inspire charming bits of writing. She almost foretold this in a passage in " Lettres d'un voyageur," written while still at Venice.

" On putting my hands to my face I inhaled the odour of a sage-bush, whose leaves I had touched some hours before. This little plant was now flourishing on its mountain, several leagues away from me. I had respected it: I had carried away from it only its exquisite scent. What a precious thing is perfume! Without causing any loss to the plant from which it emanates, it attaches itself to the hand of a friend, and follows him on his way, to charm him, and to recall to him for a long time the beauty of the flower that he loves.—Remembrance is the perfume of the soul."

It was the remembrance rather than the reality of Venice which inspired George Sand, except in the first part of the book just cited, where she wrote under the impression of a recent passion.

" The hazy nights," she says, " of our own mild regions have charms that no one has felt more than myself, and no one has less wish to deny. Here Nature, more vigorous in her influence, per-

haps a little too much imposes silence on the mind. She lulls thought to sleep, agitates the heart, and dominates the senses. Only a man of genius could think of writing poems during these voluptuous nights: one should sleep or love."

She had loved, and the first part of her stay in Venice had included her idyl with Alfred de Musset. It is useless recapitulating now a story about which so much has been written. The "Histoire d'un merle blanc," "Elle et Lui," and "Lui et Elle" give us no detailed facts to enable us to understand from three points of view the divergences of character that brought to a speedy end a passionate love, which strongly influenced them both for the rest of their lives. In none of these, of course, are there real facts and real names, but the allusions were only too evident to the curious public at the time. George Sand's story of the two painters is clever and pleasing as a story, and, while it represents the hero as very weak, makes him sympathetic. Paul de Musset's tale of two musicians is brutal, both in its statements and its insinuations, but is yet well enough done to leave you with a feeling of detestation for the heroine. Arsène Houssaye has recently made a revelation of this affair which he professes to have taken down from Musset's lips. Musset first met George Sand



at a dinnner given by Buloz of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and sat between them. He says: "Between Buloz and George Sand there could be no hesitation," but he added that her great eyes did not fascinate him long. He had really loved her only at Venice,

"because Venice always inspires love in poets and artists. You may imagine that on first meeting her I found neither beauty nor charm in her; although she might play with a switch in remembrance of Maurice de Saxe, one of her thirty-six fathers, she was still a countrified *bourgeoise*. I admired her in her genius, not in her face. I don't love women who dress like men, any more than real women love men who disguise themselves as women. Nevertheless, travelling with her in Italy intoxicated me a little, and, besides that, I was not sorry to carry her off from some other men who were sighing for her. The journey was charming. She, who had learned nothing, talked of everything as it were by magic. I believed myself her master, but yet I bowed down before her."

During the earlier part of her stay at Venice George Sand lived at the Hôtel Danieli, and it was there, on the last night of the Carnival, when the extreme cold added to her moral sufferings, and she had the feeling of being all alone among a population of strangers all bent on amusing them-

selves, that, in order to distract herself, she began to write "Léone Léoni," the idea of which was in part a reminiscence of "Manon Lescaut." She finished it in a week; for when she sat down to the writing-table her inspiration never failed her, and interruptions did not hinder her power of self-concentration. She took no credit to herself for her power of work, which one of her friends described by saying: "She sits down to the table and turns the tap; somebody comes in—she shuts it off. When the interruption is over, she turns it on again." And so she wrote for nearly all her life, from midnight till morning, and often for a couple of hours besides during the day. She was then writing to gain her bread; for the separation from her husband had not yet been arranged, and the money for her journey had been advanced by Buloz as payment for unwritten articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. But Danieli's was then, as now, the most expensive abode in Venice; and after Musset's departure she found a lodging in the Campo S. Luca with an apothecary named Ancillo, who had been known, from Byron's time on, as the greatest scandal-monger and *mauvaise langue* in Venice. Mengaldo says of him in his diary: "A perfect good-for-nothing; but it is sometimes a good thing to make friends with the devil." Here, when for

a while she was left without money, she dined with the strictest economy, and slept on a mattress on the floor, as she had no bedstead; but she was able to work for eighteen hours at a time without getting ill, and generally for seven or eight hours a day, after which she had only enough strength to go and drink her coffee, smoke her cigarettes, and talk bad Italian with her friends on the Square of St. Mark. But here, apart from bread-winning, she wrote the charming " Lettres d'un voyageur," which it is difficult to praise too highly, and introduced us to the society of Beppa, the Doctor, the Abbé, the Gondolier Catullo, and the Turk Zuzuf, who all reappear from time to time in the stories written in later years.

All these tales, due to Italian reminiscences, have one thing in common with the novels of George Sand's first period, that they have really but one theme in all its changing forms—the passion of love. And they are not disfigured by the political, socialistic, and humanitarian theories and discussions which mark so disagreeably the other work of her second period. Indeed, one of the greatest of these latter, " Consuelo," would scarcely be readable now, were it not that the early part of it gives such an enchanting picture of the easy, careless Venetian life of the old days, and that the heroine

is surrounded with a sort of mystic Italian glory which does not desert her even in the worst circumstances. I should have excepted one little story, "Les Maîtres Mosaïstes," because in this there is scarcely a word of love from first to last. It is simply a *conte* told to amuse a boy, and is an example of clever workmanship, being, in fact, a paraphrase of a dozen pages of dull prose at the end of Zanetti's book on Venetian pictures. But George Sand was conscientious in all that she did. She says somewhere: "I like to have seen everything that I describe. If I have only three words to say about a place, I love to see it in my remembrance, and make as few mistakes about it as possible." So, when writing this little story at her solitude in Nohant, she asked a friend in Paris for details about Venetian costumes, and, with a sort of realism, drew the characters of the two heroes from two of her friends. This little masterpiece should be the first book read by the visitor at Venice, and he can then never pass through the Church of St. Mark without a sentimental interest in the mosaics, which will add greatly to his pleasure.

Her love of reality in the *mise-en-scène* never hampered George Sand's imagination, and no improbabilities were allowed to stand in the way of the development of a plot or the painting of a char-



acter. Her intercourse with the shepherd children of Berry had early given her a love of the marvellous, and the mysterious corridors and winding passages in "Consuelo" and "La Daniella" (which might be used as a guide-book to the country about Frascati) seem reminiscences of her wanderings about the garrets and cellars of her convent with the other girls, "in search of secrets that never existed, and to rescue from a romantic captivity imaginary victims whose names even were unknown." She says herself:

"I am very fond of romantic events—the unforeseen, intrigue, action in a novel. . . . I have used all my efforts to keep the literature of my times in a practical path between the peaceful lake and the rushing torrent; my instinct would have pushed me towards the precipice."

"La Daniella" was chiefly the product of a subsequent visit to Italy, and contains some singular criticisms on Genoa, Pisa, and Rome, none of which towns inspired the authoress with the sympathy which she had for Venice. She was disgusted with much that she saw at Rome, did not like the monuments, felt oppressed by the ruins, and especially by the dirt, saw nothing picturesque or harmonious in priests and beggars, and hated the Papal Government. All this is seen in the early part of the

book, as well as in some of the later chapters; and in a letter to a friend, she says:

"No, I don't wish to admire anything, to love anything, to tolerate anything in the kingdom of Satan, in that old cave of brigands. I wish to spit on the people who kneel to the Cardinals. . . . If, thanks to me, anyone takes a horror and disgust of Rome as it is to-day, I shall have done something. I could say as much about ourselves, if I were allowed."

The letter goes on hoping that the French are slightly better than the Romans, and will not sink quite so low under the Empire. The publication of "La Daniella" brought two warnings to the newspaper in which it was published, *La Presse;* and another article by a different person soon after caused its suspension. As this fell in the middle of another story which George Sand was publishing, she wrote to the Empress, begging that the newspaper might be pardoned.

In "L'Uscoque" she rewrote the history of Byron's "Corsair," and gave it a Venetian setting. "It was very cold in my room," she says in the preface, "and on going to sleep I used to see fantastic landscapes, rough seas, and storm-beaten rocks. The wind blowing outside, and the fire crackling on the hearth, used to produce strange

cries and mysterious rustlings, and I believe that I was more possessed than charmed by my subject." The Corsair or Uscoque is a Venetian nobleman of high rank, who used his position of Admiral and Governor to join with the pirates one day in plundering his countrymen, while pretending to fight the pirates the day after.

In " Le Piccinino " the fancy took her to tell the story of a brigand chief.

" Whether the type be frightful like those of Byron or worthy of the Monthyon prize like those of Cooper, it suffices for these heroes of despair to merit legally the rope or the galleys for every good and honest reader to love them from the first pages and hope for the success of their enterprise. Why, then, under the pretext of being a reasonable person, should I be deprived of creating one to my liking? "

She did not aim in this book either at painting a precise historical epoch or faithfully describing a country. It was a colour-study, dreamed rather than felt, where some traits are accidentally true. The scene was laid in Sicily, rather than anywhere else, because she had just received some good engravings of that country.

All these tales are delightful, both to those who love a mere story for the story's sake, and to those

who wish a relief from ordinary occupations; and they seem to suffer not at all from the lack of the realistic touches which are considered necessary by a Stevenson and a Haggard. In "Teverino" and "Le Secrétaire Intime" you are removed far from any probabilities and possibilities of earth into the realms of poetry and fancy; and yet, while enjoying this, you feel all the time that you are in Italy. In one you get a glimpse of Bassano, in the other of Monaco; but the landscape is so dim and hazy that the pictures would be recognised only by those who know the country. Both of these stories are ended with the same inspiration with which they were begun. It had no time to cool. In many of the longer novels you feel the want of a settled plan: the opening is the finest part; then come the wearisome pseudo-philosophical discussions and reflections, which take the place of inspiration; and the dénouement arrives apparently as a mere matter of duty towards the publisher. George Sand was always fond of natural history: it was part of her love for nature. She gave herself up sometimes for weeks and months, together with her son Maurice, to researches in botany, mineralogy, and zoölogy, when she dreamt of nothing else, and her brain seemed to be filled exclusively with scientific terms; nothing else existed for her. "After one of these sci-

entific orgies," says Caro, " she had all the difficulty in the world to return to ordinary life and her habitual tasks." The " Secrétaire Intime " was suggested to her by a tale of Hoffmann, but it is easy to see from one chapter that it was written just after an entomological orgy.

One of her novels shows remarkably the author's love of nature, and her power of depicting passion, although it is chiefly, as she herself says, " a work of analysis and meditation." It is the strongest of all the tales due to the influence of Italy and one of the strongest of all her books. This is " Lucrezia Floriani," a picture of love and jealousy. The scene is laid in the soft landscape of Lake Iseo, such as she saw it in going from Milan to Venice. She has feebly denied that Prince Karoll, the jealous lover, is a portrait of Chopin; but there can be no question that Lucrezia is a portrait of herself—greatly idealised, it is true, but as characteristic as Thérèse in " Elle et Lui." Every page, as Caro says, " is written from an observation or a remembrance." In any case it would be difficult to find in literature a more faithful representation of the passion of jealousy—in this case, jealousy of an unconcealed and well-known past, which destroyed all pleasure of the present, and left no hope of happiness in the future.

In " La Dernière Aldini " we return to Venice and the Venetian nobility, then in process of extinction. The story is told by Lelio, the tenor, one of her friends in the Campo S. Luca, whose acquaintance we have already made in " Lettres d'un voyageur; " and most improbable it is. We demur to the love-making between Mme. Aldini and her gondolier, even when we find that she had been married only for her money, and was despised by her husband for being in reality one of the common people; but the similar scene between the daughter and the gondolier, who had now bloomed into a great singer, is somewhat more natural. We remember, however, that it is a cardinal point of George Sand's faith that love is a leveller, and makes all men as all women equal; and when we yield to the magic of her style, we almost believe it. This little story shows one trait which is rare in George Sand's works—a sense of humour; in real life she was utterly destitute of it, and her conversation, when more than one person was present, is said to have been very dull and heavy. It was only in the night watches, when her pen seemed to dictate to her brain, that she escaped from the grossness and commonplace of ordinary life into an imaginary world, full of light and airy creatures,

whither she will lead, and where she will keep, all who begin to read her stories.

Renan, at one of the dinners at Magny's so celebrated in their time, said that George Sand was truer than Balzac; and added that she would be read three hundred years from now. The late M. Caro, in his charming sketch (which alone is sufficient to justify his election to the Academy), and other recent critics, think that the world is getting tired of realism and naturalism, at least as preached in contemporary France, and predict the return to passion and sentiment as shown in the works of George Sand. Her romantic nonsense and her tedious political philosophy may be eliminated, but very much will still remain.

VENICE, September 12, 1888.

MRS. BROWNING

It was one of the first hot days of last May that I visited the old disused Protestant cemetery at Florence. Formerly it sloped upwards against the city wall; but the wall has long since been removed, leaving only enough to sustain the earth; and now, surrounded by a high railing, it is a lovely garden in the middle of the broad *viale*. The climbing roses as well as the situation brought back vividly to me those lovely nooks in the angles of the fortress at Corfu which were appropriated to the graves of British officers and soldiers, and which are still kept green and neat, smiling at you as you pass down the wide boulevard. Here, amid the flowers, one reads many names—some well known—of English, Americans, French, Italians, Swedes and Germans, Russians, Poles and Greeks, for all who are not Catholic were formerly interred here; in no order—husband not lying even by wife, nor child always by mother. I saw the flat stone which covers the grave of Landor; I passed the monument of Arthur Hugh Clough; I read the names

of Hiram Powers and Theodore Parker; and finally I came to the tomb of Mrs. Browning. Handfuls of lilies of the valley had been strewed between the low columns that support the sarcophagus, either early that hot morning or late the day before, for they were wilted with the sun. On seeing these evidences of affection to the poetess I wondered to myself whether it were possible nowadays to read her poetry; and, with this in my mind, stopped at a bookshop and bought a volume of selections from her poems. Yes, they could indeed be read, often with pleasure and sometimes with surprise. This little volume of the Tauchnitz series has been edited by Mr. Browning, with a short preface in his own manner, and has been so arranged and ordered as "to allow the characteristics of the general poetry the prominency and effect they seem to possess when considered in the larger (not exclusively in the lesser) works of the poet." There was hinted and shadowed in this volume—what was made plainer on considering Mrs. Browning's poetry as a whole in order of time, and on studying her in her letters to Horne, Miss Mitford, and others—that, in spite of occasional brilliant outbursts, her poetic faculty became fully and freely developed only when she had fallen in love with Robert Browning; and that it reached its highest point in her Italian

poems, where the love of liberty and of her adopted country excited her ardent soul with better cause than ragged schools, or working children's wrongs, or women's rights. If ever there was truth in the old saying, " Facit indignatio versus," it was in her case.

A Life of Mrs. Browning has just been published by Mr. John H. Ingram in the " Eminent Women Series," which is practically the first biography of her that has been written. The result shows that her friends were right in not undertaking the task sooner, for Mrs. Browning lived no life that could be written. All that she was, is shown in her poems and in her letters, or in the letters to her; how she appeared, must be quoted from the accounts of those who saw and knew her. The earlier years of Elizabeth Barrett were passed with few companions except her family and her books, of which she was always an omnivorous reader, in the country of the Malvern Hills—

> " the ground's most gentle dimplement
> (As if God's finger touched but did not press
> In making England !), such an up and down
> Of verdure—nothing too much up or down—
> A ripple of land ; such little hills, the sky
> Can stoop to tenderly and the wheat fields climb ;
> Such nooks of valleys lined with orchises,
> Fed full of noises by invisible streams ;
> And open pastures where you scarcely tell



White daisies from white dew—at intervals
The mythic oaks and elm-trees standing out
Self-poised upon their prodigy of shade."

Later, when she had become a confirmed invalid and had been saddened by the death of her mother and by the drowning of her favourite brother, she passed years in London in a single room, which was often darkened for days at a time. She had written verses, mostly bad or indifferent, from her earliest childhood, and she kept herself alive in her sick-room by more ambitious poems, by reviews and articles for the *Athenæum*, to which she was long a contributor, and by letters to friends, in particular to Richard Hengist Horne, now known chiefly as the author of "Orion"—especially by those who have not read that poem—with whom she engaged in various literary enterprises, including criticisms of contemporary authors. Judging from what Horne says in his publication of her letters, she was the better man of the two. Unknowingly she had at one time worked together with Robert Browning, for whom she expressed her admiration in those lines in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship"—

"Or from Browning some 'Pomegranate,' which, if cut deep down the middle,
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured of a veined humanity."

The compliment in course of time brought about a correspondence which led eventually to acquaintance, friendship, and love, until, on one September morning of 1846, Browning and Miss Barrett stepped into St. Mary-le-bone Church, were married, and started immediately for Italy. Like the choleric West Indian planter that he was, Mr. Barrett, who had idolised his invalid daughter, disapproved of the marriage, never forgave her or had intercourse with her, or even mentioned her in his will.

The story of his love for his "moon of poets" has been told briefly but sufficiently by Browning in his "One Word More," appended to his "Men and Women." Her tale of dawning and triumphant love was written day by day in the "Sonnets from the Portuguese"—at first for herself alone; for it is said that these sonnets were never shown to Browning till after he married. The title of these unquestionably genuine soul experiences can scarcely have deceived many readers into a belief that they were a translation. More it concerns us not to know. With the exception of one brief visit to England, Mrs. Browning's life was passed thenceforth in Italy, chiefly in Florence, until the end of 1861. She was absorbed in her husband and her child—"my little son, my Florentine"—

except when political and philanthropic movements and excitements caused a gust of passion to sweep through her whole being.

That her earlier poems should have given Miss Barrett as great a reputation as she enjoyed seems now almost inexplicable, except when we remember the dearth of poetry at that time, when people read and admired Bailey's "Festus," Taylor's "Philip Van Artevelde," and Coventry Patmore; and then, too, she was a woman—a reason which, in her inner soul, she detested.

> "You never can be satisfied with praise
> Which men give women, when they judge a book
> Not as mere work, but as mere woman's work,
> Expressing the comparative respect
> Which means the absolute scorn,"

she says in "Aurora Leigh;" adding, further on:

> "I would rather dance
> At fairs on tight-rope, till the babies dropped
> Their gingerbread for joy, than shift the types
> For tolerable verse, intolerable
> To men who act and suffer. Better far
> Pursue a frivolous trade by serious means
> Than a sublime art frivolously."

And then she was admired by women, and placed, as Miss Mitford says, "in the situation of Wordsworth forty years ago—the foundress of a school of enthusiastic worshippers, laughed at by those who do not feel high poetry."

Of the earlier poems some few will doubtless survive, because, although marked by the faults common to all of imperfect and bad rhymes—which she was woman enough to defend, insisting that she had made them purposely—of halting rhythm and prosaic diction, yet they have a certain go and swing, a rush of words and thought, and a something which gives them the quality of lyrical cries. One cannot help feeling that the authoress really doubted her own powers, and to some extent one must share the doubt:

> "My own best poets, am I one with you
> That thus I love you—or but one through love?
> Does all this smell of thyme about my feet
> Conclude my visit to your holy hill
> In personal presence, or but testify
> The rustling of your vesture through my dreams
> With influent odours? When my joy and pain,
> My thought and aspiration, like the stops
> Of pipe or flute, are absolutely dumb
> Unless melodious, do you play on me
> My pipers,—and if, sooth, you did not blow,
> Would no sound come? Or is the music mine,
> As a man's voice or breath is called his own,
> Inbreathed by the Life-breather?"

But it was in the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" that the first living soul was breathed into Mrs. Browning's poetry. Sonnets they are not, for they err against all the canons; but they are

passionate expressions of love, and a few lines will show their drift.

" I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,
'Guess now who holds thee?' 'Death,' I said. But there
The silver answer rang, 'Not Death but Love.'"

. . . . . .

" I lived with visions for my company,
Instead of men and women, years ago,
And found them gentle mates, nor thought to know
A sweeter music than they played to me.
But soon their trailing purple was not free
Of this world's dust, their lutes did silent grow,
And I myself grew faint and blind below
Their vanishing eyes. Then Thou didst come—to be,
Beloved, what they seemed.

. . . . . .

" My own, my own,
Who camest to me when the world was gone,
And I, who looked for only God, found *thee!*
I find thee; I am safe and strong and glad.

. . . . . .

" I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange
My near sweet view of heaven for earth with thee!"

And love, whether timid or ardent, gave Mrs. Browning an insight to her husband's character which, it may be doubted, his biographers would not express as strongly.

The Brownings had hardly got well settled in Florence before the revolutionary movement broke out, and excited her delicate nature to the highest point. "To her," says an American friend, "Italy was from the first a living fire." While the Revolution was going on she wrote the first part of "Casa Guidi Windows," the second part being written two or three years after, under the impression of the reaction. The poem is finer than anything she had written up to that time, and is full of beautiful passages which were understood and appreciated by all except her own countrymen—at least those of them who had not lived in Italy. The opening, which had somehow stuck in my mind almost since its publication, is an epitome of the whole Italian Revolution:

"I heard last night a little child go singing
'Neath Casa Guidi windows by the church,
O bella libertà, O bella'! stringing
The same words still on notes he went in search
So high for, you concluded the upstringing
Of such a nimble bird to sky from perch
Must leave the whole bush in a tremble green,
And that the heart of Italy must beat
While such a voice had leave to rise serene
'Twixt church and palace of a Florence street!"

To her friends in England she wrote: "Ah! if the English press were in earnest in the cause of liberty, there would be something to say for our

poor, trampled-down Italy—much to say, I mean. Under my eyes is a people really oppressed, really groaning its heart out; but these things are spoken of with indifference." And again: "I see daily a people who have the very life crushed out of them, and yet of their oppressions the English press says nothing." And Miss Mitford wrote to a friend: "Fancy her thinking Louis Napoleon ought to take up the cause of these wretched Italians! And I hear from all quarters that they get into corners and slander each other. It is an extinct people, sending up nothing better than smoke and cinders and ashes; a mere name, like the Greeks." "Have you seen Mrs. Browning's new poem? It will hardly be popular, for there is no great faith in Italian patriots."

"It is a matter of great thankfulness," says Mr. Story, "that God permitted Mrs. Browning to witness the second Italian Revolution. No patriot Italian gave greater sympathy to the aspirations of 1859 than Mrs. Browning." In "Poems before Congress," Mrs. Browning's poetic talent reached its highest point; but the book had in England the effect which she feared. She said in the preface:

"If the verses should appear to English readers too pungently rendered to admit of a patriotic respect to the English state of things, I will not ex-

cuse myself on such, nor on the grounds of my attachment to the Italian people and my admiration of their heroic constancy and union. What I have written has simply been because I love truth and justice, *quand même*, more than Plato and Plato's country, more than Dante and Dante's country, more even than Shakespere and Shakespere's country. . . . I confess that I dream of the day when an English statesman shall arise with a heart too large for England; having courage in the face of his countrymen to assert of some suggested policy, 'This is good for your trade, this is necessary for your domination; but it will vex a people hard by, it will hurt a people further off, it will profit nothing to the general humanity; therefore, away with it—it is not for you or me.' When a British Minister dares to speak so, and when a British public applauds him speaking, then shall the nation be glorious, and her praise, instead of exploding from within from loud civic mouths, come to her from without, as all worthy praise must, from the alliances she has fostered and the populations she has saved."

But in England her words fell on deaf ears. Official England was not in sympathy with Italian unity, in spite of the personal efforts of Sir James Hudson at Turin. To most English people, she seemed unpatriotic. They could not understand her admiration for Napoleon the Third, at a time when they had suspicions of his designs. In fact,

she met with much the same fate as if she had written poems in favour of Eastern Christians or in favour of Russia in the worst Jingo period. To one who now reads dispassionately the history of those times, even the diplomatic history, her poems of that period, her feelings, even her inspired "Ode to Napoleon III. in Italy," seem perfectly natural. We admire the Emperor's actions, and we envy him for having at least one moment when he could appear as a disinterested and unselfish hero. So much, however, depends upon the point of view. Insular English cannot get really interested in anything but English affairs; and some of the criticisms on these poems of Mrs. Browning, that they are "full of recondite allusions, comprehensible only to those conversant with Florentine literary and political history," remind one of Lord Dover's preface to Walpole's "Letters," which he praises for being "a most exact chronicle of the events of the day," and elucidating "very amusingly both the manners of the time and the character of the persons then alive," while the answers of Sir Horace Mann are "particularly devoid of interest," and "consist almost entirely of trifling details of forgotten Florentine society, mixed with small portions of Italian political news of the day, which are even less amusing than the former topic."

What Mrs. Browning looked upon as her greatest work was "Aurora Leigh"—"the most mature of my works, and the one into which my highest convictions upon life and art have entered." But one feels about this much as about some of her earlier works. The whole story is quite as impossible as that of "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," and is disfigured by many faults. In some ways it betrays the influence of her husband. The explanation of this is perhaps best given by her friend Chorley, who says: "Like all whose early nurture has chiefly been from books, she had a child's curiosity regarding the life beyond her books, coexisting with opinions accepted as certainties concerning things of which, even with the intuition of genius, she could know little. She was at once forbearing and dogmatic, willing to accept differences, resolute to admit no argument; without any more practical knowledge of social life than a nun might have when, after long years, she emerged from her cloister and her shroud."

FLORENCE, October, 1888.

CANOVA

For a place only three hours from Venice by railway, and only eleven from Trent by diligence or carriage through the picturesque Canale di Brenta and the Val Sugana, Bassano seems much neglected by the summer traveller. Yet there is an excellent inn of the old quiet kind, clean and well kept, with the rusty coats-of-arms marking the passage of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Duke of Parma, the Count of Chambord, and the Prince of Hohenzollern. The squares and streets are full of curious antique houses, covered in parts with remnants of ancient frescoes. The art of etching and engraving once thrived there, and good examples of master works are still to be picked up. In the sacristy of St. John the Baptist there may be seen a very beautiful and equally interesting high-relief in terra-cotta, ascribed to Luca della Robbia, but as different from any of the works of that school as it is from the coloured terra-cotta groups of Begarelli and others at Modena. It represents the baptism of Christ, with four life-size figures and five

small angels in attendance. The modelling and expression are admirable, and the figures, coloured in subdued tones, stand out from a painted background representing such a landscape as may be seen all about Bassano. The Museum has an excellent series of pictures of the Da Ponte family and others; engravings, autographs, casts and models of the works of Canova, and a large collection of his letters, besides the remarkable herbaria of Montini, Brocchi, and Parolini. The splendid garden of Parolini, with its magnificent cedars of Lebanon and groups of pines from Mount Ida, named, after him, *Pinus Parolinii*, is still kept in excellent order by his descendants.

After all, the great charm of Bassano is its situation. George Sand, writing in the spring of 1834, said:

"I recommend to you the Café della Fosse as one of the best fortunes that can fall to the lot of the traveller, tired of the classic masterpieces of Italy. . . . The country was not yet in all its splendour, the meadows being of a languishing green tending towards yellow, and the leaves had only begun to bud on the trees. But the almond and peach trees in bloom were mingling here and there their pink and white garlands with the sombre masses of the cypresses. In the midst of this immense garden the Brenta ran rapidly and silently

over its sandy bed between those two wide banks that it tears from the bosom of the Alps, and with which it strews the plain in its days of wrath. A semicircle of fertile hills, covered with those long branches of knotty vine which hang from all the trees of Venetia, made a first frame to the picture, and the snowy mountains sparkling in the first rays of the sun formed a second border further on, which stood out like a silver silhouette against the solid blue of the air."

The café, which occupies the site of an old loggia in the walls, built for the sake of the view in 1504, still exists, but the mouldering red-brown walls and turrets, covered with creepers reaching to the moat below, have on one side been torn down to make room for an unfinished, treeless promenade, and the lover of landscape would do better to see the same view—although somewhat more restricted—from the balcony of the Canonica.

From Bassano one may make a pleasant day's excursion by driving along the hills to Possagno, the birthplace of Canova, then down a wooded valley to Asolo, which is still proud of its memories of Catherine Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, and of Bembo, and perhaps go further on to Maser, the celebrated villa of the Barbaro family, built by Palladio and decorated by Paul Veronese. The landscape is such as one sees in so many old Venetian

pictures — blue, rounded, bossy hills, sometimes covered with green meadow, and sometimes wooded, with abundance of pools and sparkling streams, and in the distance the high, bare, ragged, and often snow-covered mountains. When you have gone scarcely three miles from Bassano, you come to the splendid Villa Corner, now Mocenigo, which, in its many vicissitudes, has seen this landscape in much less peaceful times, for here, in 1796, were the headquarters of Prince Hohenzollern, and four regiments of Neapolitan cavalry were encamped in the neighbouring meadows. These were occupied again in 1866 by the division of General Medici. A little further on is a group of round hills with hamlets scattered among them, described by Dante, though not mentioned by name:

> " Within that region of the land depraved
> Of Italy, that lies between Rialto
> And fountain-heads of Brenta and Piava,
> Rises a hill and mounts not very high,
> Wherefrom descended formerly a torch
> That made upon that region great assault."

This is Romano, the birthplace of the tyrant Ezzolino, to whose cruelty and prowess the monuments of Bassano, Padua, and other towns still bear witness. At Crespano, a little further on, there is to be found one of those good libraries which are not uncommon in small Italian towns. The Latin-

ist Pietro Canal, a professor at Padua, was a native of Crespano, and left to his birthplace his fine collection of books and manuscripts. To store these his brother has erected a suitable building open to the public. The amiable abbé who is the librarian, showed me with pride the whole library: a large number of early and later very rare printed books; a rich collection of Greek and Latin classics; a large library of Italian literature which originally belonged to Luigi Carrer, and had been continued by Canal, including an excellent Dante collection; and one of the richest existing collections of what is the specialty of Italian libraries, the *Testa della lingua*, or books cited by the Accademia della Crusca as specimens of pure Italian. Here there are only about twenty works lacking; but there are duplicates of some of the rarer books and even earlier editions than those cited by the Academy. The very large musical library is in some respects richer in manuscripts than those of Venice. Naturally there is a large hall devoted to engravings of the works of Canova, copies of some of his statues, and objects which belonged to him, including table services given him by Napoleon, the Countess of Albany, and others; for Crespano was the birthplace of Canova's mother, and she went back there to live after her second marriage.

CANOVA

The small village of Possagno, straggling along the gentle slope of the hills, is dominated by the immense rotunda of the church, or *tempio*, to the construction of which Canova devoted the later years of his life and much of his fortune. It was not finished until eight years after his death, and he had been unable to execute the sculptures with which he intended to decorate it. His half-brother, the Bishop Sartori-Canova, thinking that sufficient had already been spent on the building, put, in place of the projected statues, gigantic frescoes of the Apostles which are horrible and grotesque. Otherwise there are several good pictures, and one which is interesting as being the work of Canova himself—representing the body of Christ after being taken from the cross—of which it may be said that it is not so bad as might have been expected. It was one of Canova's weaknesses to imagine that he was as clever with his brush as with his chisel. On the left of the church, opposite the group of the Pietà, is the simple but elegant monument (designed by Canova himself for another man) that contains the bodies of Canova and his brother, placed there in 1830 when the church was finished. The tombs at Rome and Venice are merely cenotaphs. On his first resting-place in the old church was the simple inscription, "Hic Canova;" but on

this the Bishop put: "John B. Episcopus Mynden-sis Ant. Canovae Fratri dulcissimo et sibi vivens p. c." Coming out into the Doric portico, one looks seaward over the splendid prospect to the hills of Asolo. At times one seems to see the shimmer of the Venetian lagoons, which are perfectly visible from the hills behind and from the top of the church. In front, at the end of the straight hot road, is Canova's birthplace; and next to it stands the museum founded by the family, which contains plaster casts of nearly all his works, and very many of the original models used by the workmen and Canova himself for cutting the marble statues. Some of these still bear the pencil dots and black-headed tacks for the guidance of the workmen—a process which, it is claimed, was invented by Canova himself.

The effect produced—on me at least—by seeing in one building these one hundred and ninety-four different pieces of sculpture, added to what I had already seen at Venice and elsewhere, was distinctly to raise and enhance my opinion of Canova's genius and talent. The Thorwaldsen Museum at Copenhagen did not give me a similar feeling. George Sand seemed to think that he had taken all his models from the lovely youth of Possagno; but on the morning when she wrote she had seen someone

who particularly pleased her. Hawthorne lays some stress on a rash statement of Hiram Powers that Canova modelled every face after his own; but an artistic judgment of Powers is of course hardly worth mentioning, especially when transmitted by Hawthorne. Neither of these statements is true. In looking, not so much at the statues of Canova as at his drawings and studies—of which over seventeen hundred are preserved in the museum at Bassano—it is noticeable that his great delight was in the nude figure, and that the head is sometimes omitted and generally drawn in only feebly and conventionally, with slight attempt at indicating expression. So far as is known, Canova never drew or modelled from more than a single nude figure at Possagno—and that with the greatest difficulty, and with much severe criticism from the rustic population.

The most hasty observer cannot but be struck with the constant evidences of Canova's application and perseverance. He devoted his whole lifetime to the study of art, and not merely to perfecting himself in his own art, though all his studies helped to that end. Neither his eyes nor his hands were ever idle. When a boy in Venice, when a youth in Rome, when travelling abroad in later life, he not only made careful studies of bas-reliefs

and statues, but in his pocket note-book was constantly sketching the people whom he met, noting any little peculiarity of movement or grace of attitude, as well as bits of architecture which were in any way suggestive to his mind. For some of his larger monuments there are many sketches of different grouping and on different scales. Canova was not a sculptor simply because he had the knack of modelling in clay, like so many nowadays. Quatremère de Quincy urged him one day to take a greater number of workmen and students, and to content himself with modelling, leaving his work to be put into bronze or marble by other hands; telling him that he could thus make much more money. Canova replied that he wished to be a sculptor and not a manufacturer of statues, and that he preferred to leave fewer works provided they were better. When in Rome he rarely went to bed without visiting his studio with a small lamp, which he placed in various positions near the statue he would then be at work at; without carefully observing the outlines and contours by this illumination (so different from that of day) and giving a little touch of the file wherever it seemed necessary. Even the disease which caused his death was originally produced by too hard and prolonged work on the monuments of Clements

XIII. and XIV. in St. Peter's. His pressing the borer against his chest for so many hours at a time brought about cancerous affection of the liver.

It was well that Canova should follow the excellent customs of study and work practised by the great artists of the Renaissance, for never since that age has a sculptor had the same opportunity for the world to admire, or at least to purchase, his productions. Living at a time when the world cared for the arts as well as for display, a period traversed by the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Empire, he had unusual facilities for making the personal acquaintance of the rulers of the world. A protégé of the Popes, he was favoured and admired by Napoleon, and yet his position was none the worse on the return of Pius VII. to Rome. Besides this, the charm of his character and manner was such, his innate goodness was so plainly visible, that he made friends—and good, prudent, and powerful ones—wherever he went.

When quite young, Canova had been intimate in Rome with the engraver Volpato (almost a countryman, for he had been born at Bassano), and had been persuaded to become engaged to one of his daughters; she, however, jilted him for a young Pole, and subsequently married the engraver Raphael Morghen. After that, Canova had

no more time for love or marriage, and his simple life was for many years regulated by his nurse and housekeeper, Luigia Giuli, an interesting bust of whom, by Canova's comrade and lifelong friend, Antonio d'Este, is to be seen in the museum at Ravenna. Canova's affections were henceforth given to his friends, and his leisure to serving the interests of art, whether as Director of the Vatican Museum, President of the Academy of St. Luke, commissioner to restore to Italy the works of art carried away by the French, or simply by his efforts, his purse, and his influence in favour of young artists who were in any way unfortunate. Not a shadow of jealousy or envy ever seems to have crossed his heart; and among particular acts may be mentioned what he did to relieve and to release the young Spanish artists imprisoned by General Miollis in the Castle of St. Angelo, among whom was Madrazo (the father), and to prevent the expulsion from Rome of the German artists, including Rauch, and Thorwaldsen, who was classed with them.

The episode in Canova's life which is probably the most interesting to the general public is his share in restoring to Italy the works of art carried off by Napoleon. For this he was naturally marked out. Yet it was not with pleasure that he

received the orders of Cardinal Consalvi, for he had to leave Rome, to quit his simple life, and be subjected—as he anticipated, and as proved to be the case—to a thousand annoyances. After the first Treaty of Paris in 1814, the Allies had respected the Louvre and the French provincial museums, and had asked only for those works of art belonging to their respective countries which were simply kept in the storehouses. After the Hundred Days and the necessity of renewed military exertions, they insisted on punishing France, not only by military contributions, but by depriving her of the spoil of the war. The most bitter were England and Prussia; and some French writers are absurd enough to suppose that the inspiring cause of the English effort to restore the works of art came from dislike to having their own museums rivalled and surpassed, and the hope of buying up the pictures and statues at a cheap rate when France had been deprived of them. One proof of this, in French eyes, was that the Parthenon had been despoiled to procure the Elgin marbles, which went to the British Museum. The Emperor Alexander sympathised with the French, for no objects of art had come from Russia, and he found it beautiful and convenient that all the artistic treasures of the world should be collected

in one great museum. Unquestionably the Louvre must have been splendid in those days; but unfortunately it was so magnificent that no traveller or diarist of the time has given us an adequate description of it, and we are left to the study of catalogues and monographs to form for ourselves the idea of what it must have been. It is easy to appreciate the feelings of those who regretted the breaking up of such a magnificent collection; but lovers of art felt then, as now, that it was unfair to the various countries of Europe that they should be deprived of art treasures which had been their pride for centuries. They felt, also, that it was unsafe to collect all the treasures of the world under a single roof; and for these fears the dangers to which the Louvre has been since exposed are a sufficient justification.

The French offered a passive resistance—if they had dared, they would have offered active opposition — to what they called the "spoliation of France." Louis XVIII. was indignant but powerless. Denon, the Director of the Louvre, who had been the chief agent of Napoleon in collecting the museum, resisted sufficiently to compel a show of force. Had it not been for what the French call the "brutality" of the Prussian soldiers, who offered to break down the doors, and for the

smoother but equally persistent efforts of Sir William Hamilton, the French would perhaps have kept the gallery. Canova was the agent only of the Papal Government, but he was also commissioned to pursue the claims of the Albani, Braschi, and other families whose collections had been pillaged; and he gave his influence in aid of the agents of the other Italian States. He was met at the outset by the French claim that most of these works of art had been freely ceded by the Pope in the Treaty of Tolentino; but he fortunately found that this treaty had been denounced by the French themselves. Although he felt obliged to yield to King Louis XVIII. most of the pictures and sculptures which were kept in his private apartments, and although many things could not be found, having strayed into private hands, he was able to restore to Italy the greater part of what had been taken from her. Owing to his want of funds, the English Government on two occasions advanced the sum of 100,000 francs each, to pay the expenses of packing and transport. Only one of the great Italian pictures still remains in the Louvre—the "Marriage at Cana," by Paul Veronese—as it was thought it would have to be cut to pieces and irremediably injured in the transport to Venice.

One can appreciate still more the feelings of

Denon and his subordinates at the Louvre when it came to the turn of the provincial museums to disgorge. In order to fill the gaps in the galleries at Paris, it was necessary to recall some of the presents made at various times from the overflowing collections. The provincial museums not only objected to this, but protested and complained. Their pictures had sometimes to be taken almost by force, and they demanded compensation.

Canova had at one time a commission to make a colossal statue of Napoleon, which is a really splendid work of art. But the original had never been publicly set up in Paris, as, on account of its nudity, the Emperor feared the jests that would be levelled against him. In the distribution of spoils this was given to the Duke of Wellington, and still exists in the possession of his descendants. The replica of it in bronze stands in the court of the Brera gallery at Milan, and a cast of it in the Palazzo Bonaparte at Rome. The reception at Venice of the objects taken thence is told in the recently published letters of Cicognara. Canova had proposed that the bronze horses, brought originally from Constantinople, should be placed on each side of the ducal palace, looking towards San Giorgio, but it was decided to restore them to their former position above the porch of San

Marco. It was a great festa, with music, cannon, and bells, when, in the presence of the Austrian Emperor and his court, the horses were once more hoisted into their place. The mechanical arrangement was so perfect that the operation lasted but a very short time, after the fleet of gondolas had towed to the landing-place the raft containing the group, which had been temporarily deposited at San Giorgio.

The part played by Canova in all this business was for a long time not forgotten in France. When, after Canova's death, Cicognara undertook to get up an international subscription for his monument, the banking-house of Delessert refused to accept subscriptions; and even Louis Philippe—then Duc d'Orléans—wrote that he would have been most happy to subscribe, "but it is notorious that in 1815 Canova quitted his chisel in order to come to Paris to take charge in the devastation of that museum the loss of which France deplores, and the dispersion of which friends of the fine arts in all countries must regret. This sad page of his history prevents any Frenchman from adding his name to the list of those who are erecting this monument."

It may not be generally remembered that, at a time when the different countries of Europe were

in rivalry for possession of works by Canova, one of his statues was brought to the United States. It was a seated statue of Washington ordered by the State of North Carolina. Canova interested himself greatly in the work; as a republican born he admired the character of Washington, and he endeavoured to increase and enlighten these feelings by reading what lives of Washington were available, and the whole of Botta's history of the American Revolution. The model was executed in 1818. The statue was finished soon afterwards, and was unveiled with some pomp and ceremonial in the State-house at Raleigh. Unfortunately, it perished in the fire which destroyed that building in 1831. The statue represented Washington seated in the armour of a Roman general, with his helmet and sword on the ground by his side, engaged in writing on a tablet what was apparently his Farewell Address, or the resignation of his commission. The likeness was, of course, made up from copies of portraits, and the statue cannot be called one of Canova's most successful works; but it is on the whole more interesting than that of Houdon and than several made since. Various engravings of it are to be found in different editions of Canova's complete works, and the original model of it—with nail-heads, pencil marks, and all—still exists in the

museum at Possagno. The correspondence on the subject is in the library at Bassano, but there has been no time to examine it.

Nothing will be easier, in one sense, than to obtain a replica of this statue of Washington almost as perfect as that finished by Canova's own hands; and it will be well worth reproducing, even if only as an historical souvenir—either by the order of the State of North Carolina, or by some wealthy Northerner in gratitude for the restoration of his health by the charming climate of Asheville. It has been ascertained on inquiry that the statue could be reproduced by any of the best sculptors of Venice, and set up at Raleigh for a sum which would not exceed six or seven thousand dollars. It would be necessary, however, to intrust the work to an Italian—and better, a Venetian—sculptor: partly because there might be difficulties in obtaining permission to use the model, and partly because it might be necessary to do the work at Possagno itself. Besides this, it is to be feared that some of the so-called American sculptors in Italy would charge three or four times as much, to have the work done by Italians without touching it with one finger themselves, and then pocket the difference of price.

BASSANO, September 18, 1888.

SMOLLETT IN SEARCH OF HEALTH

The charms of "A Sentimental Journey" and Sterne's jibes and jests at Smelfungus have thrown undue discredit on Smollett's "Travels," so that they are rarely read nowadays, except by the student of literary history. They deserve, however, a different fate; and on reading them for the third time here in the place which produced them, where poor Smollett spent eighteen months with a hope of curing a pulmonary affection and of gaining a few more years of life, one cannot but remark the amount of information and the accuracy of observation, and feel that some parts are as good as his novels.

Smollett had been in France once before, in 1748, just after he had finished "Roderick Random." It was the year of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle and of the publication of Montesquieu's "Esprit des Lois." He travelled with his friend and biographer, Dr. Moore, the author of "Zeluco," and met in Paris Mark Akenside, who in some way offended him, and whom he satirised as the Doctor in "Per-

egrine Pickle," in which novel, too, he utilised most of his travelling adventures.

In 1763 Smollett started again for France—for the Peace of Paris, just signed, which gave Canada to Great Britain, allowed the English once more to travel on the Continent—accompanied by his wife and two young ladies who had been put under her care. He was broken down in health, and worn out by his struggles as a political journalist [illegible] editing the *Briton*, which had brought him more [illegible]ws than pence. His advocacy of Lord Bute [illegible]made him quarrel with his old friend Wilkes, [illegible]ie felt that he had been treated with ingrati[illegible]ude in being thrown over by Bute, when he seemed to be of no more use, although he saw his patron forced to resign a few months afterwards. He was, moreover, disconsolate because he had lost his daughter and only child. As he himself says, he "was traduced by malice, persecuted by faction, abandoned by false patrons, and overwhelmed by the sense of a domestic calamity which it was not in the power of fortune to repair." All this, added to irritable nerves—"systema nervosum maxime irritable," as he expresses it in his diagnosis of his case—made the first part of his journey anything but pleasant. He was constantly disputing with innkeepers and postilions; was an-

noyed by bad lodgings, high prices, and extortions, want of respect—or what seemed to him so—at the inns, and the lack of English comforts and conveniences. He could not, or would not, eat at noon, which was then the usual French dinner hour, especially at post stations and country inns, though he admitted that the meals were good and cheap; but must have his breakfast of tea and toast, and therefore ate a cold lunch in the carriage. When he did dine at an inn, his English habits, added to his ill health, would not suffer him to eat at the ordinary, and compelled him to pay high charges for meals served in his own room.

Sometimes he quarrelled with the wrong man, or indulged in a useless and unprofitable fit of anger; as, for example, at Montpellier, where he wished to take the advice of the great physician of the place, but, having heard things "against his character and personal deportment, did not wish to converse with him personally, and consulted him on paper." He wrote out a statement of his case in the medical Latin which English doctors then prided themselves on using, and felt so annoyed and insulted at the reply being in French, that he could not resist the temptation of paying an additional fee in order to tell his colleague—this time in French—that he had not read or could not read

his original diagnosis. While the peevish disposition in which Smollett was at that time, certainly affected his views of things, his account of what he saw is by no means—as Sterne said—" nothing but the account of his miserable feelings; " nor is it at all " dreary reading," in the words of his last biographer, Mr. David Hannay. It is impossible to sympathise with the petty mishaps which travellers experience, so soon forgotten nowadays, but which must have been so serious a hundred years ago that it seems strange that so many English—especially with large families—made the grand tour. But Smollett makes you laugh with him as well as laugh at him, and sometimes he laughs at himself and at his own little miseries. If he is severe on the French for customs which he does not like and for their bad government, we must remember that he wrote at a time when no Protestant traveller, dying in France, could receive legal burial, and his friends were obliged with their own hands to bury him themselves in some concealed place—as happened to an acquaintance of Young at Montpellier —and his whole property was confiscated to the Crown by the *droit d'aubaine*. But Smollett gives fully as much space to showing that the French are in many points superior to the English. He is, it is true, sometimes coarse, for he never quite got rid

of a certain coarseness of nature; and coarseness of language was not stigmatised as vulgar by our ancestors of the last century. Good society still tells anecdotes of the same kind as then, but the language is veiled, and the coarseness is not so apparent.

After some months' stay at Nice, Smollett took a journey to Florence and Rome. As far as Genoa he went by sea in a felucca:

" Indeed," he says, " there is no other way of going, unless you take a mule and clamber along the mountains at the rate of two miles an hour, and at the risk of breaking your neck every minute. The Apennine Mountains, which are no other than a continuation of the Maritime Alps, form an almost continued precipice from Villefranche to Lerici, which is about forty-five miles on the other side of Genoa; and as they are generally washed by the sea, there is no beach or shore; consequently the road is carried along the face of the rocks, except at certain small intervals which are occupied by towns and villages. But as there is a road for mules and foot-passengers, it might certainly be enlarged and improved so as to render it practicable by chaises and other wheel-carriages, and a toll might be exacted which in a little time would defray the expense; for certainly no person who travels to Italy from England, Holland, France, or Spain would make a troublesome circuit to pass

the Alps by the way of Savoy and Piedmont, if he could have the convenience of going post by the way of Aix, Antibes, and Nice along the side of the Mediterranean and through the Riviera of Genoa, which from the sea affords the most agreeable and amazing prospect I ever beheld. . . . The truth is, the nobility of Genoa (who are all merchants), from a low, selfish, and absurd policy, take all methods to keep their subjects of the Riviera in poverty and dependence. With this view they carefully avoid all steps towards rendering that country accessible by land, and at the same time discourage their trade by sea lest it should interfere with the commerce of their capital, in which they themselves are personally concerned."

It was a proof of Smollett's clear head and practical common-sense that he was able to see the value of the Cornice Road before the birth of Napoleon, who began it. A hundred years, too, before the enforced visit of Lord Brougham, he

" lay at Cannes, a neat village, charmingly situated on the beach of the Mediterranean, exactly opposite to the Isles Marguerites, where state prisoners are confined. As there are some good houses in this place, I would rather live here for the sake of the mild climate than either at Antibes or Nice. Here you are not cooped up within walls, nor

crowded with soldiers and people, but are already in the country, enjoy a fine air, and are well supplied with all sorts of fish."

A felucca was an open boat rowed by ten or twelve stout men, large enough to take in a carriage, and with an awning near the stern to protect the passengers from rain and sun. One person could lie comfortably on a mattress between the seats. The price of passage between Nice and Genoa for a single passenger was then a louis d'or; but for 4 louis it was possible to hire a whole felucca, and make it a condition to be put on shore every evening. "By paying a little more you may hire it at so much per day, and in that case go on shore as often and stay as long as you please. This is the method I should take were I to take the voyage again; for I am persuaded I should find it very near as cheap and much more agreeable than any other."

At that time the ports of the Riviera were so crowded with boats, manned, equipped, and ready to start for a distant place at a moment's notice, that it was apparently as easy then to hire a felucca for a long journey as a cab nowadays for an afternoon's drive. These boats hugged the coast so closely that there was really little danger from storms and weather; the great danger was from the Bar-



bary pirates, as Smollett had already said in his "History of England."

"All the Powers that border on the Mediterranean, except France and Tuscany, are at perpetual war with the Moors of Barbary, and for that reason obliged to employ foreign ships for the transportation of their merchandise. This employment naturally devolves to those nations whose vessels are in no danger from the depredations of the Barbarians, namely, the subjects of the maritime Powers who, for this puny advantage, not only tolerate the piratical States of Barbary, but even supply them with arms and ammunition, solicit their passes, and purchase their forbearance with annual presents, which are, in effect, equivalent to a tribute."

Smollett took a gondola—smaller than a felucca—rowed by four men, for which he paid more than for a felucca; with the idea that it would be quicker. He landed at Monaco, and, as one of the party was ill and the weather was bad, passed the night at San Remo, and

"was conducted to the Poste, which our gondoliere assured us was the best auberge in the whole Riviera of Genoa. We ascended by a dark, narrow, steep stair into a kind of public room with a long table and benches, so dirty and miserable that it would disgrace the worst hedge ale-house in

England. . . . We were obliged to sit in the common room among watermen and muleteers. At length the landlord arrived, and gave us to understand that he could accommodate us with chambers. In that where I lay there was just room for two beds, without curtains or bedstead, an old rotten table, covered with dried figs, and a couple of crazy chairs. The walls had been once white-washed, but were now hung with cobwebs, and speckled with dirt of all sorts, and I believe the brick floor had not been swept for half a century. We supped in an outer room suitable in all respects to the chamber, and fared villanously. The provision was very ill-dressed, and served up in the most slovenly manner. You must not expect cleanliness or conveniency of any kind in this country. For this accommodation I paid as much as if I had been elegantly entertained in the best auberge of France or Italy."

On returning, stress of weather obliged him to stop again at San Remo, when he says: "At length we arrived at our old lodgings at San Remo, which we found whitewashed and in great order. We supped pretty comfortably; slept well, and had no reason to complain of imposition in paying the bill." The next day the wind was so high that Smollett was obliged to stay twenty-four hours longer, which was, on the whole, fortunate, as he became interested in San Remo, then a small re-

public subject to Genoa; and his friend "luckily found two acquaintances in the place—one a Franciscan monk, a jolly fellow, and the other a *maestro di capella*, who sent a spinet to the inn, and entertained us agreeably with his voice and performance, in both of which accomplishments he excelled. The padre was very good-humoured, and favoured us with a letter of recommendation to a friend of his, a professor in the University of Pisa. You would laugh to see the hyperbolical terms in which he mentioned your humble servant; but Italy is the native country of hyperbole."

He found the women of San Remo "much more handsome and better tempered than those of Provence. They have in general good eyes, with open, ingenuous countenances. Their dress, though remarkable, I cannot describe; but upon the whole, they put me in mind of some portraits I have seen representing the females of Georgia and Mingrelia." This supposed resemblance came probably from the fact that the women of the Riviera then generally covered their heads and shoulders with squares of cotton stuff, printed in bright colors, with Eastern designs; this garment is known as the *mezzaro*, and is still sometimes used in small villages on such occasions as the Christmas midnight mass. Most of them have, however, been brought

up by antiquaries, and are used for draping walls. The designs of some of the earlier pieces are Persian or East Indian; but I have seen one or two pieces bearing the Peruvian arms, showing that there must have been an export of them to South America.

Starting out from San Remo, the wind being still unfavourable, though it had abated, they were rowed along the coast, without landing, as far as Noli, thus seeing in one day most of the best scenery of the Riviera. The olive oil of Oneglia enjoyed then the same reputation as now; Albenga, which is now surrounded by market gardens, was then noted for producing great quantities of hemp. Finale was celebrated for the most agreeable apples Smollett had ever tasted, called "*pome carli.*" There is a long passage on the dangers of the Capo di Noli, chiefly known nowadays for its picturesque beauty and as the habitat of a few plants which grow nowhere else in the world. At Noli itself, "the auberge was such as to make us regret even the inn we had left at San Remo. After a very odd kind of supper, which I cannot pretend to describe, we retired to our repose." But sleep was driven away by bugs, against which there is an outburst.

"One would imagine that in a mountainous country like this there should be plenty of goats;

and, indeed, we saw many flocks of them feeding among the rocks; yet we could not procure half a pint of milk for our tea if we had given the weight of it in gold. The people here have no idea of using milk, and when you ask them for it they stand gaping, with a look of foolish surprise which is exceedingly provoking. It is amazing that instinct does not teach the peasants to feed their children with goats' milk, so much more nourishing and agreeable than the wretched sustenance on which they live."

Smollett travelled in the same way to Genoa, where he put up at the Hôtel Croix de Malte, of which he speaks in enthusiastic terms, which are justified even to the present day. He continues:

"It is not without reason that Genoa is called *La Superba.* The city itself is very stately; and the nobles are very proud. Some few of them may be proud of their wealth, but in general their fortunes are very small. . . . They live with great parsimony in their families, and wear nothing but black in public, so that their expenses are but small. If a Genoese nobleman gives an entertainment once a quarter, he is said to live upon the fragments all the rest of the year. I was told that one of them lately treated his friends, and left the entertainment to the care of his son, who ordered a dish of fish that cost a zecchino, which is equal to about ten

shillings sterling. The old gentleman no sooner saw it appear on the table than, unable to suppress his concern, he burst into tears and exclaimed, '*Ah, figliuolo indegno! Siamo in rovina! Siamo in precipizio!*'

"I think the pride or ostentation of the Italians in general takes a more laudable turn than that of other nations. A Frenchman lays out his whole revenue upon tawdry suits of clothes, or in furnishing a magnificent repast of fifty or a hundred dishes, one-half of which are not eatable nor intended to be eaten. His wardrobe goes to the *fripier*, his dishes to the dogs, and himself to the devil; and after his decease no vestige of him remains. A Genoese, on the other hand, keeps himself and his family at short allowance, that he may save money to build palaces and churches which remain to after ages so many monuments of his taste, piety, and munificence, and in the meantime give employment and bread to the poor and industrious. . . . The two streets called Strada Balbi and Strada Nuova are continued double ranges of palaces adorned with gardens and fountains; but their being painted on the outside has, in my opinion, a poor effect."

It was chiefly owing to his remarks on Art that Smollett excited the ire of contemporary English connoisseurs. He does really say, as Sterne accused him of doing, that "the Pantheon looks like a huge cock-pit open at the top;" but he discusses

the building at length in a way which shows that he knew what he was about. He also finds fault with the Venus de Medici, which at that time was greatly overpraised. But, far as he was from the opinion of his own time, he approaches very nearly the judgment of art critics of our day. It is not, however, an instance of this when, in speaking of the frescoes in the Campo Santo of Pisa, he says: "Though the manner is dry, the drawing incorrect, the design generally lame, and the colouring unnatural, yet there is merit in the expression; and the whole remains as a curious monument of the efforts made by this noble art immediately after her revival." He has, too, the strange idea that the celebrated fresco of the Triumph of Death represents the three stages of putrefaction which bodies undergo in nine days when buried in the Campo Santo. We are ordinarily told that this was filled with earth brought from the Holy Land; but Smollett imagines it "no other than common earth mixed with quicklime." All this shows how dangerous it is to be dogmatic in art criticism, when standards of taste are constantly changing. The opinions of many art critics of the last century seem strange in our eyes, while some which looked strange then seem natural enough now. Smollett at all events had the merit of being frank, and of

expressing his real opinions, not judgments made up from books.

Among many miscellaneous remarks interspersed in the account of his journey, here is one about the Acton family, well known both in England and Italy:

"He that now commands the Emperor's navy, consisting of a few frigates, is an Englishman called Acton, who was heretofore captain of a ship in our East India Company's service. He has lately embraced the Catholic religion, and been created Admiral of Tuscany."

And here is an amusing remark, which shows an early acquaintance with the works of his contemporary Goldoni:

"For my part, I would rather be condemned for life to the galleys than exercise the office of a cicisbeo, exposed to the intolerable caprices and dangerous resentment of an Italian virago. I pretend not to judge of the national character from my own observation; but if the portraits drawn by Goldoni in his comedies are taken from nature, I would not hesitate to pronounce the Italian women the most haughty, insolent, capricious, and revengeful females on the face of the earth. Indeed, their resentments are so cruelly implacable, and contain such a mixture of perfidy, that, in my opinion, they are very unfit subjects for comedy, whose province

it is rather to ridicule folly than to stigmatise such atrocious vice."

Although Smollett's opinions of Italian ladies are particularly British, his criticisms on his own countrymen are no less severe:

"The English are, more than any other foreigners, exposed to this imposition. They are supposed to have more money to throw away; and therefore a greater number of snares are laid for them. This opinion of their superior wealth they take a pride in confirming by launching out in all manner of unnecessary expense; but, what is still more dangerous, the moment they set foot in Italy they are seized with the ambition of becoming connoisseurs in painting, music, statuary, and architecture, and the adventurers of this country do not fail to flatter this weakness for their own advantage. I have seen in different parts of Italy a number of raw boys, whom Britain seemed to have poured forth on purpose to bring her national character into contempt: ignorant, petulant, rash, and profligate; without any knowledge or experience of their own, without any director to improve their understanding or superintend their conduct. One engages in play with an infamous gamester, and is stripped perhaps in the very first partie; another is pillaged by an antiquated cantatrice; a third is bubbled by a knavish antiquarian; and a fourth is laid under contribution by a dealer in pictures. Some

turn fiddlers and pretend to compose; but all of them talk familiarly of the arts, and return finished connoisseurs and coxcombs to their own country. The most remarkable phenomenon of this kind which I have seen is a boy of seventy-two, now actually travelling through Italy, for improvement, under the auspices of another boy of twenty-two. When you arrive at Rome you receive cards from all your country-folks in that city; they expect to have the visit returned next day, when they give orders not to be at home, and you never speak to one another in the sequel. This is a refinement in hospitality and politeness which the English have invented by the strength of their own genius without any assistance from France, Italy, or Lapland. No Englishman above the degree of a painter or cicerone frequents any coffee-house at Rome; and as there are no public diversions except at Carnival-time, the only chance you have of seeing your compatriots is either in visiting the curiosities or at a conversazione. The Italians are very scrupulous in admitting foreigners, except those who are introduced as people of quality; but if there happens to be any English lady of fashion at Rome, she generally keeps an assembly to which the British subjects resort."

This is very true of the last century, as witness all the letters and diaries of travellers, and is partly true of Rome nowadays, though a change is noticeable since that city has become the capital of Italy.

The greatest interest, after all, in these travels is in the account of Nice; and Smollett gives his observations on the weather from November, 1763, to the end of April, 1765, generally day by day, with the record of two thermometers, the direction of the wind, and weather fair, cloudy, or "mizzling rain." His second winter in Nice, 1765, was a remarkably damp one, and rainy weather prevailed from the middle of November to the 15th of March. In four months there were fifty-six days of rain.

"Notwithstanding these great rains, such as were never known before at Nice in the memory of man, the intermediate days of fair weather were delightful, and the ground seemed perfectly dry. The air itself was perfectly free from moisture. Though I lived upon a ground floor, surrounded on three sides by a garden, I could not perceive the least damp, either on the floors or the furniture; neither was I much incommoded by the asthma which used always to harass me most in wet weather. In a word, I passed the winter here much more comfortably than I expected. . . . In the spring, in spite of the constant sunshine, the air is cold, and the east wind sweeping over the Alps and Apennines, covered with snow, continues surprisingly sharp and penetrating. Even the people of the country, who enjoy good health, are afraid of exposing themselves to the air at this season, the

intemperature of which may last till the middle of May, when all the snow on the mountains will probably be melted. Then the air will become mild and balmy, till, in the progress of the summer, it grows disagreeably hot, and the strong evaporation from the sea makes it so saline as to be unhealthy for those who have a scorbutical habit. When the sea-breeze is high, this evaporation is so great as to cover the surface of the body with a kind of volatile brine, as I plainly perceived last summer. I am more and more convinced that this climate is unfavourable to the scurvy. Were I obliged to pass my life in it, I would endeavour to find a country retreat among the mountains, at some distance from the sea, where I might enjoy a cool air, free from this impregnation, unmolested by those flies, gnats, and other vermin which render the lower parts almost uninhabitable. . . . An agreeable summer retreat may be found on the other side of the Var, at or near the town of Grasse, which is pleasantly situated on the ascent of a hill in Provence, about seven English miles from Nice. This place is famous for its pomatum, gloves, wash-balls, perfumes, and toilette-boxes lined with bergamot. I am told it affords good lodging and is well supplied with provisions."

Smollett, who had lived in the West Indies, and his wife, who was a native of Jamaica, appreciated vegetables more than most Englishmen. One might think that they occasionally had certain arti-

cles sent out from America; for in "Humphrey Clinker," in a passage which really describes his own house, he speaks of a man so ignorant of grain "that our entertainer, in the face of the whole company, made him own that a plate of *hominy* was the best rice pudding he had ever eat." One can hardly think that hominy was then a common food in England. In his "Travels" he catalogues with pleasure the peas, asparagus, artichokes, cauliflowers, and more common vegetables; mushrooms, champignons, and truffles, and even the white truffles of Piedmont, "counted the most delicious in the world."

"There is also a kind of small courge, or gourd, of which the people of the country make a very savory ragôut, with the help of cheese, eggs, and fresh anchovies. Another is made of the *badenjean*, which the Spaniards call *berengina*. It is much eaten in Spain and the Levant, as well as by the Moors in Barbary. It is about the size and shape of a hen's egg, enclosed in a cup like an acorn; when ripe, of a faint purple colour. It grows on a stalk about a foot high, with long spines or prickles. The people have very different ways of slicing and dressing it, by broiling, boiling, and stewing, with other ingredients, but it is at best an insipid dish."

This is of course the *aubergine*, or egg-plant. Smollett seemed very fond of maize, for he men-

tions it several times, and once says: "This country produces a good deal of Meliga or Turkish wheat, which is what we call Indian corn: the meal of this grain goes by the name of *polenta*, and makes excellent hasty pudding, being very nourishing and counted an admirable pectoral."

The remarks about fruit and fish, birds and insects, many of which are interesting, show Smollett's powers of observation and his love of natural history. He even speaks of "a mosquito net," showing that these virulent pests have not been recently introduced into Europe by American travellers on the ocean steamers.

Mention of *terrapin* shows that Smollett understood the word in its true meaning:

"You know all sea-birds are allowed by the Church of Rome to be eaten on meagre-days as a kind of fish, and the monks especially do not fail to make use of this permission. Sea-turtle or tortoises are often found at sea by the mariners in these latitudes, but they are not the green sort so much in request among the aldermen of London. All the Mediterranean turtle are of the kind called loggerhead, which in the West Indies are eaten by none but hungry seamen, negroes, and the lowest class of people. One of these, weighing about two hundred pounds, was lately brought on shore by the fishermen of Nice, who found it floating asleep

on the surface of the sea. The whole town was alarmed at sight of such a monster, the nature of which they could not comprehend. However, the monks, called *Minims*, of S. Francisco di Paolo, guided by a sure instinct, marked it as their prey, and surrounded it accordingly. The friars of other convents, not quite so hungry, crowding down to the beach, declared it should not be eaten, dropping some hints about the possibility of its being something preternatural and diabolical, and even proposed exorcisms and aspersions of holy water. The populace were divided according to their attachment to this or that convent, a mighty clamour arose, and the police—in order to remove the cause of their contention—ordered the tortoise to be recommitted to the waves; a sentence which the Franciscans saw executed, not without sighs and lamentations. The land-turtle or *terrapin* is much better known at Nice as being a native of this country; yet the best are brought from the Island of Sardinia. The soup or bouillon of this animal is always prescribed here as a great restorative to consumptive patients."

But, as there must be an end to all things, Smollett was obliged to return to England—with improved health, it is true, but with the conviction that he should never be better. During his three years' stay in his own country he lived for a while at Bath, which he had always liked, and paid his

last visit to Scotland. Meanwhile he published his "Travels," wrote the continuation of his "History" down to 1762, and, just before going to the south, his "Adventures of an Atom," in which he vented the last remains of filth, spite, and brutality that were still in his breast. He tried to get a position as consul, but in vain; Nice and Leghorn were already filled; and, finally, obliged to rely entirely upon himself, he left England in 1768 for Lucca and Pisa, where he remained for the winter, while he stayed for the summer in the village of Monte Nero, near Leghorn—fifty years afterwards inhabited by Byron. At Pisa he was visited by Sir Horace Mann, who did what he could for him; and among other work he wrote his charming novel of "Humphrey Clinker," in which he has evidently figured himself under the character of Matthew Bramble, whom Hannay calls "the most credible specimen of the *bourru bienfaisant* in literature." The charm of the book lies in its sweetness, which is the ripe product of Southern influence combined with ill health. Just before his death, in the autumn of 1771, Smollett wrote to his friend, the famous John Hunter: "With respect to myself I have nothing to say but that, if I can prevail upon my wife to execute my last will, you shall receive my poor carcase in a box after I am dead to be

placed among your rarities. I am already so dry and emaciated that I may pass for an Egyptian mummy without any other preparation than some pitch and painted linen."

During the early part of January in that year there had been severe shocks of earthquake at Leghorn, which, as Sir Horace Mann writes in a letter from Pisa, dated January 14, 1771,

"have so terrified the inhabitants that few remain in the town. Thousands have gone into the country, many on board the ships in the mole; others sleep in boats on the canals, and many in their coaches upon the place. The most essential damage will probably arise from the hurt people will receive in their healths, for the buildings have suffered very little as yet; but as formerly, in London, a trooper prophesied the total ruin of the town, so an old woman has announced the fall of Leghorn on this day. I am now listening to hear the crash. . . . Hitherto, we at Pisa have not felt any earthquake, but we are in danger of being drowned by the incessant rains that have ruined the whole country."

In walking through the interesting old cemetery at Leghorn, filled with the graves of English and Americans who had been sent to Pisa, which was the great refuge for consumptives, and the only place in Tuscany where a Protestant could be prop-

erly buried (for, by the wisdom of the Medici founder, Leghorn was a free town for all religions, Christian, Jew, Mussulman, and Pagan), I came across the tombs of the too well-known Countess of Orford and Lady Cowper, and even of Francis Horner. I looked in vain for the grave of Sir Horace Mann, when I suddenly remembered that his body was taken to England for burial through the care of his friend, Sir Horace Walpole; and in the middle of the plot of ground I found the marble obelisk which marks the last resting-place of Tobias Smollett.

NICE, January 21, 1889



A CAPTIVE POPE

Why the Holy Virgin should be thought by many Catholics and others more easily propitiated in one Incarnation—or avatar, if such a Hindoo expression may be used—than in another, or why a Saint should have predilections for any particular places where his intercession can be more easily obtained, are questions to be answered only after a study of some of the curious practices and habits of the old Greek, Roman, and Northern religions. Throughout the East and in many parts of Italy there are particular spots, the sanctity of which has remained a local belief from the most ancient times till now; the object of adoration only has changed. Votive tablets and offerings are now hung to the Virgin and to St. Nicolas—not to speak of others—in the same places where in Pagan times similar *ex votos* were suspended in gratitude to Venus, to Fortune, or to Neptune. It is always especially interesting to visit these sanctuaries, as they are generally called, even without any intention of archæological study. The series of votive pictures are

entertaining; and, especially when they go back for three centuries, are valuable to the historian of manners, all the more because they are generally daubs done by inferior artists, and therefore preserve more carefully the peculiarities of costume, the style of house interiors—as in sick-room scenes—and the form of objects used in daily life. One sees, too, what were the most common accidents of the locality in which intercession was invoked. I remember with particular pleasure the great collection at Santa Maria del Monte near Cesena, and that at the Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Brescia; the latter being of more than ordinary value, because it contains a series of largish pictures, painted by order of the authorities, representing public processions in times of need during the eighteenth century, giving thereby a fair history of the meteorology of the time.

At the Santuario della Madonna di Misericordia, a few miles up the valley above Savona, while there are a few representations of persons falling over the balusters of three-story staircases or down deep wells in the courtyards, yet the staple of the accidents recorded refer to the sudden inundations of a little mountain torrent over a branch of which the church is built; sleepy cartmen falling from their loads and being run over; and, far more than all,

shipwrecks and accidents at sea; and it may be believed that some of the pictures of the last class are too remarkable even to be imagined by the inexperienced. Whether there was any early heathen temple here, as on so many high points along the Ligurian coast, where there are chapels dedicated to the Madonna della Guardia, we do not know. Tradition begins only at 1536, when the Virgin is said to have appeared to a poor peasant in a grotto under the church, and to have said: "Rise; go to the men of Savona; tell them to fast and do penance, for my Son is angry against them." Then raising her hands and eyes towards Heaven, and blessing the valley three times, she disappeared, while uttering with maternal tenderness the words, "Mercy and not justice." A church was soon built in this picturesque spot, gorgeous in all the bad taste of those times; pilgrims abounded, and the shrine became greatly enriched with diamonds and jewels, for which the rapacity of the French under Napoleon found other uses. Since that time the piety of popes, kings, and princes, as well as of private individuals, has again made the shrine a treasure house; but traces of French barbarity still remain where the titles of marquis, count, and patrician have been rudely erased from the marble slabs marking the resting-places of the dead. Here

in 1809, when the Sanctuary was in its barest state, Pope Pius VII., then Napoleon's prisoner at Savona, allowing himself one excursion, vowed to crown the image of the Virgin, in case he should be restored to the Papal throne.

Savona looks pretty as we approach it through its gardens of oranges and lemons, and has two or three picturesque spots; but it is, after all, only a second-rate town of the Turin type. It still mourns the filling up of its harbour by its rivals, the Genoese, and its various bombardments by the English—those freebooters of the Mediterranean. Its sentimental interest lies in its slight association with Christopher Columbus, who went to school here as a boy, and especially in its Papal associations; not so much indeed with its two native Popes of the Della Rovere family, Sixtus IV. and Julius II., who are well commemorated, as for its remembrances of the captivity of Pius VII., traditions of which are still not dead. The old Sansoni palace has been sold since the family became extinct, and the rooms occupied by the Pope on his first arrival are now a workman's club; but the inscription commemorating his stay still remains on the front. The Bishop's palace, where he was immured, all entrances but one being walled up, remains much in its old state; and there the tourist

is shown, not only the rooms which the Pope occupied, the chapel in which he said mass daily, the balcony from which he sometimes blessed the people, but even the garments which he wore and the books which he used.

The memoirs of Cardinal Pacca give an account of the midnight invasion of the Quirinal and of the arrest of the Pope, after he had published the Bull of excommunication of Napoleon, and the details of his transfer to Grenoble. It would be in vain to look in the "History" of Thiers for accurate details of the Pope's life in prison. These are given with great minuteness in the daily letters and reports of his two gaolers, General César Berthier, brother of the Marshal, and M. de Chabord de Volvie, the Prefect of the French Department of Montenotte, of which Savona was then the capital. And these reports, which correct and confirm one another, have been utilised by M. H. Chotard in his little book "Le Pape Pie VII. à Savone" and H. de Mayol de Lupé in his "Un Pape Prisonnier," lately published in the *Correspondant*. Both books are interesting in view of contemporary events, but the latter, though from a strongly clerical point of view, displays more local knowledge and makes use of traditions gathered on the spot.

It was on the 6th of June, 1809, that the Quirinal

was entered at night, and the Pope was seized and hustled into a post-carriage, without being allowed to take a change of linen—much less to fill his purse. He was taken rapidly through North Italy and across Mont Cenis to Grenoble. After a few days he was conducted to Valence, where his predecessor Pius VI. had died in captivity, and thence by Aix and Nice across the Col di Tenda, through Piedmont to Savona, which had been fixed upon as the place of his detention. From Ceva he had crossed the mountains in a sedan chair, but at Carcare the authorities of Savona met him with carriages; and he entered the town on the 17th of August, and was lodged in the gloomy-looking palace of the Count Sansoni, then Mayor of the city. The troops of the garrison formed a line in the street and the crowd kneeled; and although any formal demonstration, any reception by the clergy, and the ringing of bells were forbidden, the population was for the moment allowed to believe that the Pope was not a prisoner, but that he had freely come on a visit, to illuminate their houses, and promenade the streets at night, singing and playing on musical instruments—a common way of expressing joy and enthusiasm along the Riviera.

The Prefect, to whose minute surveillance the Pope was especially committed, was one of a nu-

merous family from Auvergne, which contained so many eminent members that it has been necessary to distinguish them by special surnames. Chabrol de Volvicq had studied at the Ecole Polytechnique, had taken part in the Egyptian expedition, and had assisted in writing "La Description de l'Egypte"; had distinguished himself by his energy in public works, and had for that reason been appointed to the prefecture of Montenotte, where great improvements had been projected. He was a wise and active administrator, and subsequently to all this story, after the retreat from Moscow, was appointed Prefect of the Seine, a position which he retained for eighteen years after the Restoration up to the Revolution in 1830, in spite of enemies and detractors. Louis XVIII. said one day to someone who wished for the place: "Chabrol has married Paris, and I have already abolished divorce." In his extremely delicate position he seems to have managed with sufficient tact to preserve the esteem, although scarcely the affection of the Pope. His duties were disagreeable, as well as delicate, as at first he was charged with the police of the household, and had to keep the Pope ignorant of all that it was not desired that he should know; and had besides to pay him formal visits once or twice a day, during which in the course of conversation he was to sound

him, and try gradually to influence him to comply with the wishes of the Emperor. Another tool for this purpose was the then Bishop of Savona, who was devoted to the French, and who also saw the Pope daily; especially for the reason that he nominally gave him hospitality at his palace. The bishops of the neighbouring dioceses were apparently either too subservient or too timid even to ask permission to pay their respects to his Holiness.

By Imperial orders the Pope was transferred—not to the Prefecture, which had been prepared for his reception, but to the Bishop's Palace, which Napoleon in a letter called "*une assez grande maison*," forgetting that what might be large enough for a bishop might be small for a pope with his household and those of his guardians. In point of fact, the Pope had to himself but two rooms and a small chapel, and was generally obliged to live in one room. Napoleon was anxious that the Pope should not be considered a prisoner by the world at large, and especially by the people of Savona; and therefore besides greatly increasing the garrison and arming the citadel, he desired to surround the Pope with all the state due to his rank. He appointed as Master of the Household General César Berthier, brother of the Marshal Prince de Wagram, a man of rude manners, but who liked good

cheer; and as Intendant, Count Salmatoris, who had been Grand Master of Ceremonies to the Court of Turin, and on the foundation of the Empire had been called to Paris to regulate the etiquette of the new Imperial Court. It was desired that the gaolers should have the air of a guard of honour, and for that purpose the gens-d'armes and soldiers were dressed in the Imperial livery and instructed to imitate chamberlains and flunkeys. In order to keep up a fitting state there was allotted a sum not to exceed 100,000 francs a month, most of which went for the necessaries of the two officials, especially for Berthier's good dinners; for the Pope would ask for nothing and would take nothing if he could help it. Etiquette required the Pope to dine alone, and the General tried in vain to have the honour of his presence. His table was always spread for passing officers and other persons of distinction. He often invited the Pope's doctor and chaplain, had not unfrequently the Bishop of Savona as his guest, and finally obtained the occasional presence of Monsignor Doria; who, however, even then refused to talk freely, and confined himself to the part of observer, which excited great suspicion.

The apartment occupied by the Pope had been long disused and was hastily furnished, when he was transferred thither, with articles given or lent by

the people of Savona. There was nothing more than was absolutely necessary; and even after the arrival of the General and the liberal allowance it seemed difficult to find money enough to refurnish or even repair the Pope's rooms. In winter it was cold, for the windows did not shut properly, and there were no blinds, and no carpets on the stone floors. The wretched bed was at last changed, but only to give place to a worse one. A sumptuous throne was, however, insisted upon by the General for the reception-room. The blame for this state of things was laid each upon the other by Berthier and Salmatoris, and complaints were made that when the Pope had absolute need of anything, he preferred to beg it of some devout person in the town rather than ask them for it. When, in 1810, the Emperor wished to reduce by half the expenses of the Papal household, the Minister of Worship was astonished at the exaggerated accounts, the table expenses for October amounting to 25,644 francs, not counting the food of the servants and guard. And yet after the surveillance had been redoubled and the offerings of the faithful had been seized, the Pope for a fortnight was reduced to live on five pauls (2½ francs) a day, until finally Monsignor Doria was obliged to inform the Prefect's secretary that his Holiness had had nothing to eat for



eighteen hours; and the nuns hastily prepared some biscuits and chocolate which were introduced into the Palace with great precautions, lest they should be seized.

The Augustinian sisters, who had the charge of the Pope's wardrobe, were annoyed that, like a monk, he would darn his stockings and his cassock, and give them much more work than if he had left them alone.

The idea of Napoleon was to keep the Pope in a state of isolation; the order given at the door was that the Pope did not receive strangers. He was allowed to see no one except with the express permission of his gaolers, and in most cases one of them was present at the interview. Pains were taken that he should have no communication with the outside world. All letters addressed to him were opened and read, and only those were delivered which seemed to be innocuous. Most of them were even sent to Prince Borghese at Turin for inspection. The same rules were applied to all documents signed by the Pope, and to letters written or received by any of his servants. He was not forbidden to cross the threshold, but in case he should—as on one occasion when he went to the Santuario—he was to be surrounded by a guard to keep him equally free from contact with the out-

side world. The Pope recognised the situation and manifested no desire to walk further than the terrace or than to take exercise in the small garden. As Bishop of Imola he had taken a delight and pride in his garden; but a request for a gardener to put his neglected spot in order met with difficulties, as too little money was left over from the needs of the Imperial household. The only thing left ostensibly free to him was the celebration of religious worship. First, on account of the collection of crowds, he was obliged to bless the people from the balcony three or four times a day. Later, as the novelty wore off, this was reduced to twice a week; and towards the end the ceremony was almost disused. There was a private entrance into the Cathedral, but the Pope officiated there only three or four times; once on the Feast of Saint Peter, when he was willing to accept new vestments, which he wore during the Octave. He said mass daily in his private chapel; and in order to give some sort of publicity to his life, the tickets of entrance, originally restricted to fifty, were gradually increased to two hundred. Berthier was indignant that the Papal services were not attended by the local clergy and by the Canons of the Cathedral; while Salmatoris complained that every Sunday and holy-day he was obliged to go in uniform

and attend Berthier to mass, as if he were a ruling Prince; and objected also to the sums which he was obliged to pay for music, candles, and so forth at Cathedral services which the Pope never attended.

In spite of the single entrance to the Palace, and of guards, means were found to carry on the Pope's correspondence. Societies for this purpose were formed, not only in Italy, but in Paris itself. One abbé, on being admitted to kiss the Pope's slipper, found means to conceal beneath his robe what he very much wanted at that time—copies of all the Papal Acts regarding the Institution of Bishops. Among the most devoted was even a page of Prince Borghese, the Governor-General. During the strictest time of the imprisonment a simple servant, Paula, fearing lest the Pope should be poisoned, went daily to the sacristy, and took as if for her own use the bread, wine, and a few provisions left by the Augustinian Sisters; and, laughing at all the attempts to detect her, concealed in her shoes, her stockings and the lining of her corsage, letters and offerings destined to the Holy Father.

The soft speeches of M. de Chabrol did nothing to weaken the firmness—or what he called the obstinacy—of Pope Pius. When hard pressed to take some step towards complying with the Em-

peror's wish he had but one reply: that he was a prisoner, that he was alone; and until he could be free and surrounded by his customary counsellors he could take no decision which could be binding on the Church. Cardinals Spina and Caselli were sent to him by Napoleon's orders; but he merely listened to them, treated them civilly, and nothing more. Metternich, wishing partly to find out what Napoleon really wanted, and hoping to prevent, what seemed then probable, a schism in the Church, obtained permission to send an emissary to Savona to sound the Pope about a reconciliation, under the pretext of important Church business in Austria. But the Chevalier Lebzeltern, who had previously enjoyed the Pope's confidence at Rome, not only found difficulty in seeing the illustrious prisoner, in spite of his credentials—because no orders had been sent to the authorities—but effected nothing except to enable Metternich to gain his real object. Lebzeltern's notes of his interviews have been printed in part, and are interesting and instructive.

The Pope had been sad as well as indignant at the defection of Bernadotte to Protestantism when he was elected Crown Prince of Sweden; at the divorce of Josephine and the marriage of Marie Louise—which it requires a great stretch of moral

conscience to believe legitimate even if strictly legal; and when he sent a Brief inhibiting Cardinal Maury from acting as Archbishop of Paris, the real or pretended rage of Napoleon broke out violently. The original Brief had been sent by the Pope through M. de Chabrol, and had, of course, been confiscated; but means had been found to circulate copies of it. This produced a scene in the Council Chamber when Portalis, who had had knowledge of it, was expelled, and Cambacères, through terror, was afflicted with a mild form of cholera. One result of this was, that the surveillance of the Pope was redoubled; no one was allowed to enter or leave the house without being searched. More than this, the apartments of every one connected with the Pope were searched at night. All books and papers found were put into bags and taken to the police office. "Everybody," says M. de Chabrol, "was sound asleep and nothing escaped our search." Apparently this was not enough, for a week later, while the Pope was walking in his little garden, two officers entered his rooms, looked into every corner, broke the lock of his writing-desk, opened his trunks, turned his pockets inside out, searched the mattresses, and carried off pens, ink, paper, and books—even the prayer-books. The Pope kept his good-humour

and merely said: "Even the office of the Virgin and our breviaries?—*Sta bene.*" The next day Chabrol sent him a written notification, which he did not like to deliver in person; that he was forbidden "to communicate with any Church of the Empire, or any subject of the Emperor, under pain of disobedience; that he ceased to be the organ of the Church—he who preached rebellion, and whose soul was all gall; and since nothing would render him wise, he would see that His Majesty was strong enough to do what his predecessors had done and depose a pope."

It is a curious example of how badly informed an Autocrat may be—even when he insists on doing everything himself, to the slightest detail—that Napoleon should have thought that he could affect the Pope by diminishing his supplies. Berthier, Salmatoris, and the expensive household were sent away; the rough Captain Lagorse of the Gendarmerie took their place, who had the demerit of having once been in religious orders, and therefore ruder and more violent towards the Church than was necessary even at that time; and Napoleon dictated to his Minister of Worship the following instructions: "His Majesty had kept up great state for the Papal household at Savona, assured that the Pope would apply himself to acts of religion and

charity. . . . He misuses his correspondence to spreading the seeds of rebellion, and to causing —so far as lies in his power—divisions and disorders in the Church itself. . . . The intention of His Majesty is, that the surroundings shall show his extreme discontent with his conduct, and that his household shall be put on such a footing as not to spend more than from twelve to fifteen thousand francs yearly."

The Pope was now almost in solitary confinement, for his doctor had been bribed by the French to betray him. Under this régime his bodily, as well as his mental health, began to give way; and when, after the termination of the so-called National Council at Paris, a deputation of bishops was sent to him, and was supported by a number of cardinals in Napoleon's interest, whom he had allowed to go to Savona nominally as counsellors and advisers, his consent to sign a Brief validating the proceedings of the Council and permitting the institution of French bishops was obtained without very great difficulty. By this Brief Napoleon obtained all that he wanted; for although the bishoprics in the former Papal States were not mentioned in so many words, they were included in the general phrases, as the Pope himself plainly understood. Napoleon, who was then in Holland, seemed to

have made up his mind to break with the Pope entirely, to depose him, and to appoint another more subservient prelate, who should reside at Paris, and who would simply register his decrees. The execution of this project, however, he wished to put off until the end of the war with Russia and his triumphal return. Meanwhile he professed to be dissatisfied with the Papal Brief, ordered it to be kept strictly secret, and intended first to use it for the institution of his bishops, and then to reject it, or have it set aside by the Council of State. To the Pope's letter he refused to reply, not being yet certain whether he wished to admit having received it or not. One would hesitate to believe such trickery were it not for the letters of Napoleon himself printed by Comte d'Haussonville in "L'Eglise Romaine et le Premier Empire," which, curiously enough, although important public documents, are omitted from the official edition of his writings.

Finally orders were given to the Deputation of the Council still at Savona, demanding a new Brief, expressed in the simplest terms, and which should explicitly admit the application of the general law to the Bishopric of Rome. The Pope's conscience had already begun to trouble him; and now, finding he was being made a dupe, he revived

all his old stubbornness and refused all further concessions of any kind. During the six months that these negotiations had lasted the Pope had enjoyed relative liberty. He had been allowed to receive people, to consult books, to write, and to dictate. Now the order was given for the Deputation to return to Paris, and, as Chabrol reported to the Minister, acknowledging his secret instructions, "Everything at Savona has returned to the same state as before the arrival of the Deputation. . . . Every communication from without to within or from within to without appears to me impossible after the precautions taken." This was in the beginning of February, 1812. Six weeks later, when Napoleon was at Dresden, he wrote to Prince Borghese, ordering the transfer of the Pope to Fontainebleau, asserting that he had heard that English ships were cruising off Savona with the intention of seizing the Pope's person. Researches in the English archives have shown that, not only was there no intention of this kind—although there had been a project of the sort two years before, which had been rejected as impracticable—but that there were no English ships anywhere in the neighbourhood of Savona. The Pope was to pass through Turin and all the large towns at night, and was to stop nowhere except at Mont Cenis; the

greatest secrecy was to be kept. These orders arrived at Savona on the afternoon of June 9th; and at about five o'clock Chabrol and Lagorse went to the Pope, waked him from a nap, and told him to be prepared to start at nightfall. He was told to change his pontifical robe and put on a priest's gown; the gold chain round his neck was cut off with a pair of scissors; his slippers were taken off, in order to remove the cross embroidered on them; they were blackened with ink and he put them on again while still damp. It was not, however, till midnight that a priest's hat was put on his head, a grey wrap thrown over him, and he was made to walk through the streets of Savona and meet a carriage outside the town. For some days no one was allowed to leave the Bishop's palace; the servants went through the form of their service as usual, lighting the altar candles at the time when mass was daily said, and bringing up the Pope's dinner at the regular hour. More than that, the Prefect went through the form of making daily visits in full uniform, so as to throw dust in the eyes of the people; and it was only a week later that the guards were withdrawn, and it was known that the Pope had gone.

The journey was made so fast that the Pope fell ill, and would have died, had it not been for the

care of a country surgeon near Mont Cenis, where he was allowed forty-eight hours' rest. After that it was necessary to transport him on his bed. But when at noon on June 19th, after less than ten days, the Pope arrived at Fontainebleau, no preparations had been made to receive him; he was refused admission to the château; and weak, tired, hungry, and thirsty he was forced to take refuge in a small cottage belonging to the concierge until a messenger could be sent to Paris and return.

Of the sojourn at Fontainebleau, of the return of Napoleon from Moscow somewhat disheartened, of his sudden visit to the Pope in the middle of a *chasse*, and of his five days' secret and personal negotiations with the Pope—the result of which was a new Concordat, so soon to be repudiated by the Pope—there is no reason for telling here.

When the Allies had crossed the Rhine at three points and Murat had occupied the greater part of the Papal States, Napoleon offered to restore the temporal power to Pius VII. and recognise him as Sovereign of Rome; but proposed a treaty. To this the Pope refused to accede, saying that he only received again what belonged to him. Whereupon the Pope was told that he could return to the Holy See, and that Lagorse was instructed to accompany him. Neither the Pope nor the Cardinals were

deceived in this matter; for in reality Lagorse had been instructed to take the Pope back to Savona slowly by the longest road; so that it was about a month before he arrived at Savona, after passing through Limoges, Montauban, Carcassonne, Montpellier, and Nice. This time he entered Savona on February 16th, more as a sovereign than as a prisoner. The result of the campaign in France was, that on March 17th the Marquis de Brignole, a devoted Catholic, brought him a despatch from the Emperor, saying that he was free to start next day for Rome. "No," said the Pope. "To-morrow is the Festival of our Lady of Deliverance, the Patroness of Savona; and I intend to say mass in the Cathedral." Therefore, he only left Savona on the 19th, amid the acclamations of the crowd, who wished for his speedy return to crown the Virgin in the Sanctuary.

This happened sooner than was expected. When the Hundred Days came, the Pope found it better to leave Rome; and, accompanied by the Cardinals and Diplomatic Corps, took refuge in Genoa. To the French Minister at Genoa, who regretted this new storm, the Pope said, laughing—and almost prophetically—"It is only a tempest which will last three months." No sooner was it known that Pius VII. had arrived at Genoa than a



Deputation came from Savona, begging him to return once more and fulfil his vow of crowning the Madonna. It was the 8th of May, 1815, that he again arrived amid acclamations and plaudits. Here he was met, most unexpectedly to himself, by King Vittorio Emanuele I., his daughter Beatrice of Modena, and his son Charles Albert, Prince of Carignano. That evening there arrived the Queen of Etruria with her sons. The solemn ceremony at the Sanctuary took place on May 10th.

Since then there has been no new devastation; and the crown given by the Pope and the jewels bestowed by the other sovereigns still remain in the Sanctuary, commemorating, though not counterbalancing, the losses caused by the French Revolution.

SAVONA, March 2, 1889.

PRINCE JEM

Few of those who linger in the shops and booths of Eastern goods that cluster about the Quai Masséna remember that about four hundred years ago Nice harboured within its walls for four months an illustrious Turkish prisoner—no less a person than the son of the great Sultan Mohammed, the conqueror of Constantinople. Yet the name of Prince Jem, Djem, or Zizim, as he was generally called by Europeans, is constantly presenting itself to those curious in Eastern or in Italian history.

Although Jem was a son of Mohammed, he was a younger son. Bayazid, who had all rights to the throne, happened to be at Constantinople at the time of his father's death and took his inheritance. But, as was the custom in those days, he could

"Bear like Turk no brother near the throne,"

and therefore sought to have Jem properly and respectably killed. Jem, who was Governor of a large Province in Asia, and felt himself every whit as good as his brother—especially as he had been born after his father's accession—followed also the

customs of those times, refused to be killed, and got up a civil war. He was badly worsted, but still wishing to keep his life—as he had great expectations in the future—took refuge with the Knights of Rhodes, who at that time still maintained their position as a bulwark of Christianity in the East: just as Napoleon at the last took refuge with the English, and with much the same result.

Jem was magnificently received, with the whole population waiting for him, and the streets and houses of Rhodes richly decorated. He was entertained at the Palace of the French Tongue (Langue), and during the month of his stay, while waiting in vain for his family, who had taken refuge in Egypt, was treated as a Sovereign Prince and given every opportunity to amuse himself in good Mussulman wise. Jem's family did not arrive, but there came an embassy from the Sultan; and the canny knights made two advantageous treaties: one with Jem, who promised, when he should come to the throne, to open all the Turkish ports to ships of the Order, to free three hundred Christians every year without ransom, and to pay the knights 150,000 ducats for the expenses they had been put to on his account. The other with Sultan Bayazid, by which there was to be peace and free commerce between the contracting parties, the surren-

der of all fugitives freely—with a nominal ransom of twenty-two ducats each, in case they had changed their religion—and a payment by the Sultan of 45,000 ducats a year for the safe keeping of his brother in the possession of the Order, and preventing him from returning to Turkey. The Sultan was so well pleased with this arrangement that he presented to the knights a famous relic, the right arm of John the Baptist, which had been used for centuries at the coronation and consecration of the Eastern Emperors. D'Aubusson, the Grand Master, made a good thing out of it; for he received also 20,000 ducats from the wife and mother of Jem, 20,000 from the Sultan of Egypt, and 10,000 from Pope Innocent VIII. and the King of Hungary, in order to furnish Jem with means to get back to Turkey—in all, 95,000. Matters being thus arranged, it was considered unsafe to keep Jem at Rhodes, lest in some way he should be poisoned or killed by emissaries of his brother; especially as on his first arrival he had shown astonishment and annoyance at the functions of the taster who had been set to attend him at his meals—according to the custom of those times—so as to treat him like a sovereign. He had expressed absolute confidence in Christian hospitality, and had ordered the cessation of the practice. Jem was



therefore persuaded to embark for France, he understanding that this was the nearest road to Hungary. It was the last day of August, 1482, when he started in a large galley; but owing to bad weather, he was obliged to put in at Cos, and it was more than a month before he reached Messina and six weeks before he landed at Villefranche. Jem being half Turk and half Slav, had, what was common to both races, a melancholy love for landscapes. He was delighted with the scenery of the Straits of Messina and the spectacle of the eruption of Mount Etna. One evening, when they were smoothly rowing on through a smooth sea, he supped on deck, and the galley was illuminated with coloured lanterns, which attracted dolphins and porpoises into the wake of the ship: as the Turkish historians tell us, "great fish like ships turned upside down, who, when they breathed, threw the water up two *piks* high." This unwonted illumination brought a Venetian galley for enquiry; and as it was known that both Venice and Naples were very anxious to get hold of Jem, the lights were hastily put out and the Prince was concealed. There were no more illuminations after that, as the galley went on hugging the coast. Travelling was hard in those days. From Villefranche he rode the same day to Nice—then an in-

significant town, but a Commandery of the Order—and inhabited the old castle for four months. The climate was as beautiful as anything he had known in the East; and he "found there (says Saad Ed-din) many beautiful women and a quantity of very agreeable gardens." He was evidently urged to amuse himself, and the place seemed so delightful that he wrote a distich on it, which has become celebrated in Eastern poetry; not only on account of its author, who enjoyed great literary repute, but because Nice is the only Christian town which has been praised by a Mussulman poet. The quips and turns of Turkish poetry are hard to translate; and in this case the great point is in a rhyming consonance which is almost a pun. It may, perhaps, be thus rendered:

"A charming town this Nice, it charms in many ways;
One needs to go and yet despite oneself one stays."

Either at Nice or a little later he wrote his celebrated Gazel:

"Drink, O! Jem, thy Jemshid cup off; 'tis the land of Frankistán,
Aye, 'tis fate, and what is written in his brow must hap to man.
From holy house I rode a pilgrim through the wastes of Karamán,
Course a thousand times more blest than all the Empire of Osmán;

Sound in health, thank God, and bonny, here I stand in Frankistán,
For the healthy are earth's masters even as the Lord Sultán.
Ask if crowns can bliss eternal give to Bayazid Sultán!
No one's rule is sure; he lieth who bodes lasting power to man."

Jem was still anxious to start on his road to Hungary, but he was told that being in the French dominions, he must ask the permission of King Louis XI. He therefore sent off one of his confidants with a letter, but this man was arrested by the knights after two days' journey. Another of his intimates, Firenk Suleiman—so called because he was a Frank by birth and had been taken captive and converted to Islam—annoyed the knights greatly, because, as he understood French, he was able to report to Jem everything which he heard. He was therefore accused of some atrocious crime, and would have been executed, had not Jem succeeded in disguising him in Christian clothes and sending him off to Rome. The pest then broke out at Nice and Jem was sent off with a large escort to the mountains of Dauphiné, where he was given hospitality in the Castle of Rochechinard, safe from all attacks. Its ruins, which may be seen in the neighbourhood of Grenoble, are even now rarely visited on account of their inaccessibility.

While on the road, he had been persuaded to send off his two remaining friends, Ahmet and Pustapha, on an embassy to King Mathias Corvinus of Hungary; they were never heard of more, and he and his escort were attacked by eight hundred mailed horsemen, who carried off twenty-nine Mussulmans belonging to his suite. He could therefore have little doubt of the intentions of the knights towards him. An ambassador from Bayazid to Louis XI., bringing him a great store of relics and a large sum of money, and who had been stopped on the road, took these twenty-nine Mussulmans back to Constantinople.

Jem's captivity was softened by his being taken, from time to time, to visit the castles along both banks of the Isère, and especially by his love-passages, or what the Turkish historian calls "his caresses and correspondence" with Philippine, daughter of the Lord of Sassenage—a castle the ruins of which are close to Grenoble, and are often visited on account of the waterfall—a love-story which was afterwards recounted in many different forms. Louis XI. had then died; and Jem had a hope of release through the young Duke Charles I. of Savoy, whom he had seen returning from the French Court, and with whom he had been so much taken on account of his beauty and bearing that he

had exchanged presents with him. Here, too, he had met the young Pierre de Terrail, soon to be a page of the Duke of Savoy; afterwards a French general, and known as the Chevalier Bayard *sans peur et sans reproche.* His nickname at that time, however, was Picquet, from the summons (*picquez*) "fall to," which it was his duty to call out at the beginning of the repasts.

The fair Philippine was married off, and fears of the intervention of the Duke of Savoy caused the knights to transfer Jem to Auvergne, where he was confined in the moated Castle of Boislamy; and where he remained till January, 1486, while a prison was being built for him. This was a strong, square tower, seven stories high, which is still known in the region as the Tour de Zizim. The Prince occupied the third and fourth stories, with the guards above and the servants of the Order below. Nevertheless, there were two attempts to deliver him: one supported by Pierre II., Duc de Bourbon, and the other by René II., Duc de Lorraine. Both plots failed. Various Christian princes began to interest themselves in Jem's fate; for the false letters addressed to them in Jem's name had not convinced them that he was a voluntary guest of the knights. It was not, however, pure charity that made them take up his cause:

three at least, the King of Hungary, the King of Naples, and the Pope, wished to get possession of him only to forward their own designs against Turkey. It was thought that the presence of Jem in Rome or in an Italian fortress would keep the Turks in respect. Negotiations went on for a long time, till finally the Pope became so pressing that a treaty was concluded. Jem was brought down by way of Avignon to Marseilles and Toulon, and sailed thence on a Rhodian galley to Civita Vecchia. D'Aubusson, the Grand Master, was made a Cardinal by the Pope, in consideration of his amiability in the transaction. Before Jem had yet left the French dominions King Charles VIII. received an embassy from Bayazid, asking for Jem's further detention and promising money and relics, and even in a vague way the Holy Land, which he would try to conquer for him. But the French King held fast to his word.

The six years Jem spent in Rome as the guest, or, rather, prisoner, of the Popes were probably far pleasanter than those passed in France. Frequent mentions of him are made in the Diary of Johann Burchard, the Master of the Ceremonies to Innocent VIII. and Alexander VI., whose veracity, long questioned, is now established beyond reasonable doubt. On March 13, 1489, Jem made his solemn

entry into Rome with great pomp, riding between Guido Blanchefort, nephew of D'Aubusson, and Francesco Cibo, the son of Pope Innocent, and was lodged in the Vatican. Outside the city he was met by an ambassador of the Sultan Bayazid to the Pope; sent, indeed, in order to compass his death, but who, nevertheless, felt it necessary to ride out with his followers to meet him and do him obeisance as the brother of his sovereign. The next day Jem was received by the Pope in full Pontifical vestments in a Consistory, after the hats had been given to the new Cardinals; but he refused to kneel, to kiss the Pope's slipper, or even to use the Eastern mode of salutation due from an inferior to a superior. He persisted in treating the Pope as an equal; and entering the hall in an erect manner, with his head covered by his turban, made a slight bow, advanced straight to the Pope, embraced him, and kissed him on the right shoulder. Through his interpreter he made a brief speech, thanking the Pope for his hospitality, telling of his misfortunes, and begging to be delivered to the Sultan of Egypt, as he now cared for nothing but to be restored to his wife and children. At this the Pope, who was also a father, is said to have shed a tear, but told him that his duty was rather to return by way of Hungary and join in the war against his brother.

After this Jem saluted the Cardinals in turn, kissing them each on the shoulder, and then his attendants knelt and saluted all in the Oriental way, by touching the floor and then their mouths with the right hand. A month later Jem was present on the balcony of the Vatican at the ceremony of the Papal benediction on Easter Day. During this early period of Jem's abode in Rome there seem to have been two attempts to poison him: one by the agent of the Sultan, and another by a man who, on being tortured, confessed to have been sent by the King of Naples. But both are wrapped in mystery.

In 1492, very shortly before the death of Pope Innocent, an ambassador arrived from Constantinople styled Chamisbuerch, who brought 40,000 ducats for the maintenance of Jem; and, as a gift to the Pope, the iron head of the lance with which Christ had been pierced on the cross. On the death of Innocent VIII. there was a question of transferring Jem for greater safety to the Castle of St. Angelo; but, instead of that, he was immured, together with the Conclave, in the room above the Chapel of Sixtus IV. in the Vatican.

With Pope Alexander VI. (Borgia) Jem seems to have had a certain amount of intimacy; and we read of his several times accompanying the Pope on excursions into the country, riding together with the

Pope's favourite son, the Duke of Gandia, who at least on one occasion wore Turkish dress in honour of his illustrious friend. But the two Mussulmans rode ahead of the Papal cross borne before the Pope.

None the less, however, did Alexander VI. try to make capital of his friend; and there were numerous embassies between Rome and Constantinople, in all of which Giorgio Busardo, a Genoese, took a prominent part as chief or as interpreter. In 1494 Busardo was arrested at Sinigaglia by the Prefect of Rome, John della Rovere, brother of the Cardinal of that name, who claimed to have found on his person letters dishonouring the Pope. This story, however, rests on the authority of Cardinal Gurck, who was an avowed enemy of the Pope and an adherent of the French King Charles VIII. According to his reports, which are printed in Burchard's diary and elsewhere, these letters included one in which the Pope informed the Sultan of the march of the French King on Rome, his plan of seizing Jem, of conquering the Kingdom of Naples, and then passing on to Turkey. The Pope, relying on the good and reciprocal friendship existing between them, begs the Sultan to pay the 40,000 ducats for keeping Jem. The Sultan replied that he would send an ambassador, and subsequently

begged the Pope, out of regard to him, to raise to the dignity of Cardinal Nicholas Cibo, Archbishop of Arles (a cousin of Busardo). Another letter from the Sultan, dated September 15, 1494, suggests that if the Pope "could relieve Jem from the anguish of this life and transfer his soul to another world, where it would have better repose," he would send 300,000 ducats, with which Alexander could buy some estates for his sons. The letters perhaps are not authentic, but the gist of the negotiations is true.

Charles VIII. entered Rome, and a treaty was made with him, by which Jem was to be delivered to him for six months, he giving hostages for Jem's restitution after that time, and allowing the Pope to continue receiving the 40,000 ducats from the Sultan. Subsequently, however, the King insisted on being relieved from the Article with regard to hostages. In consequence of this, Jem was taken on horseback from the Castle of St. Angelo to the Palace of St. Mark and placed under the protection of King Charles, whom, as well as the Pope, he saluted and kissed on the shoulder. The next day, with a numerous escort, Jem left for Marino, on his way to Terracina, where he was to reside. Cæsar Borgia, who was one of the hostages given by the Pope, succeeded in escaping; but Jem went on, ap-

parently indifferent to what happened to him. There was a delay of five days at Velletri, and on the 23d of February, 1495, he entered Naples with the King, and was imprisoned in the Château of Capua, where (as Burchard says), on the 25th of February, he died, in consequence of some "food or drink which did not suit his constitution and habits." The general opinion is, that he was poisoned by order of the Pope. This can hardly be believed, for his death was a great loss, in a pecuniary way, to the Pope, and in a political way to the King. According to three authorities who are well informed as to the circumstances—Gritti, Ludovico il Moro, and Marino Sanudo—Jem was not well when he left Rome, and died of dysentery, which had been aggravated by his journey.

Towards the end he had fallen into such a state of torpor as to be unable to understand when a letter from his mother was read to him; but soon after, arousing himself, he uttered this touching prayer: "Oh, my God! if the enemies of the faith wish to make use of my person in order to execute pernicious projects against the confessors of Islam, do not allow me to live longer, and take soon my soul to Thyself."

Jem's body was embalmed with spices and placed in a vault at Gaeta under the charge of his two

servitors, Djellal and Ayas. Sinan went to Constantinople to announce his death to the Sultan, who forgot his wrath, sent an embassy to receive the body, and buried it under the plane-trees of Brussa, near the lovely mosques, where the tomb is still to be seen.

It will be noticed what a part relics play in this story of Jem. About two of these some words must be said:

At the beginning of the thirteenth century Constantinople was not only the great museum of objects of ancient art, but was a store-house of Christian relics, ascribed to all ages from the beginning of the world down. The city was said by men of that time to possess as many relics as all the world besides. The most important of these were well known in the West, and had been often visited by pilgrims and travellers. When, therefore, Constantinople was taken by the Latins, during the fourth Crusade, in 1204, there was a general desire on the part of the knights and Latin clergy to possess themselves of these precious objects. For the most part, they were encased in very costly reliquaries of gold, enamel, and precious stones. But these were of no value in the eyes of the Westerners compared to the relics themselves. The Crusaders thought that they might atone for the non-fulfil-

ment of their vows of delivering the Holy Land by sending these relics to churches and monasteries at home. But as the two Cardinals present with the expedition declared that relics could neither be bought nor sold, there was no way of obtaining them except by open pillage or private robbery. The hunt for relics and their exportation lasted for forty years; but probably half of those sent to the West were removed from Constantinople during the first four years of the Latin occupation. Those most sought for were relics of the Infancy, the Life, and the Passion of the Saviour, of which none at that time existed in the West. Mr. Edwin Pears, in his interesting book, "The Fall of Constantinople" (Harpers, 1886), has told many amusing incidents in this great hunt for relics, and the Comte de Riant, in his "Exuviæ Sacræ Constantinopolitanæ" (Geneva, 1877), has related with great care and detail the history of most of the important relics sent to Western Europe which were considered authentic.

Although images and relics in the veneration given to them by the Greeks were considered chiefly as symbols, and were not so much the objects of idolatry as they became with men of coarser and perhaps more earnest natures, the Greeks were unwilling to lose the riches of their churches, and

therefore, while they had time, had made efforts to conceal these objects; and in those cases where their existence in particular places was well known to all the world, it is asserted had substituted forgeries and imitations in the reliquaries. It may be remarked, by the way, that in the East at that time the strong-rooms belonging to the churches—as those belonging to the Mosques in the Mussulman countries nowadays, and as up to comparatively recent times in the Protestant churches of Transylvania—were also used for the storage of private valuables; and to this custom Mr. Pears is inclined to trace the origin of the severe laws against sacrilege.

Among the relics sent Westward there were undoubtedly some which were genuine; that is to say, some which had existed in those churches for centuries; others were probably substitutions. Of course it is impossible to tell now which was which.

What purported to be the right arm of John the Baptist had existed in Constantinople from very early times; probably from the period when the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, had brought from the Holy Land the first relics of the Passion. Being, as was supposed, the veritable hand which had baptised Christ in the Jordan, it

had been laid on the head of each Emperor at his Consecration and Coronation; and had generally been deposited in the Imperial chapel of the Palace of Bucoleon. It had been seen there by the Russian pilgrim Antony, Archbishop of Novgorod, as late as 1200; and is mentioned in manuscript accounts of the relics of Constantinople of about 1150; and again by Nicolaus Thingeyrensis in 1157. This was, of course, one of the great objects of contention at the time of the pillage, and what was believed to be the relic was seized by the Bishop of Soissons and sent to the Abbey of St. Jean des Vignes at Soissons in 1205, where a festival was instituted in its honour on June 27th, and long celebrated. A duplicate, however, seems to have come into the hands of the Emperor Baldwin II., who pawned it to Otho of Cicons, Lord of Carystos, for 5,000 gold *hyperperas* ($13,500), the reliquary alone being valued at 300 *hyperperas*. Baldwin was unable to pay this debt, and, in 1261, by a chrysobull dated Athens, October, 1261 (the only one extant in French), after the Greeks had retaken Constantinople, gave Otho complete possession of it. He, in turn, presented it, in 1263, to the Abbey of Citraux, where also a feast was instituted. Both of these objects were destroyed during the French Revolution.

No sooner had the Latins been permanently expelled from Constantinople than what was claimed to be the genuine arm of St. John the Baptist, which had been fortunately concealed, was again publicly shown in Constantinople, to which there is various testimony. When, two hundred years later, in 1453, Constantinople was taken by the Turks, most of the precious articles found in the churches were deposited in the Sultan's treasury; not on account of their religious, but their pecuniary value. The story runs, that when, in consideration of the detention of Jem by the knights of St. John, the Sultan wished to make a fine present, he called the Imperial interpreter or dragoman, a Greek Christian, and asked if there were anything in his treasury which the knights would particularly appreciate. This relic was brought out and was sent to Rhodes. It was preserved with great care, and when the knights had to abandon Rhodes, was taken to Malta. In 1798 the Emperor Paul of Russia was elected Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, and on the breaking up of the Order, the arm of St. John in its ancient reliquary was transferred to the chapel of the Winter Palace of St. Petersburg, where I have had the privilege of examining it carefully. I would fain believe it to be genuine; and in consideration of its fairly made out

history for the last fifteen hundred years, would be willing to pass over the uncertainty of the previous three hundred. It may be said, however, that local traditions last very long in the East, and, taking into account the peculiar sanctity which surrounded John the Baptist in his lifetime, his reputation as a holy man, and the manner of his death, it would not be at all surprising that the memory of his burial-place should outlast the fall of Jerusalem and endure for centuries.

The question with regard to the other relic—the Holy Lance—is somewhat different. What was claimed to be the iron lance-head was also preserved in the Imperial Palace of Bucoleon along with other relics of the Passion. But while it is possible that pious hands may have placed with the Cross, the crown of thorns, the nails, the reed, the sponge, etc., and that they were thus preserved and afterwards found, it can, with difficulty, be supposed that the unknown Roman soldier who pierced the side of Christ should have so greatly infringed his severe discipline as to give up his spear, part of his military equipment—to preserve which he was bound both in honour and duty. Be that as it may, what purported to be the lance-head, together with similar relics, were pawned by Emperor Baldwin II., when in his straits, to the Vene-

tians. It was redeemed by King Louis IX. of France (Saint Louis) and deposited in the Sainte Chapelle at Paris, together with a large piece of the true Cross and the crown of thorns, in 1239. Eight years afterwards full property in them was given by Baldwin to Louis. The relic is not mentioned as existing at Constantinople after the return of the Greeks. It would seem, therefore, as if the Turks, in consequence of the success which they had had with the arm of John the Baptist, were willing to practise upon Christian credulity. There was a conference of Cardinals to discuss the question as to how the present sent by the Sultan to the Pope should be received. The existence of a similar relic in the Sainte Chapelle at Paris was well known, and it was asserted that another lance-head, claiming to be authentic, existed at Nuremberg. The Cardinals, therefore, were of opinion that it would be best to receive the present quietly, without show, in order to avoid scandal; and that meanwhile its history should be enquired into, and also that a commission should be sent to Paris and to Nuremberg, to investigate the claims of the objects there preserved. Innocent VIII., however, was impatient and overruled his advisers. The Archbishop of Arles and the Bishop of Foligno were sent to Ancona to receive the relic from the hands



of the Turkish Ambassador, and subsequently the Cardinals were sent as far as Narni to meet it, a public proclamation was made announcing its arrival, and on the Feast of the Ascension, May 31, 1492, it was received in Rome with great pomp, with a fine procession, the houses all being decorated and the streets strewn with flowers. An inscription and bas-relief in St. Peter's record the event, and the relic is still shown to the public on high feast days. Some of those present on these occasions cannot but remember that it was part of the price paid for Prince Jem.

NICE, March, 1889.

BERNADOTTE'S QUEEN

The recent death of Count François Clary, ex-Senator of the Empire, naturally brings up remembrances of the Clary family, which—except, of course, the Bonapartes—was, on the whole, the most distinguished of the new families created by the French Revolution. Its founder was also François Clary, a wealthy merchant of Marseilles who died in 1794, before the social fortune of his family had been dreamed of. He had two sons, one of whom succeeded to the business, and four daughters. Of these one married a member of the well-known family of Villeneuve; another, Baron Antoine de St. Joseph, a remarkable economist, who belonged to a family of magistrates, and had distinguished himself by travels and commercial combinations. He lived at Constantinople for ten years as head of a commercial house, and finally projected a commercial alliance between Russia, Poland, and France to develop French commerce with the Black Sea. The idea was warmly taken up by Catharine II., and was adopted by the French

Government on the recommendation of the Abbé Raynal, with the aid of Count de Ségur; and it was successful. Timber and other merchandise were brought by the Dnieper, the Black Sea, and the Mediterranean to Marseilles in three months, which, by the old route of the Baltic and the ocean, would have taken three years to arrive. Antoine amassed a large fortune, and in 1786 was made a Baron. One of his daughters married Marshal Suchet, Duc d'Albuféra; another, the Admiral Duc Décrès, Napoleon's Minister of Marine. François Clary's third daughter, Julie, married Joseph Bonaparte, and was Queen of Naples and of Spain. The fourth daughter, Désirée, married Bernadotte and died Queen of Sweden. His niece —the sister of the just deceased Count François Clary—married the Prince de Wagram, son of Marshal Berthier; and since then the Clarys have become allied with the Murats, the Niels, the Turennes, the La Croix-Lavals, and other distinguished families both of the Imperialist and the Legitimist aristocracy.

Baron Hochschild has recently published a little book, "Désirée, Reine de Suède et de Norvège" (Paris: Plon, 1888). As the author had seen much of the Queen's circle at Paris when he was a boy—his father being Swedish Minister there under the

Restoration—and as he was subsequently for many years her chamberlain, he is able, from her conversations and letters, to tell us much that is new and interesting. Bernardine Eugénie Désirée Clary was born in 1781, and was early sent to a conventual school; but her education was arrested by the suppression of the convents, and soon after her return home her father died. She had but slight recollections of her child-life at home, except when chance brought up some incident. On one of these she liked afterwards to dwell. There came one day to her father's house a quartermaster-sergeant with a billet for quartering soldiers. As her father hated the row and disturbance which soldiers generally made, he sent him off with a letter to his colonel asking for an officer or two instead. The sergeant thus turned off was Bernadotte. In 1794, after her father's death, her elder brother was arrested. Her sister-in-law was in despair, for the Revolutionary tribunals were terribly expeditious. She resolved, therefore, to go and see the Deputy Albitte; and, not wishing to be alone, took Désirée with her. There was a crowd of people in the waiting-room, and, owing to weariness, heat, and emotion, the little girl fell asleep. When she woke up at the noise of a door being shut, she found herself in total darkness, except for

a lantern shining from the adjoining room. As it turned out, her sister had hesitated to awake her when she went in to see the Deputy; and then, being in a great hurry to deliver the order for her husband's release, had left her, thinking she could easily find her way home.

"Meanwhile, I was somewhat frightened, not understanding at all my situation, when I perceived that I was no longer alone. At the movement which I made, a man, who came out of the Deputy's room, approached me, and, looking at me with surprise, asked how I came to be there all alone at that hour. When I explained to him what had happened, he reassured me about the fate of my brother, and added: 'A little lady like you cannot go alone in the streets at night, so I will walk home with you.' On the way home we talked so much that we became very good friends. As he went away, I said that my mother would certainly like to thank him herself for the care he had taken of me, and begged him to call upon her. 'Then you will present me to your family one of these days?' he said. 'With pleasure,' I replied; 'meanwhile I should like to tell them the name of the gentleman who has protected me this evening.' 'That is perfectly right—you may tell them that my name is Joseph Bonaparte.'"

The call was made the next day: Bonaparte soon became intimate with the Clary family, and

before many weeks had passed was engaged to marry Désirée as soon as she should reach the age of sixteen—she being then only about thirteen. Joseph often spoke about his brother Napoleon, who had just drawn attention to himself at the siege of Toulon. When, soon after, he came to Marseilles, he was taken to see the Clarys. He was at that time full of noisy gaiety and quite a good fellow.

"His arrival," Queen Désirée related, "soon brought about a change in our plans for the future. We had not known each other long when he said: 'In a good household one of the married pair ought to yield to the other. Now, Joseph, you have an undecided character, and it is the same with Désirée; while Julie and I know what we want. You would do better, then, to marry Julie; and, Désirée,' he added (taking me on his knees), 'she shall be my wife.' And that is the way that I became betrothed to Napoleon."

Joseph and Julie were married soon after; and before Napoleon's departure from Marseilles—where he had excited against himself great difficulties, and had even been called to appear before the bar of the Convention—Mme. Clary had consented to his marriage with Désirée as soon as she should be sixteen. Napoleon and Désirée at first

wrote often to each other; but of this correspondence there are preserved only the drafts of some of her letters. He was taken up with his affairs at Paris, and his letters to his fiancée became less frequent, though he never wrote to Joseph without mentioning her. She had then gone with her mother to stay with Joseph, who had been charged with a Government mission at Genoa. Meanwhile, Napoleon had fallen in love with Mme. de Beauharnais, and his letters to his brother showed more indifference to his little Désirée—or his Eugénie, as he preferred to call her. At the same time he had a little pique because, in 1795, during a journey in Liguria, she, either offended by his apparent neglect or alarmed at reports of his intimacy with Mme. de Beauharnais, had for a time ceased writing to him. He asked Joseph in one letter whether one passed the river Lethe in going to Genoa; and advised him not to give the portrait which he had sent "to one who seemed to have forgotten him, unless she asked for it again." Désirée, however, was not as inconstant as Napoleon imagined. She told afterwards how much she had suffered from his abandonment of her; and her young friends, to whom she had evidently communicated her sorrows, were satisfied of the same thing. When Napoleon married Josephine, Désirée, who was

only fourteen, wrote him a touching letter, such as an older person would probably not have written:

"After a year of absence, I thought I was nearly happy, and was hoping to see you again soon and become the happiest of women in marrying you. But no! your marriage has made all my felicity vanish. It is true that I was in the wrong towards you; but you would have found me again so tender, so constant, that I was daring to flatter myself that you would pardon me everything. The day of your leaving Marseilles was very painful for me; but at least I had the hope of being one day married to you. Now the only consolation that remains to me is to know that you believe in my constancy; after which I desire only death. Life is a frightful torment to me since I can no longer consecrate it to you. I wish you all sorts of happiness and prosperity in your marriage; and hope that the wife you have chosen will render you as happy as I purposed to do, and as you deserve. But in the midst of your happiness do not altogether forget Eugénie, and pity her lot."

Wounds of the heart—especially at that early age—are soon healed; but although Désirée forgave Napoleon, she always kept a little grudge against Josephine, who had taken him from her. Sixty years afterwards she says:

"For a man of genius like Napoleon to let himself be subdued by an elderly coquette of notably

doubtful repute, proves him without any experience of women. Even after his second marriage, Josephine made herself talked about, and it was not without good reason that her husband required her to join him during the Italian campaign, and that on his return from Egypt he determined to separate from her."

Mme. Clary and her daughter continued to live in Genoa as long as Joseph Bonaparte remained there, and Désirée became very intimate with Mme. Faipoult, the wife of the French Minister, who had a charming salon, frequented by all well-bred French who had taken refuge in Genoa, and by many officers of the army of Italy. Here General Duphot paid court to her, but his addresses were rejected. Faipoult, who was interested in Duphot, was anxious to forward his prospects by a marriage not only brilliant from a pecuniary point of view but on account of the relationship to Bonaparte, and succeeded in having Duphot attached to Joseph Bonaparte's embassy to Rome, besides obtaining a promise from Désirée to receive him politely. Duphot had meanwhile communicated to Napoleon his hopes and wishes, and the latter—doubtless desirous that his old love should marry as soon as possible—wrote to his brother: "General Duphot will deliver to you this letter. I recommend him to you

as a very good fellow. He will speak to you of a marriage which he wishes to make with your sister-in-law, an alliance which I think to her advantage; he is a distinguished officer."

Whatever might have happened—and there were serious obstacles in the shape of an illegitimate child of Duphot—his death put an end to everything. The arrival of an embassy from the French Republic caused a crowd to assemble in the neighbourhood of their palace and make manifestations against the Papal Government. On the evening of December 27, 1797, the Papal troops interfered and fired on the mob. Joseph Bonaparte, Duphot, and Adjutant-General Sherlock went out to stop the conflict. Duphot was simply massacred by the soldiers; the others had barely time to reënter the house. His body was afterwards recovered and brought in. Joseph Bonaparte, in describing the event to Talleyrand, says: "My wife and her sister, who was going to be next day the bride of the brave Duphot, were forcibly carried away by my secretaries and two young artists." Baron Hochschild in 1856 read aloud to Queen Désirée the correspondence of Joseph Bonaparte, and the Queen interrupted him with: "But that is not true; Joseph merely wanted to make a fine phrase. I should never have married Duphot, who did not at all

please me." Désirée left Rome with Joseph Bonaparte immediately afterwards. Her stay there had been so short that she had not even had time to go to St. Peter's; and her sole recollection of Rome was the terrible scene she had witnessed from the top of the staircase of the French Embassy, when the mangled body of Duphot was brought in.

On her return to France, her beauty, her wealth, and her connection with the Bonapartes brought her numbers of admirers. One of the proposals for her hand is charmingly told. After his return from Iceland in 1856, Prince Napoleon came to Stockholm accompanied by the Duc d'Abrantès (son of Junot), who asked for a private audience of the Queen Dowager Désirée. When it was over, Hochschild found her thoughtful and dreamy. "To think," she said, "that I could have married his father! There was a time when Junot proposed to me, but he was awkward about it, and asked Marmont to do it for him. Ah! if Marmont had spoken in his own name—who knows? I should perhaps have said 'Yes'; he was so handsome."

In 1798, Bernadotte, who was then a general of division, had been Ambassador at Vienna, and was soon to be a Minister of War—no longer the Sergeant Bernadotte who had knocked in vain for lodgings at the door of the Clary House at Mar-

seilles, but who was now intimate with Joseph Bonaparte—proposed to Désirée. She did not know him well, but, as she said, "he was something different from the others I had refused, and I consented to marry him when they told me that he was a strong enough man to hold his own against Napoleon." The marriage took place on August 17, 1798. Napoleon was in Egypt, and used no influence in the matter. When he heard of it he wrote to Joseph: "I wish happiness to Désirée if she marries Bernadotte, for she deserves it."

The Bernadottes settled in Paris, and the next year their only son was born, who was afterwards known as King Oscar I. Happy, both as a wife and mother, Désirée saw Napoleon, after his return from Egypt, without embarrassment, and their relations always remained very cordial. She several times had the power of warding off his wrath from men who, he thought, opposed his plans. But Bernadotte, being a good general, had frequently to be absent; and Désirée would have passed a lonely time had she not, in addition to her child, had the society of her sister Julie. The letters of Bernadotte to his wife, written when he commanded in La Vendée, are interesting, because they show him rather as a paternal friend and counsellor—he was twenty years older—than as a husband, although

there is occasionally noticeable a little marital jealousy. Bernadotte himself gave no cause to his wife to be jealous, which seems to have piqued Mme. Récamier, to whom he was apparently devoted. "Explain to me," she said one day to Mme. Bernadotte, "how it happens that whenever your husband chances to be alone with me in the woods, he always talks about politics." It is amusing, too, to find that, three years after her marriage, Mme. Bernadotte was taking music and dancing lessons, to the great delight of her husband, who was anxious to have her complete her education.

The proclamation of the Empire and the promotion of Bernadotte to be Marshal made little impression on his wife. She had seen so many extraordinary things since she was a child that everything seemed natural. So also, when he was made Prince of Pontecorvo—though she feared for a moment that it would be her duty to settle in Italy, according to the wish of a deputation from the little principality, until she was told that it was merely a title, without responsibility. When Bernadotte was sent as governor to Hanover, and afterwards to Hamburg as commander-in-chief, they were separated for a long time, but they were in constant correspondence, and she was able to keep him informed of everything going on in France. At

this time she lived quietly in the hôtel which they had bought in the Rue d'Anjou St.-Honoré, and enjoyed the society of sisters, nieces, and other friends who, for political and various reasons, did not care to frequent the gaieties of the Tuileries and St. Cloud. Although her relations with Napoleon were always pleasant—he even gave her one of the three splendid fur cloaks presented to him by the Czar Alexander at the interview at Erfurt—her antipathy to the Empress Josephine and to Queen Hortense kept her from the Tuileries except on official occasions. She had parted regretfully from her sister Julie on the latter becoming Queen of Naples, but as Julie refused to follow her husband to Spain, the intercourse of the sisters was constant till 1814, when the Bonapartes were expelled from France.

After the battle of Wagram, Napoleon openly showed his dislike to Bernadotte; but a partial reconciliation was patched up, and the latter was appointed Ambassador to Rome in order to get him out of the way. Before he had started for his post, however, he was elected Crown Prince of Sweden. His wife received the news with perfect indifference; she had never interested herself about foreign countries except Italy and Spain, and would probably have been puzzled to tell where Sweden was situ-

ated. "I thought," she said, "that it was like Pontecorvo—some place of which we were merely going to take the title." She was in despair when she found that she was to go and live there and be separated from her family and friends. Nevertheless, she resigned herself, and arrived at Stockholm soon after her husband. Although she was touched by the old King's reception of her, yet she could not resist the temptation of returning to Paris, especially as none of her French ladies were willing to stay in Sweden. Bernadotte did not oppose her departure. We do not know his exact reasons; he may not have felt sure of his position in Sweden so long as the dispossessed Prince of Vasa was alive and the political relations of the Continent were unsettled; but we know that he felt sure that the Empire of Napoleon would not endure for long. He may have had some ambition to be Napoleon's successor; at all events, Bourrienne says that the Emperor Alexander gave him to understand at the interview at Abo in 1812 that the fall of Napoleon would not necessitate the return of the Bourbons, and that if Frenchmen should offer him supreme power, he could count on the assistance of Russia.

The Crown Princess, under the name of Countess of Gotland, returned to her old hôtel in Paris, which she continued to occupy for thirteen years. She re-

ceived not only her old friends, but all the Swedes of distinction who passed through Paris. She was in constant correspondence with her husband, informed him of what was going on, and was on several occasions intermediary between him and French political men. Her position in 1813–14, after Bernadotte had alienated French sympathy by taking part against Napoleon, was a difficult one. The person whom she saw with most pleasure, outside of her intimate circle, was the Queen of Westphalia, "who was," she used to say, "a good-hearted woman, always ready to sacrifice herself to duty. Although our husbands were in opposite camps, she never ceased showing to me her sympathy and friendship." When, after the restoration, Louis XVIII. had expressed a desire to be agreeable to her, she thought she might interfere in favour of her sister, the ex-Queen of Spain. But the King was inexorable.

Charles XIII. died in 1818; but the new Queen constantly saw reasons for adjourning her departure from Paris. She said one day, speaking of music: "I was playing the overture to the 'Caliph of Bagdad' when the death of the King was announced to me; since then, I have never touched my piano, thinking that when one is Queen one ought not to play badly." In 1822 she went to Aix-la-

Chapelle to meet her son Oscar, who was then travelling on the Continent; it not having been considered best for him to enter France. She had not seen him for twelve years, and found him a handsome young man. The few days they passed together probably hastened her departure for Sweden. She then went to Brussels to meet her sister Julie Bonaparte, who had obtained especial permission to come there for the marriage of her daughter Zenaïde with her cousin Charles. As she wished to prolong her stay there, the Queen of Sweden wrote to Mme. de Récamier to use her influence to that end with her friend Mathieu de Montmorency, then Minister of Foreign Affairs. Before returning to Paris, she went to Switzerland and stayed some time at Prangins. While there, she received the news of the betrothal of her son with the Princess Josephine de Leuchtenberg, the eldest daughter of Eugène Beauharnais. The marriage by proxy took place at Munich; and at the same time Queen Désirée left Paris so as to meet her daughter-in-law at Lübeck and arrive at Stockholm with her. Josephine was at that time barely sixteen years of age, and took with her her favourite doll.

The Queen had had every intention of returning to Paris, but the King would not allow it. Although they had been separated from each other

during nearly the whole twenty-five years of their wedded life, the King had a great respect and affection for her. He was, however, unaccustomed to family life; and although Prince Oscar and his wife inhabited the same palace, they all had separate suites of apartments. Gradually she accustomed herself to this life of isolation, which she felt all the more on account of her ignorance of Swedish, and of the lack of French society. A southerner of southerners, she could not find the persons who surrounded her sufficiently sympathetic; and her great resource was to think and talk of her dear Paris, where her hôtel stood ready to receive her at any moment. The birth of numerous grandchildren gradually filled the void of her life; but once, after the death of her husband, she actually started to return to Paris on a frigate commanded by her grandson the Duke of Ostrogothia, the present King Oscar. But, after getting a few leagues from Carlscrona, she felt herself unable to leave her land of adoption and returned. She afterwards pretended that this was only due to sea-sickness. Although she knew that she never should see Paris again, she became much alarmed by the plans of Baron Haussmann for the embellishment of the city. She could not bear the thought that the house where she had spent the pleasantest years of her life should be de-

molished. The Emperor Napoleon, hearing of her anxiety from his Minister at Stockholm, gave orders that her house should be respected until her death. This occurred peacefully and quietly on December 17, 1860, after she had already seen her grandson crowned King of Sweden.

MARSEILLES, March 9, 1889.

THE ITALY OF HAWTHORNE

There are few books put so often into the hands of English and American visitors to Rome as Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," or, as it is more generally known here, "Transformation," from the cheap and widely circulated Tauchnitz edition, which has followed the English title. Pilgrimages are made to what is now generally known as Hilda's Tower; and when young ladies go to the Capuchin church to see the picture of Guido, they almost dread to find a dead monk laid out and bleeding from the nostrils. The book gives a strong impression of local colour.

Like everyone else in America, I read the book soon after its first appearance, and was naturally struck by the mysteriousness and fancifulness of the story, which, in my ignorance of Italy, seemed perfectly possible. I was deluded by this feigned impression of local colour; and as Ruskin and the other art teachers of the moment were then decrying Raphael and all the more modern painters, we were inclined to agree with Hawthorne that nothing better could be done with many frescoes and paintings

than to whitewash or burn them, without reflecting that the works of art thus devoted to destruction were those so highly praised by the pre-Raphaelite school. Twenty years later the book came into my hand one day at a hotel in Perugia. I had some dim remembrance of the scenes laid there; but when I found that there had been given to the cathedral a wonderfully beautiful façade which does not exist and never has been built, the book was impatiently thrown aside. It is plain enough that the front of the great church at Siena is meant, as it is described in the romance in almost the same words as in Hawthorne's "Italian Notebooks," and the error may be due to a freak of memory.

Again, out of idle curiosity, I have read the book. But this time it amused me to make contemporaneously a study of all that is published under Hawthorne's name, including his "Notebooks" as well as his various biographies. It is a sad confession to say that, after all, the book of his which I look back to with most affection, and which I have just learned that he chiefly wrote—"Peter Parley's Universal History"—was not published with his name.

It is interesting to study the manner in which Hawthorne's novels were made up; and for this the materials are ample. Few authors have been so thoroughly exploited by their family as Hawthorne:

it would seem as if there were scarcely a scrap of his writing still remaining unpublished, except that, with a certain amount of deference to his feelings, some passages of his "Notebooks" have been omitted which would be of the greatest interest to us, as they have admittedly been rewritten or used with slight changes as component parts of his finished works. It is impossible to agree with his latest biographer that it is idle and useless to study Hawthorne's life and books in connection. Whatever may be the case with his family, it is certainly not true for us, that "if he had never written a line, he would still have possessed, as a human being, scarcely less interest and importance than he does now." Nor has for us "his literary phase seemed a phase only, and not the largest or most characteristic." Indeed, for the world at large, this phase is the only important part of his life, and in general we care to know only so much of his biography as throws light on his books.

We wait with sympathetic impatience for the book of Mr. James Russell Lowell, who knew Hawthorne more or less intimately—so far as one could really know him. Of what has been published, the biography by his son Julian Hawthorne is too long and trivial, although it contains many interesting details. The best thing, on the whole, is the ap-

preciative little book of Mr. Henry James, which does, in some sense, justice—although many Americans say injustice—to Hawthorne's surroundings during the first fifty years of his life.

For a study of the composition of the first two American romances the materials are scanty or have been withheld. The ideas of both plots come from old New England traditions, and the stories themselves are similar to those in "Twice-Told Tales" and "Mosses from an Old Manse," although developed to far greater length and with more minuteness of detail. We know also that Hawthorne, when he wrote the "Scarlet Letter," was in a very gloomy state of mind, owing to his having recently been turned out of his position as Surveyor of the Salem Custom-house. This may account in part for the sad tone of the book. The "House of the Seven Gables" was written in happier moments and amid brighter scenes — the charming landscape of the Berkshire Hills. But even Lenox was not always pleasing to him, for he says in a letter:

"This is a horrible, horrible, hor-ri-ble climate: one knows not, for ten minutes together, whether he is too cool or too warm; but he is always one or the other, and the constant result is a miserable disturbance of the system. I detest it! I detest it!

I detest it! I hate Berkshire with my whole soul, and would joyfully see its mountains laid flat."

The "Blithedale Romance" was written, after another change of residence, in West Newton, a rural suburb of Boston, where—as his son says—"the omnipresent ugliness compels a man to write in self-defence." The background of the book is, of course, Brook Farm, where Hawthorne spent a year as a participator in that absurd and fantastic socialistic experiment. Much of the charm of the book is due to personal reminiscence, and in Miles Coverdale Hawthorne treated himself in a humourous, semi-autobiographic way—much as he has done in his private letters and in the introduction to the "Scarlet Letter." In Zenobia, we seem to have a glimpse of Margaret Fuller, as she appeared to the imagination of those who did not know her, in spite of the great want of likeness. But, as Mr. Henry James very well says:

"There is no strictness in the representation by novelists of persons who have struck them in life, and there can in the nature of things be none. From the moment the imagination takes a hand in the game, the inevitable tendency is to divergence, to following what may be called new scents. The original gives hints, but the writer does what he likes with them, and imports new elements into the picture."

It is on the whole to be regretted that President Pierce ever gave to his friend that Nessus shirt of the consulate at Liverpool. That productive artistic power which had culminated in the "Blithedale Romance," ceased for a long time; and neither "Our Old Home" nor "The Marble Faun" reached the level of the American novels. Hawthorne was greatest when on his native soil and writing about characters whose nature he could understand and appreciate. English life, notwithstanding its many resemblances and points of connection, was to him always a foreign one. In spite of his long residence at Liverpool and of his frequent trips to all parts of England, and the possibility of many and interesting acquaintances, he could never assimilate himself to English life, nor even thoroughly accustom himself to English surroundings. In Liverpool he lived in a second-rate or even fifth-rate boarding-house, confining himself chiefly to the society of American ship-captains. Although often in London for months at a time, he saw very little of London society, even of its literary coteries. He himself felt his isolation, for he several times mentions it—rather, however, as if it were a praiseworthy thing, and one to be proud of. In a London suburb, he says, "the preceding occupant of the house (evi-

dently a most unamiable person in his lifetime) scowled inhospitably from above the mantlepiece, as if indignant that an American should try to make himself at home there." And again, in his journal, "I seem to myself like a spy or a traitor when I meet their eyes, and am conscious that I neither hope nor fear in sympathy with them, although they look at me in full confidence of sympathy. Their heart 'knoweth its own bitterness,' and as for me, being a stranger and an alien, I 'intermeddle not with their joy.'" And yet Hawthorne had two very good English friends, Henry A. Bright and Francis Bennoch—the former of whom, however, he had first met in America.

It is absurd to say, with Hawthorne's son, that few Americans ever journeyed thither "better equipped than they [his parents] for appreciating and enjoying what lay before them." Doubtless they had read many books, though the absence of allusions to reading or to interest in any book of the day in Hawthorne's extremely objective note-books and journals is as curious as the lack of mention of any love of literature in his biography. Poetry and literary and historical associations had prepared their imagination for appreciating what they were about to see; but very often external circumstances interfered. This is especially noticeable in Italy.

The journey, chiefly by sea, from Marseilles to Rome was wretched. Genoa seemed cheerless; Leghorn and Civita Vecchia were worse. During the early part of the stay at Rome the weather was cold, though sunny; then rain came on, and Hawthorne caught cold, and finally had to sit shivering over a fire in hope of warmer weather. Even after this he was not comfortable nor happy. As he knew almost no Italian, he could not enter into the life of the people, and his daily walks through the streets of Rome and in the Campagna could only show him the outside of things. As his son says, he cared less and sympathised less with Italy than he had done with England:

"Upon Italy, however, his eyes rested with no deeper sentiment than belongs to a respectful and intelligent curiosity. He had no personal stake in the matter; whatever faults or perfections Italy might possess were merely phenomenal to him, not vital. The Italian genius had no affiliations with his own; it was objective to his mind—something to examine and speculate about, not intuitively to apprehend. The Italian people might be what they chose, and do what they liked; his equanimity would remain undisturbed."

The journey from Rome to Florence was an agreeable change, and he wrote in his diary:

"I absolutely walk on the smooth stones of Florence for the mere pleasure of walking; and, warm as the weather is getting to be, I never feel that inclination to sink down in a heap and never stir again, which was my dull torment and misery as long as I stayed at Rome. I hardly think there can be a place in the world where life is more delicious for its own simple sake than here."

Part of that summer and autumn he spent at the Villa Montauto, on the hill of Bellosguardo, which has one of the most beautiful views of the neighbourhood, looking on one side over and beyond Florence towards Vallombrosa, and on the other over the valley of the Arno far off towards Pistoia. It was so near as to enable him to walk into Florence almost daily. Scarcely had he returned to Rome when one of his daughters was taken down with Roman fever, and for four months he was too anxious and despairing to enjoy the life of Rome. Perhaps from his ignorance of the language, Hawthorne apparently made no Italian acquaintances, and, with few exceptions, seems to have known no one outside the American and English colonies. He saw something of Mr. W. W. Story and something of the Brownings; had occasional glimpses of Mrs. Jameson, Miss Bremer, T. A. Trollope, Gibson, and Read, as well as of passers-by such as Mr. Bryant,

of whom he always speaks very harshly; Mr. Hamilton Fish, Mr. John P. Kennedy, and his old friend ex-President Pierce. But his chief intimate friends were apparently a few American painters and sculptors, such as Brown and Thompson at Rome and Powers at Florence. Yet, although these sufficed to interest him and helped him to pass the time, he saw their shortcomings and felt their inferiority. Of one of them he wrote, and the description is applicable to more than one:

"Mr. —— has now been ten years in Italy, and after all this time he is entirely American in everything but the most external surface of his manners; scarcely Europeanised or much modified even in that. He is a native of ——, but had his early breeding in New York, and might, for any polish that I can discern in him, still be a country shopkeeper in the interior of New York State or New England. How strange! For one expects to find the polish, the close grain and white purity of marble in the artist who works in that noble material; but after all he handles *clay*, and, judging by the specimens I have seen here, is apt to *be* clay—not of the finest—himself."

He saw through all their little quarrels and jealousies, and remarks once: "I repeat these things only as another instance how invariably every sculp-

tor uses his chisel and mallet to smash and deface the marble work of every other."

Mrs. Hawthorne had some notions of art. She had dallied with brush and pencil, and had once "copied so perfectly a highly finished landscape of Allston that (as Ellery Channing said), being framed alike, when the two pictures were seen together even Franklin Dexter did not know which was which." Having, therefore, some notions of art, her great delight in Italy was to visit the galleries and study the pictures, trying, like so many others who can be seen there nowadays, to discover their inward meaning, but not perhaps always succeeding. Hawthorne, on the contrary, had not the least feeling for art. There are persons who by experience and hard work can become good judges of pictures and learn to tell copies from originals; can even get to appreciate the possibilities of an artist from his early attempts, and whose opinion, therefore, as connoisseurs, is worth having. These in the end must get to be fond of pictures, if only in a technical way, although in point of fact they are only a finer kind of tea-tasters and wine-tasters. Hawthorne had not even this quality, but, because he thought it was his duty, he dragged himself wearily through miles of picture galleries, though admitting to himself that it was a great trial, as he

could never take in more than a few objects at a time. Sculpture he thought he could appreciate, but he disliked the nude. "I do not altogether see the necessity of ever sculpturing another nakedness. Man is no longer a naked animal; his clothes are as natural to him as his skin, and sculptors have no more right to undress him than to flay him." But as to pictures he was in a hopeless state of confusion. He wanted the colors all strong, bright, and fresh, and even then they often lacked the charm of being in brilliant frames; just as he thought that the mosaic of the "Transfiguration" must give a better representation of Raphael's idea than the original picture in its present state, and just as he preferred the churches which had the most gaudy interiors of coloured and polished marbles. While admitting his ignorance, he was somewhat astonished at Mrs. Jameson, who took him on a drive one day.

"She says that she can read a picture like a page of a book; in fact, without perhaps assuming more taste and judgment than really belong to her, it was impossible not to perceive that she gave her companion no credit for knowing one single simplest thing about art. Nor, on the whole, do I think she underrated me; the only mystery is how she came to be so well aware of my ignorance on artistical points."

A few of Hawthorne's remarks about art are almost necessary to the understanding of his Roman novel, but we must remember that they were based on Mrs. Hawthorne's judgments, though passed through his own alembic:

"*February 20, 1858.*—As regards Beatrice Cenci, I might as well not try to say anything, for its spell is indefinable, and the painter has wrought it in a way more like magic than anything else. . . . It is the most profoundly wrought picture in the world; no artist did it, nor could do it again. Guido may have held the brush, but he painted better than he knew. I wish, however, it were possible for some spectator of deep sensibility to see the picture without knowing anything of its subject or history; for no doubt we bring all our knowledge of the Cenci tragedy to the interpretation of it."

"*February 21st.*—At St. Peter's we paused longest before Guido's 'Archangel Michael Overcoming Lucifer.' This is surely one of the most beautiful things in the world, one of the human conceptions that are imbued most deeply with the celestial."

And at the very end of his stay, in May, 1859, his judgment of the Cenci and of Guido's Archangel—the original of which he had just seen for the first time in the Church of the Capuchins—was substantially the same.

"*March 10, 1858.*—I am not going to try any more to receive pleasure from a faded, tarnished, lustreless picture, especially if it be a landscape. . . . The merits of historical painting may be quite independent of the attributes that give pleasure, and a superficial ugliness may even heighten the effect; but not so of landscapes."

"*April 16, 1858.*—Even Titian's flesh tints cannot keep, and have not kept, their warmth through all these centuries. The illusion and lifelikeness effervesces and exhales out of a picture as it grows old, and we go on talking of a charm that has for ever vanished."

"*April 22, 1858.*—I seemed to receive more pleasure from Mr. Brown's pictures than from any of the landscapes by the old masters; and the fact serves to strengthen me in the belief that the most delicate, if not the highest, charm of a picture is evanescent, and that we continue to admire pictures prescriptively and by tradition after the qualities which first won them their fame have vanished."

"*Florence, June 10, 1858.*—The collection of pictures is the most interesting that I have seen, and I do not yet feel in a condition, nor perhaps ever shall, to speak of a single one. It gladdened my heart to find that they were not darkened out of sight, nor apparently at all injured by time; but were well kept and varnished, brilliantly framed, and no doubt restored by skilful touches if any of them needed it. The artists and amateurs may say what they like; for my part I know no drearier feel-

ing than that inspired by a ruined picture—ruined, that is, by time, damp, or rough treatment—and I would a thousand times rather an artist should do his best towards reviving it than have it left in such a condition."

"*June 15, 1858.*—It is the sign, I presume, of a taste still very defective, that I take singular pleasure in the elaborate imitations of Van Mieris, Gerard Dow, and other Dutch wizards, who painted such brass pots that you can see your face in them, and such earthen pots that they will surely hold water; and who spent weeks and months in turning a foot or two of canvas into a perfect microscopic illusion of some homely scene. For my part, I wish Raphael had painted the Transfiguration in this style, at the same time preserving his breadth and grandeur of design; nor do I believe that there is any real impediment to the combination of the two styles, except that no possible space of human life would suffice to cover a quarter part of the canvas of the Transfiguration with such touches as Gerard Dow's."

"*June 28, 1858.*—In several of the chapels there were some of those distressing frescoes by Giotto, Cimabue, or their compeers which, whenever I see them—poor faded relics, looking as if the devil had been rubbing and scrubbing them for centuries in spite against the saints—my heart sinks and my stomach sickens. There is no other despondency like this; it is a new shade of human misery, akin to the physical disease that comes from dry-rot in

a wall. These frescoes are to a church what dreary old remembrances are to a mind—the drearier because they were once bright."

"*July 4, 1858.*—We next saw the famous picture of the Virgin, by Cimabue, which was deemed a miracle in its day, . . . and still brightens the sombre walls with the lustre of its gold ground. As to its artistic merits, it seems to me that the Babe Jesus has a certain air of state and dignity; but I could see no charm whatever in the broad-faced Virgin, and it would relieve my mind and rejoice my spirit if the picture were borne out of the church in another triumphal procession (like the one which brought it there) and reverently burnt."

Two or three more quotations seem to be necessary as showing Hawthorne's opinions about Italy, or especially about Rome:

"*Rome, February 3, 1858.*—Cold, narrow lanes between tall, narrow, mean-looking whitewashed houses, sour bread, pavements most uncomfortable to the feet, enormous prices for poor living; beggars, pickpockets, ancient temples and broken monuments, and clothes hanging to dry about them; French soldiers, monks and priests of every degree; a shabby population smoking bad cigars—these would have been some of the points of my description. Of course there are better and truer things to be said."

"*October 15, 1858.*—They are a lovable people,

these Italians, as I find from almost all with whom I come in contact; they have great and little faults and no great virtues that I know of, but still are sweet, amiable, pleasant to encounter, save when they beg, or when you have to bargain with them."

"*October 17, 1858.*—Now that I have known it once, Rome certainly draws into itself my heart as, I think, even London, or even little Concord itself, or old sleepy Salem, never did and never will."

"*May 29, 1859.*—Wednesday was the day fixed for our departure from Rome. . . . Methought it never looked so beautiful, nor the sky so bright and blue. I saw Soracte on the horizon, and I looked at everything as if for the last time; nor do I wish ever to see any of these objects again, though no place ever took so strong a hold of my being as Rome, nor ever seemed so close to me and so strangely familiar. I seem to know it better than my birthplace, and to have known it longer; and though I have been very miserable there, and languid with the effects of the atmosphere, and disgusted with a thousand things in its daily life, still I cannot say I hate it, perhaps might fairly own a love for it. But life being too short for such questionable and troublesome enjoyments, I desire never to set eyes on it again."

Now, with such impressions of Italy, how did Hawthorne ever come to write "The Marble Faun"? The draft of the tale was written during his summer stay at Bellosguardo. While at Rome

many ideas for stories had occurred to him, most of them of the idealised, semi-supernatural sort; and among others the notion of a human being descending from and partaking of the characteristics of the old pagan sylvan deities had come to him in looking at the statues of fauns in the Capitoline Museum and at the Villa Borghese, as well as on seeing some of the herdsmen of the Campagna, with their shaggy goat-skin breeches, so like the satyrs of olden time. Doubtless the talks with Powers and Browning on spiritualism and kindred topics had also their influence. The idea of the story, so far as there is one, is the awakening to life of a hitherto dormant moral nature through crime; as well as the influence of crime on the character of persons who are intimately connected with one, though not accomplices, or who are simply involuntarily brought into contact with one.

One of the most clever of contemporary French critics, M. Émile Faguet, in speaking of "Adolphe," by Benjamin Constant, says that the field offered to each author for writing a psychological novel is a very restricted one.

"The nature of such a novel consists in seizing and expressing human feelings not so much in their outward manifestations as in their very es-

sence; in the painful contraction or in the delightful thrill from which they spring or with which they are accompanied at the outset, in the most remote recesses of the moral being. The only feelings in that state that we know are our own; or, rather, the most observant and most independent realise only their own and those of the persons most nearly associated with them, with whose life they have lived. It follows that the psychological romance cannot and ought not to be other than very rare, on pain of being an artificial composition in a kind of writing which does not admit of artifice. To speak correctly, a writer does not make a psychological romance—he is possessed of it, and he has enough reactive power over his feelings to reproduce it. To invent one is almost a moral fault in the sense that it is a sort of falsehood; and as it is in a measure a sort of profanation to write one's own, the case is very rare where one can write what is true without being culpable, and one which is neither a crime nor a folly."

Now, there was in Hawthorne's life—as we learn from his biographer—an episode of this kind which had an important influence on his character, and enabled him to write with *connaissance de cause*. When he was about thirty, in consequence of a woman's intrigues, he sent a challenge to one of his friends, who, however, acted in a sensible manner and explained the misunderstanding so that the

duel never came off. Just after this one of his most intimate friends, Cilley, who had been recently elected to Congress, had been challenged by a Southerner, on a matter so unimportant that he thought it best to refuse, until someone said: "If Hawthorne was so ready to fight a duel without stopping to ask questions, you certainly need not hesitate." Cilley then accepted the challenge, fought, and was killed.

"When Hawthorne" (his son says) "was told of this, he felt as if he were almost as much responsible for his friend's death as was the man who shot him. He said little, but the remorse that came upon him was heavy and did not pass away. He saw that it was Cilley's high esteem for him which had led him to his fatal decision, and he was made to realise, with unrelenting clearness, how small a part of the consequences of a man's deed can be monopolised by the man himself. 'Had I not aimed at my friend's life,' was the burden of his meditation, 'this other friend might be still alive.' And if the reproach be deemed fanciful, it would not on that account be easier for Hawthorne to shake off. He had touched hands with crime, and all the rest was but a question of degrees."

Hawthorne had treated the theme briefly and well in one of the "Twice-Told Tales," soon after

the event had occurred. His application of his psychology in "The Marble Faun" was a failure, partly owing to the limitation of his powers, but chiefly from his want of knowledge and experience. With Hilda, the New England girl (supposed to be drawn from Mrs. Hawthorne), who is a mere spectator of a crime, the process of the struggles of conscience and feeling is successfully presented. In the mysterious past of Miriam he had a dim notion—as he himself confesses—of the murder of the Duchesse de Praslin, and here he told in a way his own story. He tried to show the effect on her character and moral nature of a crime with which she was in some way necessarily connected—perhaps as one of the causes—without being in any way an accomplice. But he made her endeavour to ward off the recollections and consequences of that crime by instigating the commission of another.

The great fault is in the portrait of Donatello. Hawthorne had evidently met one of those charming, frank, boyish young Italian gentlemen—amiable, always ready to serve or please, unconscious of himself, as perfectly natural as an animal, with good and right instincts, but otherwise, one might say, without a moral nature, and with little intellectual culture. Such young men are not uncom-

mon in Italy, and perhaps were more frequent in the Rome of those days, when there was no intellectual or political life. It was a character which Hawthorne, with his New England introspective nature, could not possibly understand; nor, being himself uncommunicative even in English, could he get at all well acquainted with the man. Seeing in him, therefore, something of the antique idea of the faun was very natural, and would have been a very pretty conceit had Hawthorne not dwelt on it too much, and almost endeavoured to prove it. The mistake was in endowing a Donatello of this kind with a New England conscience. The real Donatello might have murdered the man—as he was bidden to do by Miriam's eyes—but he would probably have thought no more about it; and it certainly would not have overwhelmed him with remorse, so long, at least, as his love for Miriam lasted, nor have created for him a moral nature. Not that all Italians are like Donatello, for there are many types, perhaps more plainly marked by sharp lines than among most peoples. But Italians of the conscientious, reflective character, with a rigid sense of right and duty, men of the type of Mazzini and Aurelio Saffi, are not like Donatello to begin with.

Nearly all the remaining material of the novel

comes from the " Notebooks." All the setting of the story, all that is called local colour, is to be found in the " Notebooks," almost in the same words as are used in the novel. Some passages, as that about the dead friar in the Capuchin Church with the blood flowing from his mouth, and that about the buffalo calf which gambolled about Kenyon, being given literally in the novel, were not even reprinted in the " Notebooks." The greater portion of the moonlight ramble at Rome is for the same reason omitted. All the visits to studios, the evenings with artists, the art-talk and criticism—even to the statement that Gibson's Venus was tinted with tobacco-juice—were skilfully put together by Hawthorne from his notes. There, too, may be found, at least in their germ, his reflections on the advantages and influences of Catholicism. The humours of the Carnival, again, and even such an incident as the discovery of the antique Venus, may be found there. Here, also, are Hilda's tower and the Villa Montauto, which is moved further back into the Apennines and christened Monte Beni, thus giving a title to the novel. The description of the landscape is taken very literally from the actual site as noted down, but, having removed it in place, the author felt at liberty to put in it what he thought it lacked—" the gleam of

water and the bright eyes of half-a-dozen little lakes looking heavenward." In the novel this reads—"A river gleamed across it, and lakes opened their blue eyes in its face, reflecting Heaven." This is more justifiable than applying the front of the Cathedral of Siena to the church at Perugia. They carried on the vintage at Monte Beni in the same way as at Montauto; and there, too, it was not so picturesque as cider-making in New England—"The great heap of golden or rosy apples under the trees, and the cider-mill worked by a circumgiratory horse, and all agush with sweet juice." And in both places the unripe wine did not taste as good as new cider. Mr. Kirkup of Florence, his spiritualism and his little girl, also were talked of at Monte Beni; and in the oratory of both houses were the same prints, the same alabaster skull, and in a glass case the same "little naked waxen boy like a cupid, holding up a heart resembling a bit of red sealing-wax."

There is no need to multiply instances. We can now understand the object of the notebooks which so puzzled Mr. Henry James, who thought that they were only for practice in keeping up a good English style. Hawthorne, even when he could see outside objects clearly, apparently could not remember accurately for long what he had seen.

He remembered only the impressions which had been made on him, and frequently his entries seem like impressions of his impressions. His notebooks were part of his working material; it was to them only he could say, in Browning's words:

> " Rescue me, thou the only real !
> And scare away this mad ideal
> That came, nor motions to depart ! "

Without the notebooks " The Marble Faun " would have been—to use Hawthorne's own expression—" all cloudland." But the recital of the details of the sources does not enlighten us as to how they could be transmuted into what is, after all, a great novel. That is a puzzle which can be solved only by assuming the possession by the author of what we agree to call genius.

ROME, May, 1889.



SAMUEL ROGERS

Rogers and his Contemporaries. By P. W. Clayden. London: Smith, Elder & Co.; Boston: Roberts Bros. 2 vols. 1889.

"I met Rhymer near your door, and he looked so unusually complacent that I guessed he had been at his old work, endeavouring to make some one dissatisfied. . . . You must not be disconcerted by his remarks, for, if I may be allowed to parody the observation applied to Charles II., I should say that Rhymer is known never to have *said* a kind thing, or never to have *done* an unkind one. He has come to the assistance of many a man of genius in those vicissitudes to which individuals of that class are more than any other liable when they depend on literature for support. Towards artists his good word to would-be patrons, possessed of more gold than taste, has never been wanting; yet, such is his peculiarity that, while ready to *serve*, he is seldom willing to avoid offending, and evidently finds a pleasure in saying disagreeable things. Even his compliments, and they are few and far between, have something in them which leaves those present in doubt whether they do not admit of another and less kind interpretation, although the individual to whom they are ad-

dressed may not be aware of it. . . . His age and infirmities screen him from the correction which his malice so frequently merits; and, aware of his impunity, he thinks himself privileged to annoy all those with whom he comes in contact. But no, not all; for to the rich and great he is as obsequious as he is insolent to those who are not in a position to gratify his *parvenu* taste for grandeur."

Such was the portrait of the poet Rogers as painted fifty years ago by Lady Blessington in her almost forgotten novel "Strathern"; and on the whole the characterisation is eminently just. It is borne out by his "Table-Talk," published soon after his death by his friend Alexander Dyce, much as that was decried at the time by some of Rogers's other friends; and by the remembrance of those who were intimate with him. At first sight the book before us would seem to give Rogers quite another character, especially in his earlier years; but, in summing all up, it comes to much the same thing.

In fact, Rogers had a very good heart and a very sharp tongue. He even took delight in saying disagreeable things, and

"had cultivated the habit of making caustic remarks until it had become a second nature. Sir

Henry Taylor tells us that his wit was in higher repute than any of his time except that of Sydney Smith; but while Sydney's was genial and good-humoured, that of Rogers was sarcastic and bitter. Rogers knew this and sometimes apologised for it. 'They tell me I say ill-natured things,' he observed to Sir Henry Taylor, in his slow, quiet, deliberate way. 'I have a very weak voice; if I did not say ill-natured things, no one would hear what I said.'"

His tongue was, a friend testifies,

"an incisive organ, never allowed to grow blunt or rusty, but kept bright and well pointed for needful occasions—moreover, always polite and always distinct, which immensely increased its effect; but, what has been forgotten by his detractors, it was strictly used for defence, never for provocation, and for defence of others quite as much as of himself. Although, therefore, within these limits, no one could better say a bitterer thing, yet all will admit that he never said a vulgar or a rude one, or that that small and distinct voice ever failed to be lifted up in praise of merit or defence of the injured."

To say, however, that Rogers's tongue was used solely in defence is saying too much. One remark of Lady Blessington's quoted above is made almost in the same words by Fanny Kemble Butler: "Although you say most cruel things (as I remember), you do, I know, many most kind ones; and I feel,

therefore, the more courage in addressing this prayer to you." One would think that this was the preamble of a request for an important service, whereas it was only a sort of formula in a letter of introduction given to Miss Catherine Sedgwick. Rogers duly invited Miss Sedgwick to breakfast, and she as duly reported it in print in an American journal, being sure that " his life flowed in a kindly current. K. told me he met him one winter in Paris, where he found him enjoying art like a young enthusiast, and knowing every boy's name in the street he lived in, and in friendship with them all."

That Rogers should receive Miss Sedgwick was but natural—the son of a man who put on mourning on hearing of the fight at Lexington, and who had himself given hospitality to Priestley after his house had been destroyed by the mob at Birmingham and on the eve of his departure for America, could not but be kind to Americans. He was indeed so kind that his hospitality was sometimes taxed, and he said, according to Mr. Sumner: " The Americans I have seen have generally been very agreeable and accomplished men, but there is too much of them; they take up too much of our time." But there they were; and if he objected to the number, he must have been pleased with the

quality of his guests—Cooper, Irving, Ticknor, Longfellow, Willis, Daniel Webster, Everett, Bancroft, Prescott, Sumner, and a host of others.

To go back: As to Rogers's goodness of heart there can be no question. Mrs. Norton says, rather tartly: "He gave what he valued least, money: not what he valued most, praise." But this was not only untrue, but unfair. Rogers, although a banker, never had money to throw away; he had money which was at the service of his friends, and for the assistance of those who needed it most. When Moore was in difficulties, Rogers lent him £500. Some time after it was repaid, Rogers asked him what he should do with that check, and on being told to present it for payment, said: "Well, if it is any convenience to you in your Bermuda business, to enable you to allege that you *have no means*, I will keep it for you." Subsequently he offered to lend him £1,000 to arrange his affair with Longmans. In the same way he lent money to the poet Campbell to buy a share in a magazine, who said that his only difficulty was in inducing Rogers to accept the repayment of the loan. Several times he helped Sheridan, and after his death there were found among his papers checks of Sheridan's which he had never presented. Much later in life he sent £200 to a friend who had been condemned by the

physicians and wanted to go to the Cape as his last hope. In telling his sister of it he wrote: "I think my money well spent if I never see it again."

Such instances might be greatly multiplied, but it was not only in money ways that Rogers was kind. He was willing to take great pains and trouble for his friends, his friends' friends, and even for people who had no claim upon him—whether it were simply in providing for their amusement, in obtaining them places in the British Museum, or under the Government (as with Cary, the translator of Dante, and others), or in negotiating with publishers for the publication of their works (as with Wordsworth). He got Sir Thomas Lawrence out of difficulties by inducing Lord Dudley to purchase some of his art-treasures. Like all men in his position, he had almost countless applications for favours; not all could be granted, and some had to remain unanswered. Hence, perhaps, the accusations against him of hardness of heart. Rogers was by no means a rich man, and his friends believed that his income in the later years of his life scarcely exceeded £2,000 a year. When his bank was robbed, in 1844, of about £47,000, it was thought at first that the loss might cripple the bank and possibly ruin him. Most of the money was ultimately recovered, but during the period of sus-

pense Rogers reduced his expenditures and gave up his carriage. One of the fabulous stories of his wealth and ostentation was manifestly impossible—that he had a million-pound note of the Bank of England framed in solid gold, and hanging in his drawing-room. What really hung there was Milton's receipt for the five pounds paid to him for the copyright of "Paradise Lost."

Rogers was never a handsome man. He was in his later years very bald, his countenance singularly pale—even cadaverous—and wrinkled. This unearthly pallor brought upon him many jokes from his friends, which he generally took in good part and rather enjoyed. "One day, when he had been visiting the catacombs with a party of friends, Rogers emerged last. 'Good-bye, Rogers,' said Lord Dudley, shaking his hand, and everybody understood the joke. Sydney Smith jocosely advised him, in having his portrait taken, to be drawn saying his prayers with his face in his hands." Carlyle, in a letter to Emerson, speaks of "Old Rogers with his pale head, white, bare, and cold as snow," and says he "will work on you with those large blue eyes, cruel, sorrowful; and that sardonic, shelf chin."

Rogers's life was so long that he could easily have repeated to persons now living details of

events occurring in the early part of the last century, told him by the actors in them. He had heard Blair and Robertson preach; had spent a day with Adam Smith; had known Fox and Grattan; had been intimate with Byron, Campbell, Moore and Scott, Wordsworth, Lamb and Coleridge, and afterwards knew Macaulay, Tennyson, Ruskin, and Gladstone. Such a long life naturally falls into periods: his early years, when he was himself managing the bank, living in the country, and making his poetical reputation; his middle life, after he had come to London in 1803, was making his way in London society, and his house in St. James's Place a centre of literature and conversation, and when he was still at intervals busy at his poetry; and, finally, the twenty years after he had published the illustrated edition of his poems, had given up writing, and was living only to enjoy life. The accounts of the middle period, which are the most entertaining, are, or rather were, to be found, until collected by Mr. Clayden, only in the memoirs and letters of his contemporaries. The "Reminiscences" and "Table-Talk," published after his death, naturally relate to his last period, and even the generation that noted them down has now almost passed away. These distinctions have to be remembered in considering Rogers, because his

memory failed him towards the end, and the same story, therefore, often assumes different forms. Circumstances of which he had originally thought little or nothing—as, for example, Byron's somewhat coarse practical joke on him at Pisa—gained importance in his eyes after being often talked about and criticised.

In Rogers's time, or at all events in part of it, conversation was made a fine art. Men prepared themselves for the breakfasts and dinners at which they were to take part, sketched out the conversation, and arranged how to bring in their special topics and stories. Many took notes afterwards of the talk at table, and some even entered in a ledger the names of the guests and the anecdotes they themselves had told, so that they might not repeat themselves too often. Rogers had commonplace books of this sort, and he used sometimes to bring them out and read his recollections of distinguished men. In those days a man talked to the whole table, and allowed no interruptions and no rivalry. Rogers himself was very exacting in this respect. He said one day that " it was a great fault in young men not to listen to old ones who were talking together; that a few days before, at a dinner-party, he was talking with the Archbishop of Canterbury, an old man like himself, and two young men sit-

ting next to them kept talking together at the time; if they had held their tongues and listened to the old ones, they might have heard a great deal that was interesting." He preferred entertaining his friends at his own table to dining out, and when he spoke, the guests were expected to listen. His greatest difficulties were with Sydney Smith and afterwards with Macaulay, whom it was hard to put down. They met at Bowood on one occasion during the Christmas holidays in 1841, when Lord Lansdowne had a distinguished company of guests. Greville, speaking of Macaulay's sonorous voice, physical energy, and declamatory style, says: "The drollest thing is to see the effect upon Rogers, who is nearly extinguished, and can neither make himself heard nor find an interval to get in a word. He is exceedingly provoked, though he cannot help admiring." Fanny Kemble Butler makes a general remark about Macaulay's "speech-power," and says that

"'Sydney Smith's humorous and good-humoured rage at his prolific talk was very funny. Rogers's, of course,' she adds, 'was not good-humoured; and on this very occasion, one day at breakfast, having two or three times uplifted his thread of voice and fine incisive speech against the torrent of Macaulay's holding forth, Lord Lansdowne, the most

courteous of hosts, endeavoured to make way for him with a "You were saying, Mr. Rogers"—when Rogers hissed out, "O! what I was saying will keep."' Greville writes: 'He will revive to-morrow, when Macaulay goes.'"

Much of what was called wit in those days seems to us little more than coarse banter. The sayings of Rogers are neat expressions of cynicism or severe criticism rather than wit. His nephew, Samuel Sharpe, says:

"My uncle's conversation could hardly be called brilliant. He seldom aimed at wit, though he enjoyed it in others. He often told anecdotes of his early recollections and of the distinguished persons with whom he had been acquainted. These he told with great neatness and fitness in the choice of words, as may be understood by an examination of the prose notes to his poems. But the valuable part of his conversation was his good sense, joined with knowledge of literature and art, and yet more particularly his constant aim at improvement, and the care that he took to lead his friends to what was worth talking about."

Mr. Hayward wrote of Rogers's parties:

"It was a current joke that he asked people to breakfast by way of probation for dinner; but his breakfast parties (till the unwillingness to be alone

made him less discriminating) were made for those with whom he wished to live socially, and his dinners, comparatively speaking, were affairs of necessity or form. Even in his happiest moods he was not convivial; his spirits never rose above temperate; he disliked loud laughing and talking, and unless some distinguished person or privileged wit was there to break the ice and keep up the ball, the conversation at his dinners not unfrequently flagged. It seemed to be, and perhaps was, toned down by the subdued light, which left half the room in shadow, and speedily awoke the fairer portion of the company to the disagreeable consciousness that their complexions were looking muddy and the toilettes the opposite of fresh. After making every allowance for this drawback, however, his dinners were justly reckoned among the pleasantest in town."

Some who have thought Rogers's poetical reputation unmerited have considered it even factitious, and gained for him by his wealth, his social position, and by the cheap compliments of writers and critics who had been entertained by him and wished to be his guests once more. For such a statement there is no foundation. The contemporary critics of Rogers may seem to us mistaken in their judgments, but there is no reason or justice in accusing them of dishonesty. Certainly we cannot but suppose that both Byron and Lord Holland—to say

nothing of others—were sincere in their admiration of Rogers's poetry. In point of fact, Rogers had made his poetical reputation and enjoyed popularity as a poet before he came to settle in London in 1803, and long before he possessed social power. "The Pleasures of Memory," on which his reputation was based, had been first published in 1792, and had been extremely popular. In those eleven years it had had a continual sale, and a new edition of 2,000, the fourteenth, had just been issued. It is true that at that time his only great rival was Cowper, and the other poets of the day were Mason, Joseph Wharton, Whitehead, Cambridge, Beattie, and Hayley. As Mr. Clayden says:

"Campbell had published the 'Pleasures of Hope,' written in emulation of the success of 'The Pleasures of Memory;' had just composed 'Lochiel's Warning' and 'Hohenlinden,' and was on his way to London to devote himself to literature as a profession. Southey had written 'Thalaba,' but it had been coolly received; Wordsworth, married in the year before, was writing the 'Prelude,' but had only actually published the enlarged edition of 'Lyrical Ballads;' Coleridge had composed some of his best poems, but was little known, and was earning his livelihood by writing for the *Morning Post*. Walter Scott had translated 'Goetz von Berlichingen,' and issued 'Minstrelsy of the Scot-

tish Border,' but was not yet known to fame. Tom Moore, then called Anacreon Moore, because he had translated Anacreon, was travelling in America; and Byron was a boy at school."

The "Epistle to a Friend" had appeared in 1798. From that time Rogers published nothing until 1812, when he issued his "Columbus," on which he had been slowly working for fourteen years. Two years later, curiously enough, as it seems to us now, his "Jacqueline" was published in the same volume with Byron's "Lara," neither with the author's name, though there was no attempt to conceal the authorship. "Human Life" came out in 1818, by far the best of Rogers's poetry up to that time. It is scarcely possible to characterise all these poems as other than a series of platitudes, conventional sentiments and commonplaces expressed in precise language and smooth and flowing verse. Some of them—the "Columbus" especially—were submitted by the author to his friends for their criticism in privately printed copies; and there were often long discussions by letter as to the best form for certain passages and even for single lines.

The "Italy" was the last work of Rogers, although on two or three subsequent special occasions he wrote a few verses. Unlike most of his

other poems, it is in blank verse. It is pleasing, and appeals to cultivated minds far more than they. It is still read, but it is almost the only one that is read, and is perhaps the only one by which he will be judged in future. To those who have been in Italy every line recalls a picture, an impression, or a feeling; for that reason it is an agreeable book for the traveller to have in his portmanteau. It was the product of Rogers's two Italian tours. He went to Italy in the autumn of 1814, as soon as the Continent was again open to English travellers, and remained there the winter, passing through Brussels on his return only a few days before the battle of Waterloo. He kept a diary, which is the foundation of the poem. It is a pity that Mr. Clayden has not printed it in full, for he saw much that would be entertaining in his detailed descriptions. Canova showed him how he kissed his bed three times when he went into it after dinner; and after he had dined at the Duke of Bedford's the Duchess waltzed and danced with castanets before Canova. At Naples,

"at a ball at the house of the Minister of Finance, 'all the world danced and the King himself, in a quadrille, with the Princess of Wales. Wonderful play with his limbs, too much so with his head and body. It gave him the balancing air of a rope-

dancer, or of a dancing-master teaching ease to his scholars.' Murat was extremely polite to Rogers, whose fame as a poet had reached him. The Queen talked to him about 'The Pleasures of Memory.' Murat himself, as he rode on horseback about Naples, often met Rogers, and always saluted him with the question, '*Eh, bien, monsieur, êtes-vous inspiré aujourd'hui?*' . . . On the 6th of March, after a visit with Lord Holland to Pompeii, Rogers was at Lord Holland's at night when the rumour came, 'Bonaparte gone from Elba.' Rogers adds: 'Fainting of his sister, the Queen; many conjectures;' '*un peu d'espoir,*' says Mosbourg, '*et beaucoup de désespoir.*'"

The idea of "Italy" was formed gradually in his mind. Various bits had been written or sketched out on the spot, though it must be admitted that some of the prose descriptions, written hurriedly at the time—for instance, that of Pæstum—are equal to the more finished and revised verses. In the autumn of 1821 Rogers went again to Italy for the winter, this time meeting Byron—first, at Bologna, and again at Pisa with Shelley. The meeting is commemorated by the passage headed "Bologna," though it was written after Byron's death. During the winter Rogers continued writing, and, under the editorship of his sister Sarah, the first part of "Italy" appeared anon-

ymously, while he was still absent from England. The second part was not published until 1828—this time with the author's name attached. But new schools of poetry had sprung up, and poets had appeared who were greater than Rogers—this relic of a past generation. The public taste had changed, and although "Italy" had a *succès d'estime*, it was not popular.

"Rogers fancied," says his nephew, "that the cool manner in which the poem was at first received amounted to an unfavourable verdict. He was not disposed to question the taste of the public in the case of a work which was meant to please the public. So he made a bonfire, as he described it, of the unsold copies, and set himself to the task of making it better."

He therefore revised, enlarged, and improved the poem, and determined to issue it in an illustrated edition. Everything was done under his own constant direction and supervision. He chose the subjects, suggested the character of the pictures, superintended their execution, and made the illustrations almost as much his own as the letterpress they adorned. Of the fifty-five illustrations, twenty-five were from Turner's drawings, twenty from Stothard, and two from Prout. The total cost of the whole edition of 10,000 copies was over

$36,000. The success of this magnificent book was such that Rogers then brought out a new edition of his poems, illustrated chiefly by Turner and Stothard, the preparation for which cost nearly the same sum. Both books paid for themselves, and the early copies now bring good prices on account of the engravings. They did much towards making Turner generally known.

Mr. Ruskin, in his "Præterita," tells of receiving as a present on his thirteenth birthday a copy of the illustrated "Italy," which, he says, "determined the main tenor of my life." In a letter to Rogers, written from Venice, he says:

"The worst of it was that I lost all *feeling* of Venice, and this was the reason both of my not writing to you and of my thinking of you so often. For whenever I found myself getting utterly hard and indifferent, I used to read over a little bit of the 'Venice' in the 'Italy,' and it put me always into the right tone of thought again, and for this I cannot be enough grateful to you. For though I believe that in the summer, when Venice is indeed lovely, when pomegranate blossoms hang over every garden-wall, and green sunlight shoots through every wave, custom will not destroy or even weaken the impression conveyed at first, it is far otherwise in the length and bitterness of the Venetian winters. Fighting with frosty winds at

every turn of the canals takes away all the old feelings of peace and stillness; the protracted cold makes the dash of the water on the walls a sound of simple discomfort. . . . When I used to get into this humour, I *always* had recourse to those lines of yours:

> " ' The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets
> Ebbing and flowing, and the salt sea-weed
> Clings to the marble of her palaces.
> No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
> Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea
> Invisible; and from the land we went
> As to a floating city—steering in
> And gliding up her streets as in a dream.' "

MADAME DE STAËL

Madame de Staël: her Friends and her Influence in Politics and Literature. By Lady Blennerhasset. 3 vols. 8vo. London: Chapman & Hall; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1889.

Sainte-Beuve, who had a weakness for Madame de Staël, says that "the best good fortune for an immortal memory is to have, long after death, two or three of those revivals and magnificent awakenings which astonish new generations, and convince them that a great man lies dead there, still powerful in his shade and silence." Such revivals are brought about by the posthumous publication, after the lapse of many years, of autobiographic memoirs; of correspondence, published as it was written, unchanged, simply in order of dates, which can show the writer as he really was—not dressed up for the public; and more rarely by a well-written biography, especially if it be based on unknown or little known materials.

Madame de Staël has had none of this good fortune. Unluckily for her, and for us, too, her son

died childless; her only daughter married a Duc de Broglie, and one of her granddaughters a Comte d'Haussonville; and the proprieties of these noble families might suffer by allowing the public to see Madame de Staël too closely. Not even the correspondence with Madame Récamier has been printed, though it was read by Sainte-Beuve. Much has been written about her, but seventy-two years have elapsed since her death, and there has been no adequate biography of her. The book before us is an effort to supply this want. The authoress, though the wife of an Irish Baronet, is a German by birth (born Countess von Leyden), and the book was originally written in German. The translation acknowledges some omissions which are generally unimportant, and it is a pity there are not still more, and that the book has not been reduced in size from three volumes to one. To those who are but superficially acquainted with those times, the history of the French Revolution, the account of Necker's financial and political schemes, and the biographies of every one whom Madame de Staël met or knew, will be instructive and interesting; but there are probably few who are really interested in Madame de Staël, who have not read memoirs and correspondence enough to have previously made acquaintance with all these people. Full as it is,

the book does not take in everything even of what is printed; and although the authoress has consulted unpublished letters of her heroine in the library of Upsala and in private hands, she has evidently not had access to the family archives at Coppet. Some points in Madame de Staël's life are even thus left misty, and such is the wealth of extrinsic detail that it is only by picking and choosing and putting together detached bits of the book that we arrive at any idea of Madame de Staël herself.

Born in 1766, when her father was still only a Swiss banker in Paris, Anne Louise Germaine Necker was brought up among the literary celebrities of the day who frequented her mother's salon. Her education was directed by her mother, who was herself almost a learned woman, but strict and severe, and a great believer in method and rule. She was convinced that everything could be learned, and that study was the chief thing in education. Had her daughter not possessed originality and a mind of her own, as well as a remarkably quick intelligence which replaced perseverance and application, she would have broken down under the system. As it was, her health gave way, and the great Tronchin prescribed a country life, continuous exercise, and fresh air, with the complete cessation of all mental exertion. Madame Necker

could not accustom herself to this, and lost her interest in her daughter when she found she could no longer make her as she wished. Years after, when someone was praising Madame de Staël's extraordinary gifts, Madame Necker characteristically replied: "They are absolutely nothing to what I intended them to be."

Her surroundings made her as a child precocious, priggish, and pedantic, and she early developed her love for conversation. From her earliest years she wrote, first, sketches of character in the fashion of the time; then verses, essays, and plays—one of which, "Montmorency," written when she was about thirteen, is said to have been clever, and she loved to read it aloud long afterwards; but, as Gouverneur Morris says, "She writes much better than she reads." Before she was fifteen she had annotated "L'Esprit des Lois," had written a treatise on the Edict of Nantes, when the Abbé Raynal flattered her by proposing to incorporate it in the next edition of his "Histoire des Indes;" and at about the same time she reviewed her father's "Compte Rendu," pretending that it was done anonymously, although he recognised the style.

All her life Madame de Staël had need of loving and of being loved. At first she spent this feeling on her father, whom she always admired and

idolised. Morris, writing in 1789, says: "I think that in my life I never saw such exuberant vanity as that of Madame de Staël upon the subject of her father. Speaking of the opinion of the Bishop d'Autun upon the subject of the church property, . . . she says, 'It is excellent, it is admirable, in short, there are two pages in it which are worthy of M. Necker.' Afterwards she says that wisdom is a very rare quality, and she knows of no one who possesses it in a superlative degree except her father." It was this admiration which led her into some of her political errors.

Mademoiselle Necker's marriage was beset with great difficulties. Both she and her parents preferred a French alliance; but, although the sons of great noble houses did not scruple to marry the daughters of financiers, Necker was a Protestant, and it was not till 1788, on the eve of the Revolution, that the ban of the law was removed from Protestants, their civil rights restored, and their children legitimised, for in the eye of the law they were all bastards. When she was seventeen, she might have married William Pitt, then twenty-four years old, whom she had met at court at Fontainebleau. The proposal was made by Pitt after his return to England, and was warmly supported by the Neckers. But their daughter refused, as she could

not tear herself away for life from Paris, which to her was equivalent to France. Her mother, who was then dying, scarcely forgave her. It was only after his rejection, if at all, that Pitt said he "was already wedded to his country." The successful wooer was Baron Eric Magnus von Staël-Holstein, Secretary to the Swedish Embassy, who was already a favourite in French society. Supported by the Comtesse de Boufflers, he had for five years sought the lady's hand; but Necker's conditions, in consideration of his position and his large fortune, were very hard. They were:

"(1) A life appointment of Staël to the French Embassy; (2) a pension of 20,000 francs, should unforeseen events deprive him of his post; (3) the title of Count—especially to obviate any confusion between Baroness de Staël and another lady of the same name who bore a doubtful reputation; (4) a solemn promise on Staël's part only to take his wife to Sweden for a short time, and then only with their consent; (5) investiture of the Order of the Polar Star for the Ambassador; (6) an explicit declaration from Marie Antoinette in favour of this marriage."

Such conditions show Necker's immense conceit with himself and his belief in his great importance. King Gustavus, however, did not seem inclined to

accept them, and it was only on the personal request of Marie Antoinette, and after the island of St. Bartholomew had been ceded by Sweden to France, that he agreed to everything except the title of Count and the life appointment. He named Staël Ambassador for six years, and promised him an additional term of six years. Two other suitors had meanwhile appeared — Count Axel Fersen, who had made the proposal only to please his father, and readily gave way to his friend; and Prince George Augustus of Mecklenburg, a brother of the reigning Duke, who described himself as a posthumous son with many debts, but used as an argument that Mademoiselle Necker would thus become related by marriage to the King of England. Finally the marriage contract was witnessed by the King and Queen of France, and the marriage itself was celebrated in the chapel of the Swedish Embassy at Paris in January, 1786, about three months before the bride had attained her twentieth year.

In Paris, Baron de Staël was overshadowed by his brilliant wife; but his recently published letters and despatches prove that he was by no means the nonentity which her friends accounted him. He was sincerely fond of his wife, but he was unable to express his feelings in that gushing manner which seemed so necessary to her nature. She

continued to live under the same roof with him, though, while her parents were in Paris, the most of her evenings were spent with them, and her real salon was at their house. After some time she became entirely indifferent to her husband. In the well-known chapter in "De l'Allemagne," on love in marriage, she hints that he had displayed too little sentiment—or sentimentality, perhaps—in married life; and in "Corinne" she also hints that he could not retain her esteem because he possessed so little intellectual distinction. Bollmann heard her say one day: "With a man who is only clever I assert myself, and I do the same with a man who is only learned; but a man who is both makes me feel that I am only a woman." De Staël felt keenly this desertion, and, only three years after his marriage, when to a great extent given up to mysticism, he wrote to a friend:

"I have spent many bitter hours since your departure. If I knew how to bear my cross, my fate would be more endurable; but the old Adam prevails. . . . I have deserved my present sufferings. I am punished in my innermost feelings, but I still dare to think that, notwithstanding all my faults, my heart has remained steadfast. Pray for my wife. May she never suffer from the torment I endure."

The marital relation, however, continued, and it was not until 1798, when Madame de Staël, by her meddling in French politics, and by the disfavour in which she was held by the Directory, threatened to wreck the Ambassador's career for a third time, that a formal separation—*de facto*, if not *de jure*—took place. Staël was at that time considerably in debt, partly through the great expenses necessitated by his position, partly through large amounts spent to carry out the orders of his sovereign, and partly from his wife's extravagance, which had needed even the Queen's warning. Some small debts were paid by Necker, who otherwise refused to have anything further to do with his son-in-law. Napoleon, we know, had his own reasons for disliking Madame de Staël, and yet it is difficult not to agree with him in a letter written to his brother Joseph from Aosta, March 19, 1800:

"M. de Staël is in the greatest misery, and his wife gives dinners and balls. If you must continue to visit this woman, would it not be as well to persuade her to bestow a thousand or two francs a month on her husband? What is to happen next if decent people allow not morals only to be trampled under foot, but duties more sacred than those that bind children to their parents? Supposing Madame de Staël were to be judged as if she were a man, and as one who had inherited Necker's for-



tune, enjoying all the advantages of a distinguished position, and yet leaving his wife in a state of misery, while he was living in luxury—I ask if such a man would be received in society?"

In 1802, finding that her husband's health had entirely broken down, and willing at last to show him the kindness which she was so ready to bestow on others, she wrote to him in Sweden that she would condone the past and would return to him. They started together from Paris, but he died suddenly when only fifteen miles from Coppet.

It is to be supposed that the poor Baron had tacitly condoned the faults of his wife. She was always a believer in friendship, especially with the male sex. Wherever she was, her house was full of men—either as protégés in the paths of literature, politics, and virtue, as recipients of her bounty, as friends, as admirers, or as something more. Her first great passion was for Narbonne, who was credited with being a son of Louis XV. Their intimacy had lasted during their residence at Paris; she had saved his life in the Reign of Terror, and she had subsequently given him hospitality in England. Their relations had then ceased, and "what had been a mere episode in his life was closed with the same indifference with which he had begun it." She kept up an outward friendship, though she

suffered long from the wound he had inflicted on her heart, and had many a bitter pang at his death in 1813. Next followed Benjamin Constant, who, after her husband's death, offered to marry her. This offer she refused unless she could retain her own name, as she was unwilling to confuse Europe (*désorienter l'Europe*) by changing it.

There were probably many other reasons, for their relations were not altogether happy ones, and Constant was always trying in vain to break loose from the chain which bound him to this masterful woman. He revenged himself long afterwards with his little masterpiece, "Adolphe." In this he had so changed all outward circumstances as to make himself think that she would not be recognised. But all near friends who had been spectators of their intimacy—especially the simple-minded Sismondi—knew at once who was meant by Ellénore. On reading the book, one has the utmost contempt for the weak and despicable character of Adolphe, in which Constant has faithfully painted himself; but one realises that the position of a lover of Madame de Staël must have been an Inferno. Nevertheless, even after the Restoration, Madame de Staël lent Constant 80,000 francs, so that he could purchase property in Paris in order to qualify himself for election as a Deputy, on condi-



tion that half of it should be repaid on her daughter's marriage. When this took place, she was obliged to remind him more than once; and he wrote in his private journal, which has just been published: " Furious letter from Madame de Staël. I am lying in wait for her, and shall crush her. I have all that is necessary for it." The threat, however, was not carried out.

When in Italy in 1805, Madame de Staël, as is evident from her letters, fell desperately in love with the poet Monti, but as she tried in vain to induce him to join her band at Coppet, and submit himself to her influence for his literary improvement, there was apparently nothing which could be called a *liaison.* In 1810, after she had gone through a period of mysticism, from the religious part of which she never recovered, when she was about forty-five and had said and believed, " The door of my heart is shut," she gave sympathetic and tender care to a young patrician of Geneva, Jean de Rocca, who had served with distinction in the French army in Spain, had been shot through and through by guerillas, and whose life had been preserved almost by a miracle through the care of a pitying Andalusian girl. Rocca was so much impressed by the mistress of Coppet that he said to a friend that he " would know so well how to love her that

in the end she would marry him." "When he was told that she was old enough to be his mother, he replied that he was glad to have another reason for loving her. What seemed improbable took place. The woman who had never been beautiful, and who had never awakened any lasting affection in her youth, became the object of a passionate attachment ennobled by constancy, at a period when she had renounced all hopes in that direction." Still, with her ideas of her social rank, and with the thought that the eyes of Europe were fixed upon her, she refused to change her name or drop the title of Baroness, and hated to have it known that she had had the weakness to marry a man so many years younger than herself. The marriage, therefore, was kept secret, although in Sweden, for the sake of her children, it was revealed in confidence to the King. Elsewhere, and even in England, rather than be called Madame de Rocca, she preferred to let people suppose that she was travelling with her lover and her illegitimate daughter. It was only after her death—shortly followed by that of Rocca—that the marriage was made public.

It is impossible to exhaust the list of Madame de Staël's friends. Not to speak of her circle at Paris, August Wilhelm Schlegel lived with her many years, nominally as the teacher of her children, and

more particularly as her instructor in literature and criticism; Sismondi and Bonstetten were constant visitors, while Oehlenschläger and Madame Brun stayed with her at Coppet for a long time. There was scarcely a distinguished man in Europe whom she did not in some way know and have correspondence with. Wherever she went she found old friends. Among these were several Americans—Jefferson, Gouverneur Morris, Crawford, who, on leaving his mission at Paris during the Hundred Days and going back to America to become Secretary of War, was her intermediary with Lord Castlereagh in her efforts made to ward off an English attack on France. There was also M. le Ray (de Chaumont), who had invested for her in American lands, which were probably situated in Northern New York, where he had a large property. Morris spoke of the investment as not being so advantageous as it might be, owing to the lands being in detached portions.

Madame de Staël's goodness of heart was exhaustless. During the Terror she saved many of her friends from certain death, and tried in vain to save others. During one season in England she kept open house for the *émigrés*, and afterwards at Coppet; besides assisting many of them with loans and gifts of money. Although Roederer accused her

of being ready to sacrifice a friend rather than miss the chance of an epigram, she never ceased taking an interest in and even rendering services to those who had once been her friends, no matter how base had been their ingratitude towards her.

Even in her youth, Madame de Staël, according to Fersen, was "the reverse of beautiful, but very clever and amiable." Count Guibert, one of her warmest friends among the older generation, wrote: "Her large black eyes sparkle with the fire of genius, and her ebon locks fall in rich profusion on her shoulders. Her features are more marked than gentle; there is something in them which promises more than the usual fate of her sex." Bollmann said: "She is tolerably well made, but her face is not beautiful. Her complexion is not good, and she has rather a protruding mouth. Her open-hearted, frank nature, and kind of honesty and truthfulness, make her very attractive." Henriette Knebel describes her first appearance at the palace at Weimar: "Very lively, good-natured, and talkative, extraordinarily voluble, but clear and pleasant. She is a woman of the world, and mostly addresses herself only to the most distinguished members of society; but she is very polite and friendly to everybody. Her eyes are fine and have an intellectual expression; but

her face is rather of the negro type. She is of middle height and somewhat stout, dark eyes and hair." Sir Neil Campbell, who saw her at Stockholm in 1813, says: "She speaks English almost as readily and correctly as a native, only with a slight foreign accent. She appears about fifty; of middle size, and looks strong and vigorous. Her features are large and massive, the upper row of teeth projecting; her eyes dark and eyebrows strongly marked. She wore a dark-green silk pelisse."

Rogers saw Madame de Staël often during her stay in England in 1813, and he wrote to his sister, from Lord Lansdowne's place, Bowood: "Madame de Staël makes a bustle here, but, having arrived only yesterday, we have as yet had no shawl-dance and no recitations." This is explained by a letter from Byron in June, 1814: "The Staël out-talked Whitbread, overwhelmed his spouse, was *ironed* by Sheridan, confounded Sir Humphrey, and utterly perplexed your slave. The rest (great names in the Red book, nevertheless) were mere segments of the circle. Ma'mselle danced a Russ saraband with great vigour, grace, and expression, though not very pretty." In his memoranda Byron says: "I saw Curran presented to Madame de Staël at Mackintosh's: it was the grand confluence between

the Rhone and the Saône, and they were both so d——d ugly that I could not help wondering how the best intellects of France and Ireland could have taken up respectively such residences." And in another place: "Her figure was not bad; her legs tolerable; her arms good. Altogether, I can conceive her having been a desirable woman, allowing a little imagination for her soul and so forth. She would have made a great man." Again he writes:

"Asked for Wednesday to dine and meet the Staël—asked particularly, I believe, out of mischief; to see the first interview after the *note*, with which Corinne professes herself to be so much taken. I don't much like it; she always talks of *my*self and *her*self, and I am not (except in soliloquy, as now) much enamoured of either subject—especially one's works. What the devil shall I say about '*De l'Allemagne*'? I like it prodigiously; but unless I can twist my admiration into some fantastical expression, she won't believe; and I know, by experience, I shall be overwhelmed with fine things about rhyme, etc., etc. The lover, Mr. Rocca, was there to-night, and C. said it was the only proof *he* had of her good taste. Monsieur l'Amant is remarkably handsome."

After visiting Madame de Staël at Coppet, in 1816, he wrote: "She was a good woman at heart,

and the cleverest at bottom, but spoilt by a wish to be—she knew not what. In her own house she was amiable; in any other person's you wished her gone and in her own again."

With the help of such notices of contemporaries, we can imagine this "large leonine woman," as Morris calls her, "with few beauties and no grace of gesture; in her favourite attitude before the fire, with her hands behind her back, animating, nevertheless, the salon by her masculine attitude and powerful conversation." We can see her dressed in that low-necked, short-waisted gown of blue and orange, with a turban of the same colours, as she is represented in most of her portraits, and, as the Priestess of Apollo, twiddling in her fingers a twig of laurel. In Vienna she was reduced to a branch of poplar with two or three leaves on the end, "the rustling of which (she told the Prince de Ligne) was the necessary accompaniment to her talking." In London, according to Bollmann, she was "rolling a bit of paper in her fingers, without which she cannot exist; she gets up with it in the morning and goes to bed with it." And—can one believe it?—in her anxiety to reconcile Bollmann, with whom she had had a quarrel, she continually sang soft Italian airs to him and played to him.

Although Madame de Staël was a great talker, all



admit that she was willing to listen to the replies of others. But, according to Sismondi, one of her most intimate friends,

" in all her judgments she too often showed hate and contempt. Power seems to give everybody the same twist of mind. Her reputation, which is always becoming greater, has made her contract some of the faults of Bonaparte; she is, like him, intolerant of all opposition, insulting in dispute, and much disposed to say sharp things to people without any angry feeling, but solely to show her superiority."

" She is sometimes in bad humour; she judges with extreme severity, and does nothing on her part to repair all this: so that I am often very much bored with her; although the way in which she talks of the ennui of others makes me angry with her. Besides, the vanity which used to be unpleasant to her is unpleasant to me also. She likes to repeat the flattering things which have been said about her, as if she had not had enough of all that; and, when there is talk about the reputation of some one else, she always takes care to recall her own in a very awkward way."

And again, " Madame de Staël can never put herself in the place of others; and all her intelligence is not enough for her to understand anything outside of herself." This is curiously confirmed by a reminiscence of Henry Crabb Robinson, whom she

had asked to assist her in understanding German literature and philosophy. She seemed utterly incapable of realising the transcendent excellence of Goethe, and could not comprehend the finest of his epigrams. He therefore boldly said to her: "Madame, you have not understood Goethe, and you never will understand him." "Sir, I understand all that deserves to be understood. What I do not understand is worth nothing."

When Madame de Staël first went to Weimar, Goethe was at Jena, and rather tried to avoid her, on the ground that he was not well and had a great deal to do. He, however, asked her to come to Jena. Schiller wrote to him:

"Madame de Staël will appear to you just what you have *à priori* imagined her to be: she is charming throughout, and there is not a single strange or false or unhealthy trait in her. Thus, notwithstanding the immense difference in our natures and mode of thought, one can be quite at ease with her, and can let her say or say everything to her. She puts French culture in a pure and highly interesting light. In everything we call philosophy, therefore, in all that is highest and most important, one differs from her, and must continue to do so. . . . But her disposition and feeling are better than her metaphysics, and her fine understanding nearly resembles genius. She desires to

explain, to look into, to measure everything; she will not tolerate anything dark or inaccessible; and what she cannot light up with her torch has no attraction for her. . . . Of what we call poetry she has no perception; she can only adopt what is ordinary, persuasive, passionate, in works of that description, but she will not prize anything that is false, and never fails to recognise what is good. . . . You see from these words that the clearness, decision, and clever liveliness of her nature cannot act otherwise than beneficially. Her only defect is her quite extraordinary volubility. One must be turned into a listening machine to be able to follow her."

And again: "She takes all the poetry out of me, and I only wonder how I can do anything at all." Goethe's criticism of her is too long to quote, but he evidently did not like her. What Schiller says of her lack of poetry is confirmed by Bonstetten, who, writing to Madame Brun, says: "She is extremely good; no one has more intelligence; but the best that you have is a sealed book to her. She entirely lacks feeling for art; and beauty which is neither wit nor eloquence does not exist for her."

With a pen in hand, she was unable to express herself as well as she could with her elbow on the chimney-piece. With no visible auditors, her oratorical gifts failed her. Chênedollé, who was with

her when she wrote her book "On Literature," and who used to discuss it with her, said that her improvisations were far more brilliant than the actual book. Out of the eighteen volumes of her published works, but three books still have a lingering existence. Of these, "Delphine," in spite of the impression it created in its day, is now rarely read, even by those who exhume "La Nouvelle Héloïse" of Rousseau. "De l'Allemagne" has grown obsolete of late years, and is only looked on now as a contemporary document written by a clever Frenchwoman, who had really made a serious attempt in the early years of the century to understand Germany and German literature. "Corinne" is literally all that lives; and this, apart from the interest of the Italian subject, chiefly because it is what Madame de Staël might have declaimed in her own salon. It is probably the nearest approach to her conversation. Sainte-Beuve, who ought to have known, says a curious thing with regard to her style—that, in the work on the Dictionary of the French Academy, when a word was under discussion and an example was taken from the chief writers, one from Madame de Staël rarely passed without many objections, in consequence either of the vagueness of expression or the misuse of terms.

MADAME DE STAËL

Chênedollé said of her: "Madame de Staël has more intelligence than she knows how to manage." This is particularly true of her attempts at politics; and in politics, in spite of her remarkable intelligence, of occasional moments of insight and sometimes of sure instinct, she on the whole only "meddled and muddled." This was partly due to her absurd overestimate of her father, who, although a great financier, was not at all a statesman, and did on the whole more harm than good. Madame de Staël herself was sufficiently an agitator to make herself equally disliked by each successive government from Louis XVI. to Louis XVIII., and yet all her agitation accomplished nothing, and really had very little influence one way or the other. Throughout she laboured under one great error, that she was a Frenchwoman, and therefore had a natural right to guide the course of events in France. In this supposition she was utterly wrong. She was born daughter of a Swiss banker resident in Paris; but birth in France of foreign parents did not confer the rights of citizenship, and, although her father received letters of naturalisation when he became Minister, she, before she had reached the age at which she could elect whether she would be Swiss or French, had changed everything by marrying De Staël and becoming a Swede. As the

wife of a Swedish Ambassador she had no right whatever to intrigue in French politics, except so far as she could aid her husband in carrying out the wishes of his sovereign. Instead of that, she only got her husband into great political difficulties, not only with the French, but with his own Government. In the height of the Terror she saved herself from the scaffold by claiming her rights and privileges as Swedish Ambassadress; but a few years later, when the Directory refused to allow her to live in France, on the ground that she was a foreigner obnoxious to the Government, she seemed to think that she was a Frenchwoman. This was also the basis of her complaints against Napoleon, who all along insisted that both she and her children were foreigners, and therefore by all rules of law could be treated in a way which might not answer for French subjects. Had Madame de Staël been a man and done what she did or attempted to do, her career in Europe would probably have been much shorter.

The difficulty between Madame de Staël and Napoleon was due chiefly to the absolute antipathy of their natures. Neither liked the other, though each to a certain extent appreciated the other. One cannot, however, help wondering what would have happened if at a certain dinner Napoleon had

succeeded in sitting next to Madame de Staël, as he had desired, instead of Cambacérès, and had given her one more opportunity to captivate him. Napoleon was perfectly frank about his reasons for exiling her, and one cannot but admit that, from his point of view, as an absolute sovereign, he was perfectly right. Auguste de Staël had an audience of Napoleon at Chambéry in 1808 without his mother's knowledge, and asked permission for her to return to France. On being told that Madame de Staël was in Vienna, the Emperor said:

"Well, she is in the right place there, and should be content. She will learn German there. Your mother is not bad. She is a clever woman, very clever, but is quite undisciplined. . . . She would not be here six months before I should have to send her to Bicêtre or the Temple. I should be sorry for that, as the affair would make a noise and probably injure me in public estimation. Therefore you may tell her very distinctly that as long as I am alive she will never see Paris again. She would be foolish; she would see people and make fun of things; she thinks it of no importance, but I think all the more of it. I take everything in earnest. So, once for all, why should your mother set herself up against 'tyranny'? You see I am not afraid of the word. She may go to Rome, Naples, Vienna, Berlin, Milan, Lyons, even to London, if she wants to write pamphlets against

me. I will see her everywhere with pleasure. But not in Paris. There I reside, and there I will only have people who like me. Did she not destroy the *Tribunat* for me? She could never prevent herself from talking politics. . . . You are young; if you were as old as I am you would be able to judge matters better, but I am pleased when a son takes up his mother's cause. Your mother has given you a difficult task, but you have acquitted yourself intelligently. I have been willing to talk with you, but you will get nothing by it. The King of Naples has spoken to me a great deal on this subject, but it was of no use. If I had put her in confinement, I would set her free; but she must remain in exile. Every one understands that imprisonment is a misfortune, but your mother alone thinks herself unfortunate for being allowed the run of Europe."

Metternich made the same request for her, and pointed out the danger of bringing a woman into celebrity by such treatment. Napoleon replied: "If Madame de Staël wanted to be royalist or republican, I should have no objection. But she is a *machine à mouvement* that sets the salons at work. Such a woman need only be dreaded in France, and there I will not have her."

The mental suffering of Madame de Staël during her exile was in part imaginary and in part real. The truth of the matter was, that neither at Coppet

nor at Geneva—even in her best days—could she find a sufficiently large and appreciative audience to listen to her talk. Châteaubriand, who visited her at Coppet in 1805, was struck with the way in which she exaggerated her unhappiness, and says, almost in Napoleon's words: "She regards herself as the most unhappy of women in an exile that I should have been charmed with." But, as Sainte-Beuve says, "Suffering is where you feel it"—or, as we should be more apt to say, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness."

"CORINNE"

It was in the summer of 1804, after she had recovered from the first shock of her father's death, that Madame de Staël decided on spending a winter in Italy, a project which she had caressed for several years without putting into execution. As before, she asked Camille Jordan to accompany her, for she could not exist without being surrounded by friends, listeners, and admirers, and, for the sake of their company, she was generally ready to pay their expenses. When she finally crossed the Alps she was accompanied by her daughter Albertine (afterwards Duchesse de Broglie) and by the inseparable August Wilhelm von Schlegel. The faithful Sismondi joined her afterwards in Rome.

Letters of introduction were given in plenty, even by Prince Joseph Bonaparte, so soon to be King of Naples. These, however, were scarcely necessary, for Madame de Staël had already many old and high-placed Italian friends, and even without that she had the faculty of beginning an acquaintance with a short note from her inn, which

no woman would dare refuse to take into account, and which would bring the men to her feet as soon as a carriage could take them. It was in this way that she made the acquaintance of Vincenzo Monti, the Italian poet, at Milan, on December 30, 1804. There was an every-day and all-day intimacy, which lasted for a fortnight at Milan, and there were many letters afterwards, at first daily. Those of Monti are probably preserved in the archives of Coppet, unless they were torn up on the spot, but for family reasons are inaccessible to the historical student; those of Madame de Staël were, fortunately, published (though in a small number of copies) a few years ago, and go far to supply the absence of a journal.

Perhaps the travels of every person of sense would be amusing, if they could be written from both sides; and we could know not only what he thought of the people whom he met, but what they thought of him. In this case there are sufficient notices of Madame de Staël, in memoirs and letters recently made public or still in manuscript, to render the comparison not unamusing.

The time for the journey was, considering all things, not badly chosen. Italy was tranquil; for war did not again break out till the autumn of 1805, when Madame de Staël had got back to Swit-

zerland. Milan, as capital of an independent republic, and subsequently of the Italic kingdom, had already begun to be a political, social, and literary centre, such as it had never been before, and such as it continued to be for a while even after the restoration of Austrian rule. Modena, as well as Bologna and most of the old Papal Provinces, had already been annexed to the kingdom, but it was not till the next year—after Austerlitz—that Venetia was added, where the Austrians were then still trying to conciliate the population by a mild rule. Parma was occupied and governed by the French, but had not yet been formally annexed to France. At Florence a Bourbon was on the throne, and the Queen of Etruria, Marie Louise, was still governing as Regent. There was yet a Papal government in Rome, and although the position of Ferdinand and Caroline at Naples was precarious, it was not until almost the last day of that year that a *bulletin de la grand armée* proclaimed that the Neapolitan dynasty had ceased to reign.

Pope Pius VII., however, was not in Rome during any part of Madame de Staël's visit, having gone to Paris for the coronation of the Emperor. Napoleon himself came to Milan in the spring of 1805 to receive the Iron Crown as King of Italy; and although Madame de Staël thought at one time

of going to Milan to have a personal interview with him, and ask for the payment of her father's millions, which had been lent to France — and which would have been paid long before had Necker chosen to accept money derived from confiscated church property—subsequent information made her think better of the project, and she delayed in Rome and Florence until the great man had gone.

In other respects Italy was perhaps at its least interesting period. The French were disliked and even hated. The populations were not enthusiastic for the new order of things, except in the Italic kingdom; and society—except to some extent at Rome—had not retained the habits of careless ease belonging to the old regime. The French had already plundered Italy of the great treasures of its art; and in all the galleries there were gaps which saddened all but French visitors. Literature was at a very low ebb. The death of Parini in 1799, and that more recently of Alfieri in 1803, had left Monti by far the first of Italian poets—for he had already made his great reputation—although Pindemonte and Cesarotti were still alive. Of his two subsequent rivals, the fiery Ugo Foscolo had as yet only published a few sonnets and lyrics, and was then an officer in the French camp at Boulogne;

while Manzoni was a youth of twenty, and had just then been called by his mother to Paris to complete his education. Alessandro Verri was still living, and there were of course many learned men, even of European reputation, scattered about in the universities and libraries. Giordani had, it is true, begun to write; but Silvio Pellico was only a boy of fifteen, and the other writers who illustrated the subsequent period had their reputation still to make.

The movements of so many people depended on those of Napoleon that Madame de Staël was unable to make the acquaintance of all the people she wished to meet, and could not even see as much of some of her friends as she would have liked. Monti, for example, had to be away during her second stay at Milan—nominally in discharge of some of his duties as court-poet, or as professor. Nevertheless in her two visits to Milan Madame de Staël had access to the best society of the new capital, and met a number of distinguished literary men whose names are still known, such as Count Pietro Moscati, the eminent surgeon and professor, at that time Minister of Public Instruction; Breislak, the well-known geologist, then inspector of the Powder and Saltpetre Works; Count Leopold Cicognara and his clever wife; Cardinal Caprara; and

such others as Benincasa, the author of "Les Morlaques," and Bossi, the statesman.

Cicognara, on returning from Paris to Italy in 1800, when he had much difficulty on account of the passage of recruits and prisoners, had been entertained at Coppet. Necker questioned him a good deal on events in Italy and on public opinion, but himself talked very little. Madame de Staël expressed surprise at never having met him at Paris; he saw her again several times, and even had some correspondence with her. "I esteemed her much, but never had any sympathy with her," he said. He married Massimiliana, the divorced wife of Count Rotari; and on his return in 1804 from another journey to Paris, found Madame de Staël very intimate with his wife, to whom she had been presented by Bossi. Although she was most amiable with him, and was always publicly sounding his praises, she never succeeded in conquering his antipathy to her. An amusing little incident happened. Monti one day presented to Madame de Staël a copy of a translation of Persius which he had just published; she in return gave him one of the last published volumes of her edition of Necker's works. After leaving her, Monti stopped to visit Madame Cicognara, and left there the book he had just received, saying that he would call for

it another day. Soon afterwards Madame de Staël called there, having on her way read in her carriage part of the Persius: this *she* also left there, with the intention of taking it away another time. Long afterwards the Countess Massimiliana used to point out to her friends the two volumes which had never been called for, as an instance of the regard of authors for one another. This adventure of the books will perhaps explain why the geologist Breislak sent Madame de Staël one of his books on natural history with a certain amount of mystery, and begged her not to open his letter till she was far from Milan. She seemed to think that it was because he feared that Monti did not like him.

By Lodi and Piacenza Madame de Staël found her way to Parma, though she was detained for a day at Borgo San Donnino, just as a mad dog had bitten some of the post drivers and a servant of the hotel, all of whom were taken to the priest to be cured by his blessing. "Ask Moscati if he thinks this efficacious. I arrived here (Parma) the day of Saint Antonio, and all the horses arrived also to be blessed: ah! Monti, can peoples ever recover from all that?" At Parma Moreau de Saint-Méry, the French governor, immediately came to see her, and took her to the opera that evening. Next

morning she went to Bodoni, the celebrated printer, who talked to her about Monti.

"Bodoni has both the animation and the culture requisite for his art, but were he really an enlightened man what a sad life must he have to lead in this town, which seems to have acquired the very impress of the Infante. Priests and beggars fill the streets: what pitiful social order! Bodoni has given me the Sonnets of Minzoni, therefore do not trouble yourself to copy for me the one that I am so fond of. He has also given me the 'Mattino' and the 'Mezzogiorno' of Parini, which I intend to read to-morrow. It is you, your talent, your charm, your friendship that has interested me in Italian literature; and I think that had I reason to be vexed with you I could no longer endure a single one of those sounds which have penetrated into my soul only through your accents. *Addio, caro* Monti, I count on a letter from you at Bologna: should I not receive one I should be sad and silent."

At Bologna the Abbé Biamonti made for her what was considered a remarkable improvisation, and she also made the acquaintance of Monti's wife. "I hope she will tell you how much I am attached to you; I made her talk about you, and of all the details of your petulant goodness; and I loved you almost as much for your defects as for your good qualities." Being once in the Papal States she fol-

lowed the old regular road to Rome, which seems now a very roundabout route, by the east coast to Ancona and Loreto; but she must have found the sanctuary of the Virgin in rather a sad condition, as the French troops had, six years before, carried off all that was valuable. At the very gates of Rome she was detained for two days by the great inundation of February 2, 1805, which was only thirty-one inches less than that of December, 1870, the cause of Victor Emmanuel's entry into Rome.

Perhaps the best, and certainly the easiest way of presenting Madame de Staël's impressions of Rome is to quote from her letters to Monti, which may in places be compared with what she says in " Corinne."

" *Rome, February 5, 1805.*—I have as yet seen only St. Peter's and some cardinals, who were good enough to come to me on my arrival, and are preparing to make me a Catholic. St. Peter's made a profound impression on me of sadness and admiration, and this feeling seems to return often. There is contradiction in all impressions at Rome; most beautiful monuments raised for most superstitious ideas; grandest memories side by side with the deepest misery. This contrast would, I think, always give me painful impressions. One is forever measuring here the height from which man has fallen: what he is and what he was inspire a

melancholy more humiliating than sweet. . . . Yesterday I had the pleasure of seeing a performance of Alfieri's 'Saul'; you know that it is the one of his pieces which pleases me most, and there was a tolerable Saul—but what an audience for tragedies! One must have civil and political institutions before having a nation; and without a nation how can there be a theatre? . . . I have seen Giuntotardi, the tribune of the Arcadia; he gave me a very pastoral idea of the Roman Republic. Cardinal La Somaglia has undertaken my conversion; but say nothing of this. The Marquise Lepri says, speaking of 'Saul,' 'What a pity that it is sad—they want a tragedy *tutta da ridere*.'

"*February 7th.*—I must tell you about Rome: all here is grand, full of memories, of majesty, and of melancholy. Above all, I love the moon and the night in Rome; all that separates one from the antique is then asleep, and the ruins stand out; but Society here, and Man! Ah! how I admire you for becoming what you are, and remaining yourself with such surroundings! I do not know what I myself should have become if, instead of the heavenly being who directed all my feelings, I had listened to these women without love, these men without pride, this affected speech which calls itself wit, these despotic women and their slavish lovers. But, for Heaven's sake, do not repeat this; there is a depth of kindness in the midst of it all which touches me, and a good feeling towards

me, the more generous because without motive. There is not a word from my inner self which I can address to them, and if I please them it is only by mere superficial talk. What could I do to forget you? Everything renews my regrets; this language, the first sounds of which reached me by your voice, now jars upon my ear; hoping for a word of yours I hear but a very insipid noise of harmonious vowels. But I must except some men and some cardinals: these last indeed please me the most; as they have ruled, as they have had to deal with men and facts, their heads are much less dry. Consalvi, La Somaglia, Erskine please me especially; and should I be faithless to you it will certainly be for a cardinal."

The famous Arcadia—or, as it is more properly called, the Academy of the Arcadians—though not in its most flourishing period—was still a meeting-place, and afforded diversion of a weakly literary nature to the motley Roman public—a public composed of cardinals and abbés, of poets and artists, of learned or rich foreigners; though not many English were in Rome at this time. Vernon Lee has given us an interesting and charming account of this now venerable institution, when at its best, in the opening chapter of her "Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy." She is wrong, however, in supposing the Academy to have perished;

it still exists, and not only that, but in the last few years has been endowed with fresh and apparently vigorous life. It is a Papal as distinguished from an Italian institution. Cardinals still attend its meetings, and occasionally it is presented as a body to the Pope. I remember one such occasion; for, to quote the line of Schiller which was abbreviated by Goethe for the epigraph of the "Italian Journey,"

Ich auch war in Arkadien geboren,

under the name of Areto Dardanio.

It was a celebration in honour of St. Thomas Aquinas, and the Arcadia was received in a body in one of the halls of the Vatican by Pope Leo XIII.—otherwise so invisible to all who had officially to do even in a slight way with the Royal government—who made us a long and very interesting discourse in Latin on the merits of the philosophy of the Angelic Doctor and the advantages to be derived from its study. At that time the Arcadia had its sheepfold in the Palazzo Altemps, near the Piazza Navona; but it has now removed to larger and more central quarters in the Palazzo Altieri, where twice a week during the winter and spring there are varied lectures on literary and scientific subjects, free to the public, given by the

most eminent professors and scholars of Rome. These are in addition to the usual meetings, where essays are still read and sonnets recited. The Arcadia was always hospitable to eminent foreigners. Among its members we find the names of Newton, Buffon, Châteaubriand, Montalembert, Humboldt, and Longfellow.

Goethe was made a member in 1786, on his visit to Rome. The same honour was of course paid to Madame de Staël. She writes on February 15th:

"I must tell you, dear Monti, about yesterday. Abbé Godard came and asked me to attend a meeting of the Arcadia and read something there. I was much embarrassed in choosing what to read, when it occurred to me on the way that—my whole soul being still impassioned by your voice—I had translated into verse the sonnet 'Quando Gesu,' and all of you that there is in that translation made me consent to read it. So I entered an assembly of nearly all Rome, attracted by curiosity; on entering I pictured you as present, and this remembrance was enough to enhance the importance of the Arcadia. Nelli had begun a prose reading on the alliance of poetry with painting; and, as you know, *caro* Monti, that *poetry is the daughter of imagination*, he allowed himself some of those truisms which I by no means like. He paid me a compliment far more open to dispute, and therefore rather

pretty. Abbé Godard proclaimed me an Arcadian; Prince Chigi addressed me some verses at the end of an elegy on the death of Cardinal Gerdil; some one else made a Latin sonnet on me; and lastly I had to rise and recite my translation of Minzoni. At first I trembled very much, but I recalled your every accent, and then recited so well as to cover myself with applause. Tell me if you feel with me the delicate pleasure I experienced on being applauded on your account; for the translation as well as the recitation was inspired by you. After this a fiery shower of sonnets rained on my head; ten young men, all declaiming with increasing energy, fired sonnets at us as though they were the thunders of the Vatican; what vivacity, what energy wasted on the air! Alborghetti had put neatly into verse a passage from my work on literature; and I returned to pass the evening at home with the Arcadians, Cardinal Consalvi, M. de Humboldt, and young M. de Souza, who is very pleasing. Here is my life of yesterday, which would not be worthy of such full detail but that your memory was so closely woven with it. To conclude with a literary matter: tell me if you know a Latin epitaph which Alfieri wrote for the Countess of Albany and himself, in which he says that for twenty-six years he has loved her more than any earthly being, and adding a note on the intense grief it would be to him to die before her. I adore Alfieri for this epitaph—would you like it? It made me shed tears freely."

Again from Velletri:

"I am not sorry to have a truce from the sonnets of Rome, so many did I hear last evening, till I felt buried in a heap of verbiage. The art of self-restraint and concentration, of getting at the essence of things, seems unknown; and if no flood comes to swallow up these commonplaces I know not how this will end. . . . On this point I must tell you a story—but please do not repeat it, for I should appear to ridicule those who overwhelm me with politeness. They yesterday made me hear a young *improvisatrice*, Mademoiselle Pellegrini: with her came a cloud of little poets armed with sonnets. One, on being presented to me, said, 'I am an insect of Parnassus' (*Sono un insetto del Parnaso*). Godard seized his hand and said, 'He is a swan, I answer for it' (*E un cigno ne rispondo*). What an assertion and what a dialogue! Without all these old metaphors I tell you that I love you, which is better than to invoke the deity, most invoked in Italy after the Madonna, Apollo—as an ornament of my simple words."

She was already on her road to Naples, where during her brief stay she was received by Queen Caroline, saw much of Cardinal Ruffo as well as of Monsignore Capecelatro, the Archbishop of Ta-

ranto, with whom she was in correspondence long afterwards. She wrote:

"*Naples, February 23d.*—The view from Naples, *caro* Monti, how grand it is! That stream of fire descending from Vesuvius, whose waves all on fire are side by side with those of the sea, as if in order to present one idea under forms so different; the eternal fire which one sees for the first time, this nature so full of life, these lemon and orange trees, the fruits of which are rolling about the streets with that indifference born of plenty; all here is admirable except the moral climate, which well reminds one not to mistake the place for Paradise. I arrived here the day before yesterday, and the first news which greeted me was of the departure during the night of the French ambassador: true it is that as yet there is nothing in this, but the country nevertheless is threatened by sea and land; and I must retain in my imagination the impressions which it causes so as to review them in some more tranquil place of sojourn. I have, however, met two men of talent, Cardinal Ruffo and the Archbishop of Taranto. I spoke at once to Cardinal Ruffo about you, and was pleased with his answer as to your wit and talent; yet all out of friendship say something against your character; when one insists on knowing what it is the replies are to my mind very vague, and then they fall back on admiration for your talent: may it not be that this very talent, so superior to anything else here,

is the sole cause of this hatred? The Archbishop of Taranto repeated to me my favourite phrase, 'the first poet of Italy,' and his kindly heart only heaped praise on praise. I told Cardinal Ruffo that you had never spoken to me of him but in his praise, which pleased him greatly. In fact I cannot remember having heard you speak evil of any one. . . . Joseph, not having obtained that independence which he thinks necessary for a king, refuses to be one. They write of hopes that this may come up again, but I doubt it: still one must not despair as yet. I have had in Italy but four sources of real pleasure; to hear you, to see St. Peter's, the sea, and Vesuvius; and then Vesuvius and you can only count as one."

"*Naples, March 8th.*—How much shall we have to talk of about this country and its sovereign, who pays me endless compliments. Conceive that in an opera-book the words *amore tiranno* had been expunged, as being too philosophical: how void the world is of noble souls and superior minds!"

The impressions of Naples lasted after her return to Rome, where she wrote on March 16th:

"I must tell you in confidence that Rome, or rather Roman society, bores me: the vivacity of the Neapolitans, their Vesuvian nature, was more pleasing; here it is insipid and formal. I happened the other day to read a note by Duchess Braschi: I wanted to see her on account of her love towards

you, but as she did not come to the house where I was I made them give me her note. It related in full detail the complaint in the foot of her *cavaliere servente*, and added, 'my friendly escort being unable to put on his shoes, I shall not come this evening.' Certainly we should have had a long laugh in France about a woman who could say in a note of apology that her lover could not put on his shoe; here this is quite a matter of course; nothing is ridiculous, and yet nothing is natural. It is not the feeling expressed, it is its indecency; all is avowed except the love. How to act here, dear Monti, I know not; and though in some respects you have reconciled me to it, one must still allow that in this country there are all the facts of immorality without the grace, the hope, which it inspires in France. I am more ready to be a convert as to poetry; even I felt at Naples that sort of enthusiasm which comes from the air, the odours, and the marvels of nature, and the lines which I will read to you express this: but I constantly think that, as things are now, a nation so favoured by its sky, so degraded by its government; a nation whose physical life is so fair, whose moral life is so limited; such a nation can only love what is on the surface, must have pictures, must have sights, rather than feel and think."

"*Rome, March 30th.*—I confess to you that I should not find myself capable of passing my life in Rome: one is so filled with the thoughts of death, presented in so many shapes, in the cata-

combs, on the Appian Way, at the Pyramid of Cestius, in the crypt of St. Peter's, in the church of the dead, that one can scarcely believe one's self alive; and all struggle for this life succumbs before the spectacle of these thousands of buried beings. It is a gentle manner of preparing to die; one has before one's eyes so many examples of it! but to be excited, to be active, to breathe even, is nigh impossible amid so many ruins of human hopes and efforts; so never will I settle in Rome. Besides, the great predominating influence is in statues and pictures, and I have not that insatiable admiration for the human form that I can pass my life in observing it. To represent a soul-secret, some way of suffering less and of being more beloved, this would touch me infinitely more than these beautiful feet and lovely hands of which they talk all day long; and in society here I find none of that originality which can make up for everything, even for charms."

This remark about art recalls the opinions expressed about Madame de Staël by those who had met her and knew her well. Even her friend Bonstetten had said: "She entirely lacks feeling for art, and beauty does not exist for her, unless it is wit or elegance." Chamisso, too, said, in speaking of her enthusiastic, passionate nature: "She grasps thought only with her soul. She has no sense for painting—music is all to her; she lives only in

tones: music must be about her when she writes." During her stay at Weimar, the year before, Schiller had written to Goethe, "of what we call poetry she has no perception; she can accept only what is ordinary, persuasive, and passionate in works of that description." Goethe judged in much the same way, for he wrote at this time to Johannes von Müller: "Madame de Staël is in Italy: whether her passionate and shapeless style will become more definite by means of this visit, whether she will have acquired more taste for the arts on her return, remains to be seen."

Nevertheless she met at Rome many artists whose society she apparently enjoyed—Thorwaldsen, Canova, Rauch, Angelica Kauffmann, and others less known. She apparently visited Canova's studio—or rather the Church on the Corso which the Pope had set apart for an exhibition of Canova's sculptures and Camoccini's paintings—in the evening, when they were shown off by candlelight. At least she mentions a similar scene in "Corinne;" and such an honour might well have been paid her, for this method of illumination was not then unusual, and has since been occasionally practised in the galleries of the Vatican and the Capitol. Among the works exhibited were the seated statue of Madame Bonaparte, the reclining one of Pauline

Borghese as Venus, the dancing girl made for the Empress Josephine, the tomb of the Archduchess Christine of Austria, and the model of the colossal statue of Napoleon. It is remarked, by the way, in " Corinne," that the works of art were not yet (1795) dispersed; but it is curious, as showing the effect of personal reminiscence, that in the discussion there of statues no mention is made of any which had been taken to Paris, and therefore had not been seen by Madame de Staël. And the criticisms on Raphael's Transfiguration, and Domenichino's Communion of St. Jerome, both of which had been taken to Paris, might have been made as easily after the inspection of engravings of those pictures. Most of the criticism, however, in " Corinne "—artistic, literary, and other—was due to Schlegel.

The general rendezvous for foreigners, and for Italians who enjoyed their society, was at the Villa Malta, above the Via Sistina (afterwards the property of King Louis I. of Bavaria), where Wilhelm von Humboldt had resided as Prussian minister for three years past. Here, besides the artists, Madame de Staël met Alexander von Humboldt, who had just returned from his American journey, the poet Tiedge, Ludwig Tieck and his sister Sophie Bernhardi, and Rumohr, the writer on art. Her experi-

ences at Rome may perhaps be summed up in a letter to Bonstetten, although it was written before her departure for Naples:

"*Rome, February 5th.*—There is so much to say about this country, so much bad and so much good, that it is impossible to put down a single phrase without wishing to scratch it out again, or to make one reflection without another contradicting it. The feeling which makes one love Rome is magical, especially as I have not found one congenial soul among the Romans. There seems to be a secret connection between the Sun and the Past, which would make a residence here delightful could one share it with the object of one's affection. But I have learnt lately to live quite within myself: alas! it is the first time that I have passed two months without an intimate friend; and it is in Heaven that I must look for one here. There is a confused idea of me here, which is something between admiration and fear, and if anyone were to say that I were a Devil, no one would resent it. I am going next to Naples, and shall return here to pass a month without this series of balls and parties which waste my time. . . . I prefer associating with Humboldt to anyone else, although I am also pleased with exclusively Roman articles, with the exception of the Princes, who are very tiresome. . . . But what need is there of the ideas of men when things are so eloquent? It would be too much if feelings and interchange of thought were to be found here as well."

Two letters from Rome will show something of what was thought of Madame de Staël. One is from Wilhelm von Humboldt, who had previously written to Goethe: "You will have noticed this in the Staël, who is in my opinion of a thoroughly unpoetic nature without being prosaic." Now he writes:

"Madame de Staël spoke with unfailing enthusiasm of you; my estimation of her has greatly increased. She acquired more calm and more repose here; she was not to the same extent dragged hither and thither by those spirits who only torment and lead her astray; and when her activity, which otherwise is only fatiguing, strikes the right path she strengthens and does one good. Schlegel was much gentler here than I have ever known him. He has gained much less in versatility than he has lost in activity by his intercourse with Madame de Staël. He has undeniable talent, although as far as I can judge it is always subordinate, and his real sphere will ever remain that of a translator."

The other is from Count Alessandro Verri, who wrote from Rome to his brother at Milan:

"That celebrity Vincenzo Monti has given me a letter of introduction to Madame de Staël, daughter of Necker, an authoress in great repute. For years she has passed as talented; literary, French, Paris-

ian—there seem to be many minds in that one body; fire, genius, sensibility, urbanity, elegance—in what other nation do these combine, whether for good or evil? She is received with distinction by the cardinals. I think I can see her defect; that of speaking out everything on occasions when it would be better not to utter the half of one's thoughts. One versed in the manners of Parisian ladies of genius will know how to treat her; but one unused to this form of talent, new to ourselves, will be confused. As regards myself, I fancy that my short stay in Paris gave me an idea of that jargon; and besides, this lady has shown me much favour and spoken very highly of me. My honest impression is that she has genuine sensibility and genius, and a moral character worthy of friendship."

In the state of politics at this time numerous inquiries had to be made as to whether it would be safe and proper to pass through Florence. At last the journey was decided upon, and Madame de Staël remained there for nearly a month, waiting for the Emperor to be well out of Milan. She writes from Bologna, May 21st:

"I saw Madame d'Albany every day at Florence, and she entrusted to me the manuscript of the life of Alfieri, written by himself. The reading so fascinated me that I lived only for her during five days: of this we will talk. But this man was much

more to be admired for his character than for his talent; and such a character in a country where the gift is very rare! and this profound feeling for a woman whose hair has really now turned white with grief for him. Ah! *caro* Monti, there were great treasures in that heart! I never entered his house without the deepest emotion."

Opinions differ about the Countess of Albany, but the weight of testimony is that Madame de Staël is deceived in thinking that the hair of Charles Edward's widow had grown white from grief. The Duc de Broglie (Madame de Staël's son-in-law), who saw her ten years afterwards, calls her "a good woman, rather common, or to speak more truly, *une veritable commère*, who every afternoon had a little meeting for gossip and scandal, of which Madame de Staël was made an honorary member." Gino Capponi speaks of her as "plump in body and somewhat material, but well educated and intelligent, a little coarse, not the least poetical; dressed like a servant and keeping the establishment of a princess. Alfieri had ceased to care for her several years, and there were certain things she could not understand." Massimo d' Azeglio, who as a boy was much in the house, wrote:

"They used to take me there on Sunday morning, and the Countess heard me say some lines

learned during the week, which recital was always followed by a reward. Still can I see the ample circumference of that celebrity, all in white, with her large *fichu de linon à la* Marie Antoinette, mounting on a chair to reach a box of sugar-plums on the upper shelf of her bookcase. After the sugar-plums came a pencil and a sheet of paper for scribbling; and I can remember (happy is the retrospect) a drawing in which I attempted to represent the departure of the Greek fleet for Troy—a work much applauded at the time. If I have not become a great poet or grand painter, it is not for want of a Mæcenas or of early encouragement. . . . Count Alfieri went out every evening at nine, and went to call upon a French lady whose name I cannot recall. Was she a rival of the Countess? Was it an excitement, or an excuse for her relations with Fabre? Who knows? When of an evening he returned home woe betide the servants if they shut the door and bolted it when he could still hear the noise; 'I'm slave enough already,' he would say, 'and will not hear myself put in prison.'"

Madame de Staël saw the Countess of Albany again in the spring of 1816, when she had gone to Pisa and Florence for a couple of months with Rocca, her second husband, who was ill of consumption. An extract from a letter, written during this second visit, to Ugo Foscolo, with whom

she had apparently been having a *liaison*, shows the feelings of the Countess:

" We have Madame de Staël here seeking talent everywhere, but it is not common in these parts. Leoni is a favourite with her. Niccolini annoys her about Italian literature, which she always will compare with French, and it cannot be done. Every country has its own, according to the genius of the people, their climate, their tastes and habits, which have nothing in common with that of their neighbours: this variety is agreeable. . . . Sismondi is going to call on Madame de Staël, who will remain here through May for a friend who spits blood. Her conversation amuses me and would divert you. The pasture in this country is too little for her: they don't like to discuss, but to dispute in an impolite way."

In another unpublished letter, quoted by Vernon Lee, she calls Madame de Staël " a mad woman, who always wants to inspire passions, and feels nothing, and makes her readers feel nothing."

From Florence the travellers went to Bologna, where they renewed some former acquaintances, and then by Ferrara to Venice, delaying for a while at Padua to see Melchiore Cesarotti, the translator of Ossian and Homer, not by any means a great poet, but a cultivated, agreeable man, a fine critic, and one of the most distinguished professors of that

university. There had recently come to Padua, chiefly led by his admiration of Cesarotti, a young man of about twenty-eight, Mario Pieri, a native of Corfu, who was desirous of leading a literary life. Pieri had more ambition than talent, and never made much of a figure in the world, even at Padua. But he was a frequent visitor in the salons at Venice, was a lover and hanger-on of great men, and has left us (preserved in the National Library at Florence) a copious manuscript diary which tells of everything he saw and felt. He evidently reread it more than once, and even published an autobiography derived from it; and many pages of the early part bear cynical annotations written years afterwards. Here is an extract:

"On the 25th of May, 1805, I find mention of a celebrated lady, with whom I became acquainted in the house of Cesarotti, and who stayed three days in Padua for intercourse with that distinguished Italian, who, too, was a great admirer of her father. During those three days Cesarotti passed the whole morning in the Hotel Aquila d' Oro, and she the whole evening at his house, where I never failed to go. She was ugly in looks, clumsy in person, rather tall, full of fire, of regular features, an eloquent and very rash talker. She talked to us, I well remember, of the singular political ignorance and simplicity of the poet Orofrio Minzoni, whom



she had known at Ferrara, which went so far that he did not even know her famous father by name. Then she talked of Madame de Genlis in a manner rather adverse than otherwise, who, having been her mother's friend, became the daughter's open enemy out of envy at her rapid advance in fame; and then ventilated opinions and paradoxes with amazing frankness. Cesarotti put up with her, and (perhaps out of consideration for her sex and her real merits, and those of her father) he met everything with the utmost indulgence and with a smile of seeming approbation. But what I could not endure was the presence of a companion whom she brought with her those evenings; a man very very thin, very very dry, very very cold, with a stony look that never was animated, taciturn as silence itself: I don't remember once hearing his voice; he seemed deaf, nearly dumb, in a brown study. Probably I need not add that the lady was the daughter of the famous Necker, the celebrated Madame de Staël, and her companion the illustrious German writer, a critic distinguished for extensive knowledge and strange opinions, Wilhelm Schlegel."

Cesarotti was more enthusiastic. He wrote to his intimate friend and constant correspondent at Venice, the distinguished Giustina Renier Michiel:

" Let Venice and the rest talk as they please of Madame de Staël. She was born to cause a *furore*

for and against her. I am raised to a transport by her writings. I have just read the life of Necker, which is the preface to the edition of his writings, and am more charmed than I am able to express. More I cannot say. She has the soul of her father, enough to make one adore her. No, that compound of eloquence and reason, that sublime morality, that sweet and deep sensibility, that fresh and refined thought, that varied expression, that assured noble loftiness of character—all this accumulation of qualities combined was never met with but in the making of this admirable family. I have not got her 'Delphine,' perhaps not the best of her works. Even though there be in it a hundred defects, there will assuredly also be such beauties as will compensate for all these."

And again:

"I was certain that Madame de Staël must please you; and yet more so that you would remain delighted could you talk with her alone or at most as one of three. On Sunday I shall again be with her, and shall enjoy hearing her speak of you as I have spoken of you to her. Rizzo seems enchanted with her; thank him for the pleasure he has given me, and tell him I will answer him after my second interview with her."

There still exists among the Michiel papers a note from Madame de Staël, telling her that Cesarotti has spoken so much about Rizzo that she

would be glad to make his acquaintance. Count Francesco Rizzo-Pattarol was a well-known Venetian of those times, but with whom we are chiefly acquainted through Byron's lines on the birth of Hoppner's boy:

> His father's sense, his mother's grace
> In him, I hope, will always fit so,
> With (still to keep him in good case)
> The health and appetite of Rizzo.

Giustina Michiel was not, however, so satisfied with Madame de Staël as Cesarotti expected; for in a letter to Bettinelli she gives this portrait of her:

"This Madame de Staël set before me one of those contrasts, far too frequent, between personality and writer, which I absolutely detest. All that one reads of hers is more or less pathetic, refined, sweet, and winning, causing one to love and respect her. On seeing her, she appears with a measured and martial gait, her black eyes shoot vivid glances, her hair in ringlets like Medusa's snakes; large mouth, shoulders, and proportions all which one would like to be more moderate and refined; her look lively and joyous; ease and frankness of manner in whatever society; listening to every praise as if her due; to every conversation as if without prejudice; never blushing, either from bashfulness or shame; when not speaking she seems

to reflect; when she speaks she does so with levity, without any depth; first effusively and then rather coldly (after the French way). She declaims well, shows great tenderness for her children, and speaks warmly of her father; never mentions her mother, an eminent lady who has left a volume of excellent maxims, who was Thomas's only friend, and who deserved universal esteem and the greatest *attachment* on the part of her husband."

When Madame de Staël arrived at Verona, on returning from Venice, she immediately sent a polite note to the poet Ippolito Pindemonte, saying that she could stop but a few hours, and wanted to know him. He at once went to her inn and found her at dinner. She begged him to go with her to the amphitheatre, and had her carriage sent there in which she went on to Brescia. "I wish to see you at home," she also said, "and to see your own apartment." It pleased him to find her face very different to that of her portrait, which is on the first page of her poems published in Tuscany; to see in it a pensiveness, the absence of which he had regretted in the portrait.

On returning to Milan Madame de Staël saw Monti again, but only for one day, which ended up with a dinner, at which were present Racagni, the professor of physics, Ferdinand Arrivabene, and

many other literary men. Bettinelli, who had just received the character sketch sent to him by Giustina Michiel, now had another from his friend Arrivabene:

"Madame de Staël talked of you in your praise and at length, and regretted not seeing you. She has been unable to speak with the sovereign; she follows and lays wait for him in France, to recover her own and her children's money. But she delights to find herself among Mantuans; she recalls your writings one by one and asks no end of questions about you. She has the face of Ceres, the bosom of Aglaia, the arm and hand of Venus, though at first sight she is more a woman than an angel. A twig of laurel in the right hand is the constant thermometer of her thoughts; even at the table she flirts it between two lovely fingers, so eliciting sparks of grand thought. I have seen her write a note on her knees while waving and looking at her laurel; what she wrote I know not—no doubt either philosophy or poetry. She alone could write the works which we have in her name. What charming things she said to me of Rome! she loves its very foundations and stones; the nights there graced by the revered shade of ancient statues and monuments is more charming than our south. Her journey in Italy is already the subject of a romance of hers. I doubt whether her very fervent fancy adds to the charm of what she sees, but certainly it adds to her personal charm, so that all are

in love with her; but Monti by her side is the one most favoured—a literary dictatorship! And you add not a little to her bliss. At that dinner he even brought himself to quit her for a moment in order to bid me express to you her gratitude. You will read your own letter concerning his 'Vision' in the *Giornale Italico*, a treaty of alliance between two great Powers."

Monti was obliged to leave Milan early the next morning for Bologna, in order, in his capacity as Court Poet, to join the Emperor and Count Marescalchi. Madame de Staël remained behind, and the next day wrote to him:

"This morning, *caro* Monti, I awoke with so deep a sadness that I must write you some lines, not for distraction, but to think less bitterly of you. Amid all the turmoil around you, will you reflect that I love you deeply, and that I never said those words idly, those sacred words knitting the heart and life? After leaving you yesterday evening, yesterday, June 12th; after having your *word* that we should meet again before August 12th; I went to see the Princess Lambertini of Bologna—an interest in Bologna had suddenly come over me. She told me that the Empress had spoken to her very kindly about me. . . . At Madame Tron's I met the Venetian Madame Benzoni, a person entirely blonde, entirely white, but rather affected, which to me is very displeasing in an Italian. Their



great charm is to be natural; the French alone can give some grace to mannerism, and a poor talent it is. Rangoni praised you roundly; he talked to me of a ' Vision of Ezekiel,' verses of your early youth, which he pronounces admirable. I am going to read them in my collection. Yesterday, that very last day, you were truly eloquent; so write a tragedy, write the outline at Coppet, and believe fully that it is in your talent and in the *chefs-d'œuvre* of your talent that you will find your power and your independence. The relations of society and its rulers become broken; they are unsettled from moment to moment; but an evergrowing reputation is your true ægis, and I know that a peaceful sojourn with a woman worthy to sympathise with you is good for you every way. Till to-morrow!—and all day without seeing you, *ah! mon Dieu!* Well, Count Verri's sister-in-law has just sent me most beautiful fruit and flowers. I wept on receiving them: flowers sent to me when you were gone! So one must leave this dear Italy, *bella Italia amate sponde.* Ah! my heart is heavy! Monti, Monti, become tender on reading these lines which I cannot see for tears. . . . This morning I have been to the Duomo, where I prayed for you; is not that a feeling which you can share? You have too much genius, your soul is too impulsive to be always tied to earth; and on raising my eyes to this lovely sky I assuredly find there thoughts of you. Do not let yourself be too closely bound by political ties, they make freshness

wither; while on the shores of my lake you will have the full energy of your thought.—3 *o'clock.* Do you know whence I come? From Appiani's house: I needed to see your portrait. I said farewell to it and recommended myself to it. Appiani spoke to me warmly in your praise, and also in my own; and yet he is not a man to my taste—am I right? I was there with Madame Visconti, who is coming to see me at Coppet! Alas, time has set its mark on Madame Visconti and perhaps in ten years will weigh more on me than on her. Monti, think at least that it is now, when life is yet whole in me, that I long to pass this life with you; and come to see me while an impression of youthfulness still adorns my tender friendship for you. . . . I like M. de Melzi more and more daily: I beg you to bind yourself by *no political tie* that would separate you from him. His is a character so noble and pure that consideration attaches to those who are his friends; and with your admirable genius nothing else is needed but reputation without a cloud. I think that enthusiasm for your talent is on the increase, and at times *mi lusingo* that I should not be valueless to you in this country, should I live here. The Viceroy's government will be good like himself. If you love me, if you pass some time with me at Coppet, you will have, I am sure, a great influence on my life. . . . You are, my friend, in the zenith of your glory; if you will now do a work superior to all circumstances, it is at Coppet that your mind, free from all external disquiet, will be



in its full force. . . . Yesterday I had Madame Monti at dinner; I did my best to make her approve your journey. I recited verses for her—she was a power to whom I paid more homage than to all the court ladies. . . . In short, these two days I have lived, like a worshipper, in your presence. Dear Monti, it is a pang to me to leave places where you live; it would be less bitter to leave you yourself. Tenderness will shed some sweetness on separation, but there is something dry in adieux to one who does not receive them, as prayers before a tomb when the very ashes are not there."

On such a letter comment is useless; but one would be glad to see those written to Narbonne, or Constant, or Rocca.

The same themes recur in the subsequent almost daily letters, continued into August, from Coppet, where she had already arrived at the end of June. She travels by night on account of the heat, and sees the fire-flies: "What a lovely country this is, and how sad to quit it, when the feelings of the heart are mingled with these enchantments of the imagination!" At Turin she reads the tragedies of Alfieri for a whole day, and is quite convinced that all the merit of this man is in his character rather than his tongue. She therefore suggests many subjects for tragedies, and again begs Monti to come to Coppet and write them in quiet, especially as war seems

probable. At the foot of Mont Cenis she writes (June 22, 1805):

"Vegno di loco ove tornar disio.

"I have repeated that verse all along Mont Cenis. I have perpetually thought what would be your impressions on this journey, and heard with pleasure that in three days the road will be open for carriages. It will be inaugurated by three thousand guns sent to the army of Italy, which are here at the foot of the mountain. . . . *À propos*, I would bet that the lines which Talleyrand repeated to you are these:

"À ses chagrins qu'elle aime, elle est toujours fidèle,
Ses maux et ses plaisirs ne sont connus que d'elle.

"It was I who taught them to him at a time when he thought himself in love with me. He is a man of much mental grace, but dead to all involuntary feeling: he has made life a calculation in which honour, glory, and love have no place. I loved him with most devoted friendship, and, if he had been unhappy, should have, perhaps, felt some interest in him; but prosperity sits ill upon him, like a bad-fitting garment. . . . To love, *caro* Monti, is a heavenly faculty; one must not profane it. I love you, you; I love you with all the power of my soul, and if you do not wound this affection it will have a great influence on my life. For example, should you wish it I will take you next year to Rome. I should feel proud to return there with you, and see

there your enemies at your feet. I do not know if ever you have been loved by a woman who could feel all the superiority of your talent; now that is my merit, of which I am proud. Not a word do you say of which the charm is lost on me. Not a line that you write—especially to me—but is at once learnt by heart; learn to know yourself by the impression you make on me; see yourself in the mirror of my soul."

She promised him at Coppet the society of Madame Récamier, "the most beautiful woman of Paris;" and at Geneva that of Madame Filangieri, Madame Visconti, and the Princess Belmonte. At Chambéry she stopped in the middle of the day, to the great astonishment of her companions; "but I wanted to make a pilgrimage to your place of exile; I wished to give myself up to the deep tenderness of these memories. I saw the chestnuts under which you used to rest, and wept over the time when we were so near each other, where I would have made you happy by loving you. Six years would have now passed in which we were friends, in which our hearts were in unison. Ah! my friend, how in this short life can one be consoled for six years lost of loving and being loved by you?" Immediately afterwards she recommends him a pomade to prevent him from becoming gray, and recalls the time

when one of her locks turned entirely white. From Coppet she repeats her advice and invitations, gives him the literary news from Paris, among which that "Châteaubriand is writing a prose-poem, like 'Télémaque,' on the conversion of Constantine to Christianity." She tells of her guests and her reading; talks of her Italian friends, and has vague thoughts of a trip to Lake Como. In despair at his non-arrival she offers to send him some money for the journey, and hopes that he will not wound her by any false delicacy.

Finally, at the end of the year, Monti did succeed in visiting her for a few days. He was returning from Munich, whither he had gone as one of the deputation to congratulate the Emperor on the results of the war. He was just too late: his day had passed. The flirtation with him had filled up a gap made by the defection of Benjamin Constant, who was now once again at the feet of his mistress. This is what Constant says in his diary:

"I go to Coppet, where Madame de Staël is back again. The poet Monti arrives there. He has a superb face—gentle, yet at the same time proud. His declamation of verse is very remarkable. He is a real poet, fiery, inspired, weak, timid, mobile, the Italian counterpart of Chénier, though worth much more than Chénier. In the evening I have a

frightful scene with Madame de Staël. I announce a decisive rupture of our relations. Second scene. Fury, reconciliation impossible, departure difficult. I *must* get married. . . . Madame de Staël has conquered me."

Such were the outward characteristics, and, as far as can be obtained, the actual facts of her Italian journey; the spiritual, intellectual, and poetic side of which Madame de Staël endeavoured to portray in "Corinne." All who knew the authoress felt sure that a book must be the result of the journey. Every event in her life was the cause of much writing, and there was a good deal of truth in Byron's cynical remark.* Her German friends were most anxious because they were eagerly expecting a promised book on her German tour, in which she was going to praise *them*. No one knew for a long time what the outcome was to be, even at Coppet, until, as she wrote to Monti (August, 1806), "I am very glad to tell you that I read to my friends the beginning of my novel about Italy. They think it better than anything I have ever written—I know

* Byron to Moore, August 22, 1813: "Madame de Staël-Holstein has lost one of her young Barons, who has been carbonaded by a vile Teutonic adjutant—kilt and killed in a coffee-house at Serawsenhausen. Corinne is, of course, what all mothers must be; but will, I venture to prophesy, do what few mothers could—write an essay upon it. She cannot exist without a grievance, and somebody to see, or read, how much grief becomes her. I have not seen her since the event; but merely judge (not very charitably) from prior observation."

why. Don't extinguish my talent by prolonging your absence." Although the book was written at Coppet, finishing touches were put to it in the château of a friend in the neighbourhood of Paris. She had gone to France nominally to superintend the publication, but really because she was bored. As she wrote to Madame Brun from Auxerre, where she was detained for some time by the police:

"It is a life-destroying contrast to be born a Frenchwoman with a foreign character, with French tastes and habits, but with the ideas and sentiments of the northern world. I am still in the same situation—sometimes in the society of my friends, oftener awaiting their arrival, and without the possibility of making use of my solitary life as I ought to do, because I take opium to make me sleep, and opium destroys the nerves."

The book was published in the spring of 1807, and the success, according to Sainte-Beuve, was instantaneous and universal, although few evidences of it were to be seen in the French press, where criticism, even of literature, had been almost extinguished. In England there was some displeasure on account of the disagreeable naturalism of Lady Edgermont's tea-parties, which seem, according to Lady Blennerhasset, "personal reminiscences, as if in tardy revenge for the social in-

terdict at Juniper Hall, and for that which vivacious natures find more difficult to forgive—the weariness there endured." In one of the conversations "Châteaubriand recognised his own reminiscences of the way in which he had been entertained by some old maids in London, and which he had retailed at Coppet." In the same way the Count d'Erfeuil was considered unpatriotic in France, and Napoleon himself is said to have written the bitter notice of "Corinne" in the *Moniteur*. Many people found the style inflated, and even now it is not thoroughly approved by the French Academy, which in its work on the dictionary never accepts without discussion a word from the writings of Madame de Staël. In England she made the women cry and the men laugh at her sentiment. To quote again Sainte-Beuve:

"With 'Corinne' Madame de Staël certainly enters into glory and empire, . . . and from the date of 'Corinne' all Europe crowned her with that name. 'Corinne' is indeed the ideal of the sovereign independence of genius, though at the same time of most complete oppression; Corinne, who will be crowned at Rome, in the Capitol of the Eternal City, where the conqueror who banishes her will never set his foot."

"'Corinne' (says Chénier), is 'Delphine' again, but in perfection and independent, giving full swing

to her faculties, and always with a double inspiration of talent and love."

Indeed, behind Corinne herself we can always see Madame de Staël, so different in personal appearance and manner, standing with one elbow on the chimney-piece, and declaiming and improvising to the accompaniment of the laurel twig. Corinne is Madame de Staël as she would have been glad to be. Of course the other characters were immediately placed. Everybody thought they knew "of what elements, somewhat mixed, the noble figure of Oswald was made up; while one believed in the genuine truthfulness, and in the scene of the adieux; and one almost remembered the agonies of Corinne during his absence." Schlegel flattered himself that he had posed for the Prince of Castelforte.

As may be seen from some of the letters cited, Monti was not the only Italian with whom Madame de Staël had correspondence. There exists an unpublished series of letters from her to Count Giuseppe Alborghetti, of Rome, a friend of Monti, beginning with the time of her departure from Italy. She wrote to him, among other things, about her progress with "Corinne," its success in France, and her desire to have it translated into Italian. In sending him a copy of the book she wrote from

Geneva (January 3, 1808), "I am worth much more than Corinne, and I could improvise much better than she, if you would reply." Again, in sending him some copies of the book to be distributed among her friends at Rome, she recommended to him a young American, Mr. Middleton, who had spent the whole summer near her. "He was called Oswald in Paris. I am not a Corinne for him, but still have all the esteem for him that he merits. He will speak to you about Madame Récamier, with whom he is somewhat taken up."

This was John Izard Middleton, the second son of Arthur Middleton, of South Carolina, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and younger brother of Henry Middleton, afterwards for many years Minister in Russia. He lived in Europe many years and died in Paris in 1849. The journal which he kept during his visits to Coppet in 1806 and 1807, and in which he speaks much of Madame Récamier, is said to be in the possession of a relative in Baltimore.

After speaking of the false Oswald it is perhaps admissible to tell about the counterfeit Corinne. This was a daughter of a Mr. Carr, a rich Indian merchant or planter, who had married a man named Apreece. As a rich and pretty widow she had travelled on the continent, and had made at

Coppet, and perhaps elsewhere, the acquaintance of Madame de Staël; who flattered her greatly, as was her habit, and even said about her that "she had all the good qualities of Corinne with none of her faults." With this vague reputation Mrs. Apreece created a sensation at Edinburgh, where even the venerable Professor Playfair was seen kneeling in the street to tie her shoe. As the wife of Sir Humphry Davy she had considerable social success in London. "She was a clever, active-minded woman, with popular manners, very vain and very demonstrative." George Ticknor saw her in 1815, and wrote, "Lady Davy is small, with black eyes and hair, a very pleasant face, an uncommonly sweet smile, and, when she speaks, has much spirit and expression in her countenance. Her conversation is agreeable, particularly in the choice and variety of her phraseology, and has more the air of eloquence than I have ever heard before from a lady. But then it has something of the appearance of formality and display, which injures conversation. Her manner is gracious and elegant, and though I should not think of comparing her to 'Corinne,' yet I think she has uncommon powers."

Whatever may have been her phraseology in English, it was anything but perfect in French and

Italian; and as amusing anecdotes were told of her as are rightfully told of several other ladies—and who has not known at least one such? Hayward writes of her: " Lord Holland had a story of her turning short upon an Italian soldier, who was unconsciously following her at Rome, with '*Infame soldato, che volete?*' She called out to a French postilion, '*Allez avec votre ventre sur la terre,*' and nearly took away a foreign friend's character by the unlucky application of the term *meretrice.* I heard her at Mrs. Damer's, in Tilney Street, tell a story of her riding on a donkey near Naples, when the wind blew so hard as to carry off garment after garment till, she said, 'I had nothing left but my *seat*'—which was not much."

But there is no need now to discuss the merits of " Corinne," either as a novel or as part of the literature of the world. The book is, or can be, in everybody's hands, even after eighty years have passed, and it is easy to compare the occasional false sentiment of " Corinne " with the true feeling which animated the letters to Monti.

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